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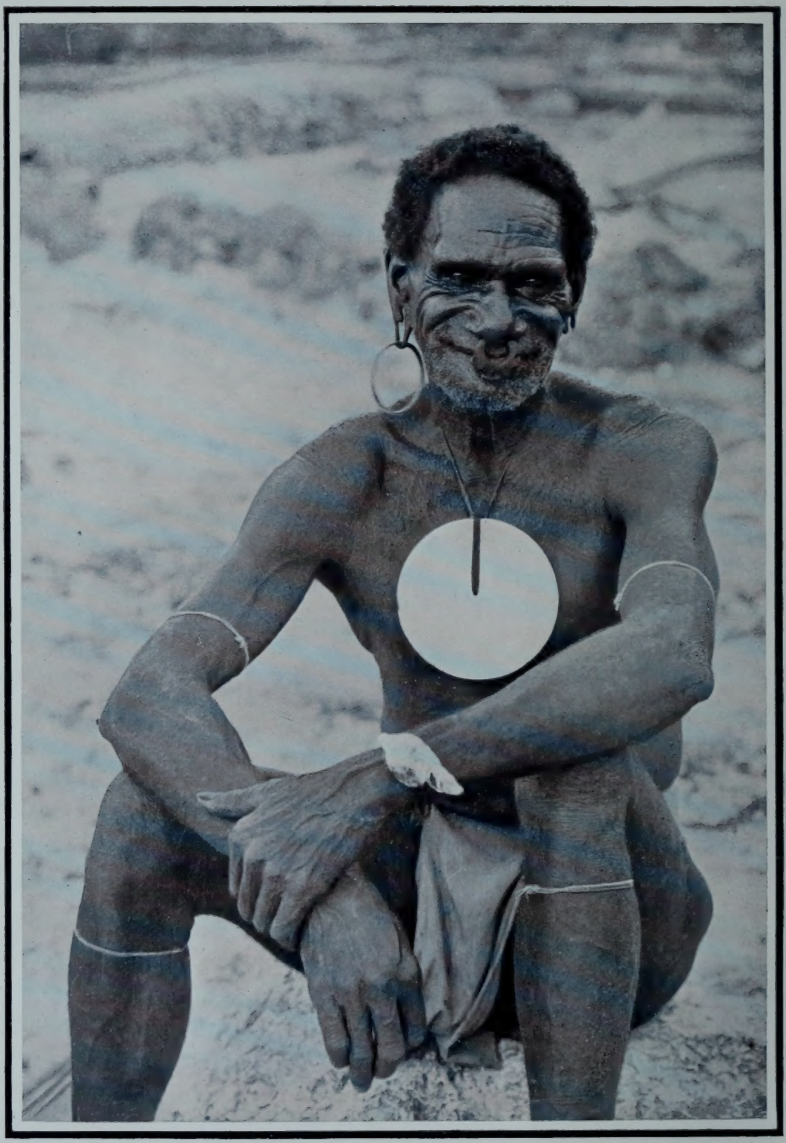
MY ADVENTURES
AMONG
SOUTH SEA CANNIBALS



THE CHIEF OF SANTA CRUZ

The disc on his chest, cut from clam-shell, can only be worn by chiefs. He wears a green stone through the cartilage of his nose. And the ring suspended from the lobe of his ear is cut from tortoise-shell. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

MY ADVENTURES
AMONG
SOUTH SEA CANNIBALS

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL AMONG THE NATIVES OF OCEANIA

BY

DOUGLAS RANNIE

Sometime Government Agent for Queensland

WITH 39 ILLUSTRATIONS & A MAP

LONDON

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

I am indebted to Dr. W. Gunn and the Rev. Mr. Michelsen, who have kindly allowed me to make use of their photographs for the purpose of illustrating this book.

D. R.

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My Adventures Among South Sea Cannibals

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

IN the early summer of 1883 I was enjoying a holiday on the "bonny banks" of Loch Lomond, when my interest was first aroused in the Queensland Labour Trade.

One morning's mail brought to my host, Mr. James Lockhead, the sad news of the murder of his brother, a Queensland Government Agent, by the savage and cannibal natives of Malayta in the Solomon group.

In December of the same year I arrived in Brisbane, and set to work to make myself acquainted as well as I could with the particulars of the Queensland Labour Traffic. In my quest for information I met many extraordinary characters among the captains, mates, recruiters, and others engaged in the trade. If half, or even quarter, of what I heard was true I concluded that the Traffic was most diabolical, and a disgrace to civilisation.

I soon learnt that the Queensland Government of the day were quite alive to the state of affairs, and were taking steps to put an end to the lawlessness and the disrepute brought upon what might be a legitimate and beneficial traffic by the evil characters then employed upon so-called Labour

vessels. The horrors retailed to me as having been perpetrated by the officers and crews of these vessels are indescribable, though I have since found that much was pure invention. On the other hand, many a statement listened to with incredulity has proved to be founded on some gruesome tragedy.

The British settlers and islanders of the Western Pacific are to-day deeply grateful to Sir Samuel Griffith, at that time Premier of the Queensland Government, and his Cabinet for their wise, humane, and beneficial legislation, for it is sadly too true that the outrages committed by ships' crews led to reprisals by the natives on missionaries, settlers, or the first white man they came across. It is commonly stated among traders and others that it was thus Bishop Patteson lost his life. The Bishop, after landing, would be surrounded by a crowd of natives; he would conduct a short and simple service, after which he would try and gain their goodwill, and thus from small beginnings would try and forward his great work.

This usual procedure being known to many who sailed those seas, was taken advantage of by an unmitigated scoundrel, the captain of a Labour vessel, who went ashore at Santa Cruz, an island lying between the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands, got up in a white calico robe, to personate the Bishop. After some blasphemous buffoonery he invited a large number of the islanders on board, and they in all innocence followed him. They were shown down into the hold, where some of the crew were making a pretence of conducting Church service. The islanders unsuspecting the trap, were lured below. The hatches were promptly put on, and battened down, and the ship sailed away with her victims.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that on the occasion of the next visit of the genuine Bishop, he was cruelly done to death. Following the Bishop's murder, Commodore Goodenough, who went to investigate the matter, was massacred with several of his men, being shot with the poisoned arrows of the natives at the same place.

It may be a consolation to Queenslanders to know that the ruffian who was the instigator and cause of the double murder of Bishop Patteson and the esteemed Commodore Goodenough did not hail from Queensland; but sailed from and to another colony in the Pacific. When the Queensland Government determined thoroughly to recognise and reform the Polynesian Labour Traffic I had several long interviews with Sir St. George Ralph Gore, the head of the Polynesian department. In a friendly way he strongly urged me to have nothing to do with the Traffic, stating that it was an iniquitous business, to be severely left alone. He pointed out the many risks and dangers to be encountered in dealing with savages and cannibals; the deplorable state of many of the vessels; disasters at sea on sunken reefs and inhospitable shores; and last, but not least, the isolated position in which the Government Agent is placed, if he is determined to enforce the law and carry out his duty in the face of every opposition.

The more the drawbacks were pointed out to me, and the more Sir Ralph Gore tried to dissuade me, the more I wished to take up the duties of a Government Agent. I accordingly offered my services to the Queensland Government, was approved by the Executive Council, and, by their advice, was appointed Government Agent by His Excellency Sir Anthony Musgrave, K.C.M.G., Governor of Queensland.

For upwards of nine years I continued to discharge the duties of my post, and rigorously enforced the observation of the Pacific Island Labourers Act.

CHAPTER II

THE CRUISE OF THE *HERON*

The Trade Room—Illicit Stores—Ship's Provisions—The Officers—Accident to our Anchor—A Leaking Ship—The Island of Simbu—The Recruiting Boats—A Gathering of Natives—The Sign of the Black Ball—Launching a War Canoe—A Sharp Watch—Magnificent Pearls—A Beautiful Model—The Schooner *Albatross*—"Tubby Jones"—A Noisy Crew—Ronongo—Certificates of Character—A Bad Sign—King Ghorai—Fishing by Torchlight—The Schooner *Fanny*—A Pyramid of Skulls—Clay Pipes—The Dishonest "Pilot."

ON the 1st of June, 1884, I took charge of the schooner *Heron*, then lying at Maryborough. Arriving early in the morning by one of our comfortable coasting steamers I was not too highly predisposed in favour of my new charge, as she seemed to be a very tiny craft for the work she was expected to do. She was between eighty and ninety tons' burden. Going on board I found her in charge of the super-cargo, who also acted in the capacity of second mate.

My first duty after meeting the owner and captain of the ship was to go aboard and make a general overhaul. Below I found the main hold fitted up with two tiers of bunks on either side running fore and aft. The whole place was swept clean and whitewashed, and had capacity and accommodation for ninety passengers. The native crew, consisting of ten islanders, were also berthed below in the forward end of the main hold. On deck were built two houses. The after one consisted of the main cabin, a good, roomy place with two square windows looking on deck, affording plenty of air and light. This was used in the daytime as the saloon in

which we—the captain, two mates, and the Government Agent—had our meals. Two bunks were let into the walls of this room, and were occupied by the two mates. In the fore-part the captain and the Government Agent had each a room.

The most interesting part of the ship was the trade room, containing all sorts of fancy and gaudy articles of a kind calculated to tempt the unsophisticated savage, such as beads, gay calicoes and prints, paints, knives, tomahawks, axes, jews' harps, looking-glasses, fish-hooks and lines, pipes and tobacco, and many other sundries.

My cabin was fitted with bunk, locker, desk, and easy chair; the floor was well carpeted, and there was a plentiful supply of good bedding, blankets, and rugs. The clothing and blankets for the intended recruits having been examined, I turned my attention to the ship's stores and found everything of excellent quality and in ample quantities.

But one item I found which could not be classed under ship's stores, and did not meet with my approval, and that was gin. I was informed that in former times this stimulant was occasionally used to induce islanders to recruit for Queensland. I also found on board some hundreds of old Tower rifles, with powder, caps, and shot. All this rubbish I promptly condemned.

The white crew numbered only four A.B. sailors, with a West Indian cook and steward. They were housed on deck amidships, and enjoyed very comfortable quarters, as there was ample accommodation for double their number. The afterpart of the deck-house formed the galley; and aft of that again, under a separate roof, were two large pots, or boilers, used for cooking the food of the natives when they were aboard. In carrying return islanders the Government Agent took good care that there was always an ample supply of potatoes, both English and sweet, as well as rice and biscuits and salt beef, on board before the ship took her departure.

Generally two or three of the return islanders constituted

themselves cooks for the others, under the supervision of the ship's cook.

On the voyage down to the islands, return islanders always had rice, biscuits, potatoes, beef, and as much tea as they liked to drink daily. After arrival at the islands, all the native food required would be bought for their use. It would include yams, taro, cocoanuts (green and matured), plantains, bananas, native cabbage, and many varieties of indigenous fruits. These could all be bought at such a trifling cost that there was no necessity to stint the supply. I have seen two boat-loads of domestic fowls bought for a small box of plaid matches per fowl; boxes which did not cost the ship a halfpenny each. Yet the natives were scrambling and falling over each other to secure what they considered a prize. I have also seen tons of yams procured for a thimbleful of beads per hundredweight; and twenty cocoanuts for a halfpenny clay pipe.

The newly recruited islanders do not at first take kindly to rice or biscuits, and they have to be gradually accustomed to the change. But salt meat they seem especially fond of, so much so in fact that they would injure themselves if not checked, and it is served out to them two, or at the most three, times a week. Fish seem to be very plentiful everywhere among the islands; and as every Labour vessel carries a supply of dynamite for the purpose of killing fish, a bountiful provision for all on board can always be relied upon.

The captain and second mate were, like myself, new to the Queensland Labour Trade. The captain's only South Sea Island experience had been obtained while sailing in a missionary vessel; the first mate had been several trips in Labour vessels, while the second mate had never been to the South Seas before. The captain was a Scotsman, the first mate a Londoner, the second mate a Tasmanian, and all were master mariners.

On the night of the 2nd of June we proceeded as far down the river as wind and tide would take us, then came to anchor between mud-banks covered with man-

grove scrubs and infested with mosquitoes. By the morning of the 4th of June we had got everything shipshape as we thought, and prepared to get under way. The windlass was manned and the chain came up freely and merrily with a musical "click-click"; but to the astonishment of all the bight of the chain came suddenly through the hawse-hole, having parted with the anchor, which was left in the mud at the bottom. And so we sailed, with only one anchor as hope and stand-by for seas and parts almost unknown. Our pilot left us about noon; and after clearing the Fairway buoy, we shaped our course for the Solomon Islands.

The first three days out we experienced fine weather with a fresh breeze, but the last five days of our outward-bound trip we had very stormy conditions; and the ship leaked like a basket. The pumps were kept going day and night in order to keep us afloat. But as the skipper said, "as long as the pumps worked well and did not get choked we could battle along all right; but," he added, "there is no doubt we are afloat in a ripe and rotten old scow." It was very evident that she was fitted only for the business she was then employed in, as she was quite incapable of carrying any cargo. She could not even have taken the risk of carrying return islanders, as the extra weight of their luggage, in a breeze of wind or a seaway, would have sent her to the bottom. Despite her age and unseaworthiness, she could sail, as we averaged eight knots per hour.

At daylight in the morning of the 13th of June, we welcomed the sight of land, and truly the scene was charming. Day broke with a pleasing change in the weather. The sea was calm, except for the rippling of the waves raised by a gentle breeze, which lightly filled all sails and bore us on to one of the most beautiful islands the eye could wish to see. There, in all the gorgeous beauty of the rising sun, we beheld for the first time a long-dreamt-of South Sea isle, far away and beyond all our expectations. The island of Simbu rose two thousand feet or more from the sea, fringed with

its coral reef and strands, and resplendent from base to summit with its varied tropical foliage and verdure, just as it came from the hands of the Creator and quite unmarred by the devices of man. Giant forest trees spread their shady branches over the shingle beaches; others towered far up on the topmost heights; while groves of cocoa-nut palms abounded. There was dense tropical vegetation of great variety, flowering plants and vines and orchids in endless hues, interspersed with the waving plumes of the tree fern and bamboo.

At midday we were ready for the business of the trip. The two whale-boats were lowered and manned. The recruiting boat's crew was composed of the first mate as recruiting agent, one white man, and three native boatmen. The first mate and his white man were armed with repeating rifles and a revolver each. The native boatmen had each a Snider rifle and ten rounds of ammunition. The latter frequently carried their fighting tomahawks; but at that time, as there was no restriction on their possessing or purchasing fire-arms, they prided themselves on being the envied owner of the latest and best of weapons. Indeed, they often discarded the ship's arms for their own.

I, as Government Agent, went in what was called the "covering" boat, to watch the recruiting of labour, and to see that no undue means should be adopted to induce islanders to come to Queensland, and to satisfy myself that each islander fully understood the nature of the agreement he was entering into before he came on board the ship. At the same time we in the covering boat had to carefully watch the natives ashore in case of hostilities, give the recruiting boat warning and protect those in her in case of attack. My crew was composed of the second mate, who acted as my boat-steerer, one white man, and three native boatmen. They were all armed in like manner to those in the recruiting boat.

From the ship we could see no sign of natives ashore. But after pulling inshore with the boats on the weather side,

we began to see the natives come out from the dense scrub in ones and twos; but they were very shy. Some had a smattering of English and hailed us from a distance; but all we could make them out to say was, "You want to steal boys?" Our first object was to obtain an interpreter, but in this we failed, as nothing would induce the natives to come near the boats. So we started to pull round the island towards the lee side. We had not gone far, when an old man came running along the reef, holding up half a dozen green cocoa-nuts for barter. As we stopped, the old man evidently took fright, for dropping the cocoa-nuts he made as fast as he could for the shelter of the scrub. Simultaneously a cry arose from my three native boatmen, "Shoot him, shoot him!" Seizing their rifles they were on the point of bringing the poor old fellow down, but I happened to be in the way of their intended quarry, and made them drop their weapons in double quick time. That night I read them all a lesson, which they did not forget during the remainder of the trip. But the incident showed me clearly that the natives ashore had just cause for their suspicions of the white man; also that the discipline exercised over the native boats' crews by those in authority had been too lax, as they were always on the alert, and too ready to indiscriminately use their fire-arms.

We saw no more of the natives till we got round to the lee side, and passing through a narrow boat passage we entered a fine harbour, and to our surprise saw a two-masted schooner at anchor at the head of the bay. The scene was a lively one around her, as she was surrounded with canoes, and many naked savages seemed to be climbing all over her. At first we thought she was a vessel captured and being looted by the natives; and we made all haste to get alongside her. On arrival, however, we found her to be the schooner *Atlantic*, engaged in trading for copra, cocoa-nut oil, pearl, and turtle-shell. The three white men aboard gave us a very hearty welcome, and were very eager and anxious to get all the latest news from the civilised world,

as they had had no news for very many months. They told us that the large number of natives were gathered in the bay for two purposes: first, to celebrate the launching of a large war canoe, by holding a cannibal feast; secondly, to find out what our mission to the island meant. Not only were the islanders curious, but the skipper of the *Atlantic* seemed to have grave doubts as to the intentions of a vessel flying the British ensign under a black ball, and refused to acknowledge the flag, until I informed him that under the regulations all Queensland vessels must carry a black ball not less than eighteen inches in diameter at their mainmast-head. This was a regulation imposed by the Government to distinguish Queensland Labour vessels from those of other countries.

The blowing of conch shells and the music of reed instruments, in the shape of flutes and Pan's pipes, drew our attention to a procession of canoes coming towards the ship. The leading canoe was the new one, just launched that morning. It was manned by twenty-two warriors, all bedecked in their war paint, beads, and feathers. One man stood in the bow chanting a war song and waving a tomahawk and spears; another sat on an elevated seat in the stern steering with a large paddle, while twenty sat two abreast paddling the canoe, and joining every now and then in a rousing chorus.

The prow of the canoe was decorated with the still bleeding and ghastly head of a woman, while the sides were liberally daubed with her blood. She had been killed that morning to celebrate the occasion, and her body was being cooked ashore to serve up at the feast that was to follow. The skipper of the *Atlantic* told me it was just touch-and-go with him the day before, and I might have found his head instead of that of the native woman ornamenting the prow of the new canoe.

On the afternoon of the previous day, he said, several natives came on board, with a few strings of copra, i.e. dried cocoa-nut kernels, to barter. And when stooping down to

get some articles from his trade-box, he saw the shadow of one of the natives raising his tomahawk. Starting back he was in time to draw his revolver, and before the blow descended he shot his assailant, and then emptied his revolver into the others. His two mates hearing the firing rushed up from below, and with their assistance the decks were cleared and the dead thrown overboard. This affair, he added, made no difference in his relations or dealings with the natives ashore, as they were always on the look-out to take him unawares, loot the ship and burn her hull. They had several times made the same attempt before, but had always come to grief. As they chanced the risks, they put up with the penalties, the blame rested alone with the dead, and bygones all were bygones.

I was shown many beautiful and interesting curios and articles picked up by this trader, or " copra-pedlar " as I have heard these men termed. Amongst them he showed me a quantity of magnificent pearls of great value.

The canoe which was the centre of so much interest that day, I had an opportunity of closely examining. It was a lovely model for a swift-sailing craft ; built just to skim over the water on perfect lines. There was nothing of the dug-out about her ; each plank was well seasoned, and dressed with stone and shell adzes, as finely as if planed by a skilled carpenter. Then each plank was put together (carvel-build) and made fast with strong sinnet and the outer skin of rattan cane. Every seam was well caulked with the kernel of an indigenous nut, which had been soaked in water till it resembled putty. When this substance dried it was as hard as the best cement. The outside of the canoe was also pitched with the same material. Before the outer coating was quite dry, mother-of-pearl and cowrie shells had been inlaid in tasteful designs, while pendent from stem and stern hung tassels and streamers of brightly dyed flax and grasses.

While we were talking with the natives, some new-comers hurried up with what seemed to them exciting news ; and we gathered from them that a third vessel was bearing

down upon the island. We returned from the *Atlantic* to our own vessel, and saw a schooner beating in towards the land. We towed in with the two boats, and came to anchor for the night, in shoal water, and close to the land. Meantime, the strange vessel was steadily approaching, and about sundown she dropped anchor about half a mile from us.

The skipper having seen everything snug for the night suggested that we should pay the stranger a visit; and we did so. We were very cordially received by Captain Jones and his crew on board the *Albatross*, a Fiji Labour vessel homeward bound. She was the first vessel the skipper and I had seen actually engaged in recruiting labour, and naturally we were much interested in all we were shown.

Captain Jones, one of the best-known old sailors in Fiji, where he was best known by the sobriquet of "Tubby Jones" from the rotundity of his figure, was a most genial and happy-dispositioned old fellow, and having got his complement of recruits, he was going to take his departure from Simbu for Fiji; but before doing so he was, as customary, going to give his lads a "shivoo." And to all appearances it looked as if a very lively time would follow. "Tubby Jones" was at the head of the table surrounded by his "lads" dressed in their everyday costume, which was composed of several lengths of gay-coloured calico or print, passed and repassed round their waists; it was made to resemble somewhat a Highlander's kilt, and was secured with a leather belt; this they wore and nothing more. Their chests, backs, and legs were as brown and bronzed as a South Sea Islander's. The table was loaded with bottles, and the cup that cheers and also inebriates was freely circulating, to the accompaniment of roaring songs, and the wheezing notes of an asthmatic old accordeon. Among the company I found the first mate of a Queensland Labour vessel which had been wrecked some weeks before. He told me that he and one other white man, together with some of the native crew in one boat, had been separated from the other boat in the night-time; and after several days' drifting

about had been picked up by the *Albatross*. We there and then offered them a passage to Queensland if they cared to make the round trip with us. But that night he would not decide the point.

We sought out the other white man, and found him lying incapacitated through a spear wound, but as he was fairly comfortable we left him for the night.

To escape from his friends the Fijian Government Agent accompanied us to our vessel, and entertained us with an account of his trip, winding up with a devout wish that he might never make another. Towards midnight the uproar on board the *Albatross* became tremendous, and with the intention of trying to tone matters down on that vessel our friend bade us a reluctant farewell. How he fared I do not know, as we never met again. We could hear the row going on all night.

Next morning, as we were preparing to get under way, a boat put off from the *Albatross* and came alongside, bringing the mate and seaman of the wrecked Queensland Labour vessel. As the mate was full of fighting grog, and clothed in nothing but his skin liberally smeared with blood, I would not allow him on board, but offered to take the wounded seaman. However, he refused to leave his mate, and they returned to the Fiji-man.

Shaking out our sails and dipping our ensign to the *Atlantic* and the *Albatross*, we stood over to the island of Ronongo ; and arrived at that island early in the afternoon of the same day. The boats were got ready in the usual way and we went ashore ; but found the natives very shy and almost unapproachable. We induced one man to come within speaking distance of us ; but he seemed very suspicious of our intentions, and would not trust himself close enough to understand or be understood by the Recruiting Agent. I determined to interview him myself, and divesting myself of all apparent aggressive weapons, I went ashore and met the native half-way up the reef.

When I stepped ashore I saw several hundred men

emerge from the thick scrub skirting the beach. They were all armed with long spears, tomahawks, and clubs, but they squatted down when they saw their countryman and myself accost one another. He had a smattering of English, and told me he had acted as interpreter on several Labour vessels; but he did not know where they hailed from; they might be from anywhere so long as they paid him. Nor did he care where they went to. "They all steal boys," he said.

When I said that our vessel was out looking for labour for Queensland, he offered to go with us to the large neighbouring island of Vella Lavella, and act as interpreter; but said he would go nowhere else. He added, "Me plenty steal 'em boy, me plenty gammon altogether." And to prove to me the genuineness of his assertions, he produced from a dilly bag two certificates of character given him by masters of Labour vessels. One read, "He is a good interpreter, but one may put as much trust in him as one would in the devil himself." The other said, "Trust him as far as you can see him. He is as bad as he is evil-looking." As he was not at all prepossessing we declined his services. However, he and I got on quite friendly terms, and in return for a present of some tobacco and pipes he induced his friends to lay down their arms, and bring down quantities of yams, nuts, bananas, and other fruits, besides some sucking pigs and fowls, for barter.

We saw nothing of the women or children, and this circumstance was a very bad sign, as I was always led to believe, and as after-experiences proved to be correct, indicating that hostilities might break out at any time. So having bought with pipes, tobacco, and glass beads all the produce the natives seemed to have on hand, we put off to the ship. The island is about fifteen miles long by about ten broad, and rises to a height of two thousand feet. It is densely wooded right from the sea to the summit. Cruising along the coast under easy sail, we saw very few of the natives; and as the Recruiting Agent said they had a very bad reputation, the

skipper, who had a roving commission, decided to make for the Shortland Islands.

The next afternoon, about five o'clock, we arrived off the Shortland Islands; and were met by a large number of canoes.

In the first canoe was a fellow dressed in a man-o'-war's-man jumper and straw hat—his entire wardrobe, I believe—who told us he was the "pilot," and pointed out the anchorage. Our skipper relied more on his chart and his own powers of navigation, and we came safely to anchor. We had no sooner got our sails made fast, than we received an official and royal visit from King Ghorai. He claims to be the sovereign of this part of the sea and all the adjacent islands; even to the large island of Bougainville. He patrols all these coasts himself in a large whale-boat, accompanied by a flotilla of war canoes, each canoe holding from thirty to forty men, and exacts tribute from all the villages and people he visits.

When he came on board to pay his respects, or to claim that respect which he may have thought his due, he was exceedingly well dressed. He had on the full-dress uniform of an admiral of the British Navy, even to the belt and sword, with the exception of the head-gear, which looked rather incongruous; as, perched well back on his head, he wore a good silk hat, otherwise known as a "bell-topper," or, as sailor-men term it, a "gaff-topsail hat." His Majesty King Ghorai was very pleased to see us and gave us a hearty welcome to his territory, no doubt reckoning up how much he was going to make out of us, seeing we were all "new chums" in the South Seas, except the mate. He could talk very good English, and told us that he had made several trips to Sydney in trading vessels, and that it was his desire before long to make another and there buy a small schooner. He intended to arm her well, engage a white man to command her, take her down to the islands, remain with him as navigating officer, and sail the vessel round his domains. He would thus keep his people in subjection, extort more tribute,

and, if possible, conquer fresh territories. He seemed to think our skipper was admirably suited to fill the post, and that night he invited us ashore to sup with him in his palace. He took his departure to prepare for our coming.

About eight o'clock that night the landing-place was brilliantly lit up with torches, as the skipper and I went on shore. We were received with every show of honoured welcome, and were conducted by the chief councillors and headmen to the King's palace, where King Ghorai was waiting our arrival, dressed in nothing but a long white shirt. Behind him, ranged in rows, were his forty wives. Their ages, I reckoned, ranged from twelve up to sixty years. These ladies did not take any part in the entertainment, but sat as spectators. They kept up an animated though low and muttered conversation, which, when it grew too loud, was silenced by a look and frown from their lord and master. The large dining-room was well lighted with kerosene lamps, and was well furnished, all articles, the King informed me, being imported from Sydney, where, he also told me, he had his admiral's uniform made to order. He wore it, he said, only on State occasions, and in consequence it was now packed carefully away. Those whom he really esteemed, he invariably liked to welcome in an informal, homely, and domestic sort of fashion; hence the white shirt. The table—laid only for three—was covered with a snow-white cloth, and spread with all the necessary accessories of a comfortable little supper. The dishes consisted of baked yams and baked bananas, roast beans, fried and boiled fish, roast pig and fowl, with tea and sugar and fresh cocoa-nut juice, and plenty of fruit. We were waited on by three of the royal princesses. They were very pert young damsels, inclined to levity, and were rebuked by their father several times when over-frolicsome. The one who to all appearance was the favourite he addressed as "Eliza." The supper, which was all that could be desired, was cooked and served in European style.

After supper I left King Ghorai and the skipper to their palaver, and accompanied the natives out to the edge of the

FISHING STAKES, BULALAKA RIVER, MALAYTA

The natives mount the scaffold and shoot the fish with bow and arrow or a four-pronged spear. The crow's nests on the stake are supposed to be charms to attract the fish from the deep sea water. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

reef to see them spear and shoot fish with bow and arrow by torchlight. The natives were very anxious to see me try my hand, and laughed heartily at my clumsy attempts to use the spear, as I always went wide of the fish. But I had better luck with the bow and arrow, as I managed, evidently as much to the delight of the natives as my own self, to secure several nice big coral fish on the barbs of a fish arrow.

About midnight the skipper joined me and we returned to our ship, well pleased with our first visit to King Ghorai ; and surprised to find such an intelligent and hospitable chief ruling over thousands of barbarous cannibals and savages.

Early the next morning the Queensland Labour schooner *Fanny*, hailing from Mackay, came to anchor close to us. The skipper and I paid her a visit and were welcomed on board by Mr. Charles Bailey Williams, Government Agent (who later became Inspector of Polynesians in Mackay and died there shortly afterwards), and the master, W. H. Lawrence, who in after-years was appointed a Queensland Government Agent. They had been cruising about Choiseul, Vella Lavella, and Bougainville during the previous five months, but had not met with much luck, as they had only about twenty recruits on board. The black ball at our main-mast-head had caused much puzzled speculation on board the *Fanny*. The flying of such a signal did not seem to meet with the unqualified approbation of that schooner's crew, until the new regulations were explained to them.

After breakfast the two skippers, Mr. Williams and I, went ashore, and were received by King Ghorai. His Majesty was not quite so affable as on the previous night, and I correctly attributed the coolness on his side to the presence of Captain Lawrence and Mr. Williams, who were old experienced hands in the " Trade," and had had former dealings with him. Lawrence remarked that Ghorai was a " cunning old dog " and " very wide awake." Williams said that although he did not wish to prejudice me against the old fellow, he advised me to be very careful about any dealings he might desire to have with the ship. Though not

treacherous with white men, he was, he said, as unscrupulous in some things as you might expect any savage to be.

We had a very pleasant ramble all round Ghorai's village and visited a great pyramid of human skulls—trophies of Ghorai's prowess in war. We inspected his gardens, and admired his wonderful variety of plants, which were growing in great luxuriance. We sat and smoked our pipes in the great palaver house or Court of Assembly, enjoying the cool air and the dim light under its high arched roof, and very refreshing it was after the blaze of the sunshine outside. In the afternoon the *Fanny* took her departure, but in the evening the Fiji Labour schooner *Christina*, with the Government Agent Fitzpatrick and Captain Stronach, came to anchor close to us. She had upwards of a hundred recruits on board, most of them very young boys.

The next morning King Ghorai assured us that we should get a full ship-load of recruits from him, but we should have to await the departure of the *Christina*. We were visited during the day by large crowds of natives, who bartered fruit, nuts, and fowls in exchange for tobacco, pipes, beads, and calico. The natives use pipes made by the Bougainville people. They are made of very hard clay and are shaped exactly like the old " Cork " dudeen.

They grow very good tobacco leaf, which they prepare and roll into twist about 1½ inches thick. I cannot say what process it goes through in manufacture, but the smoke from it is vile in the extreme. Although evidently much relished by them, they prefer tobacco of Australian or American manufacture.

We did not find the islanders paragons of virtue, as they were ready to filch anything they could get away with. On one occasion, when returning from shore in the boat, we met the man who introduced himself to us as the pilot ; we came upon him rather unexpectedly as we were rounding a point, and he made haste to get out of our way as fast as possible. But not before I recognised in his canoe some bright print stuff of a pronounced pattern which I had left

in my cabin. When I arrived on board I found, as I expected, that the print had been stolen, as well as my top-coat and several other articles.

Later in the day the pilot returned, bringing with him some finely made baskets and the model of a canoe handsomely inlaid with pearl-shell. These articles I promptly took charge of and locked up in my cabin, and informed the pilot that I would detain them pending the return of my stolen property.

I thought I had scored off Mr. Pilot when I saw him shortly afterwards making for home in his canoe. But my surprise can be imagined when I unlocked my cabin door to find that the goods I had impounded had all disappeared. I subsequently found out that the pilot had put a little piccaninny through my window and had so abstracted everything.

On reporting the matter to King Ghorai, he, with several of his head-men, accompanied me to the pilot's house on Shortland Island. There we recovered the whole of my lost property. King Ghorai offered to have the pilot tied to a tree and flogged, or, if I preferred, I had his permission to shoot the delinquent there and then.

He got off, however, with no heavier punishment than a sound rating from his King. We lay at the Shortlands for upwards of a week; and the days were passed in shooting and fishing, also hunting for turtles' eggs.

CHAPTER III

Nefarious Plans—Bougainville—A Tribal Quarrel—An Accident to the Boat—The Stranded Boat—Native Canoes—"Maggy"—Tidy Villages—A Strange Funeral Ceremony—"Buckwah"—Ransoming a Captive—Our First Recruit—Loss of our Anchor—Green Island—A Determined Recruit—Sentries—Presents or Trade—Dishonest Recruits—The Caen Islands.

AT the end of the week Ghorai's arrangements were made, and he was ready to do business. We wanted about eighty recruits, and Ghorai undertook to put them on board the ship provided he was paid at the rate of one pound in gold or silver per head in advance. His plan was to send his son Kopani, a morose-looking but powerful young savage, to Bougainville, with his war canoes and about three hundred of his warriors or skull-hunters. Two days after their departure the ship was to meet them at a given rendezvous, and there receive her complement.

I could see from the skipper's amused expression that he highly enjoyed the scene, as I listened to Ghorai's nefarious plans.

When he had finished I gave him my candid opinion of himself and his ways, and told him that, although a King, he was an avaricious old cut-throat, for whom hanging was too good. We then quitted the palaver house with scant courtesy, leaving a highly indignant and, as he thought, much abused monarch.

Getting aboard, we hove up anchor and made for the island of Bougainville, where we arrived the same evening and hove-to for the night.

Bougainville, so named after Admiral Bougainville, who discovered the northern Solomons in 1768, is the largest island in the group, being about 120 miles long by 55 across. A chain of mountains runs the length of the island from south-east to north-west, averaging from 4000 to 7000 feet in height. The highest peak, Mount Balbi, attains a height of 10,171 feet. Right in the centre of the island there is an active volcano, Bagano by name. For the most part the island seems to be covered by dense scrub. But huge forest trees towering high above the ordinary scrub are everywhere to be seen. The scene is relieved by grassy patches here and there. Fresh-water streams abound, and mountain torrents come tumbling and foaming over their rocks, or falling hundreds of feet in a long silver stream amidst a wealth of tropical verdure.

At the time of which I write, this magnificent island was a " no man's " land ; as indeed were all the other islands in the Solomon group.

On the morning of the 25th of June we lowered our boats about eight o'clock and made towards the shore. This being the weather side, a very heavy surf was breaking on the beach ; so heavy, indeed, that for some time we thought we should have to give up all idea of getting into communication with the natives, whom we saw in large numbers lined up on the sand.

There appeared to be two tribes assembled. They did not seem to be upon amicable terms, as they held aloof from one another. They were all heavily armed with very long bows and sheaves of arrows. Besides these weapons some carried spears, and each man had suspended from his shoulder a tomahawk, club, or heavy wooden sword. The tribes were distinguished by the colour of their head-dress. This was composed of a hat exactly resembling an egg-shaped lamp-globe and of similar size. These hats were made of basket-work, and beautifully covered and sewn with the skin of the pandanus leaf. They reminded me more than anything else of the baskets used in billiard-rooms for pool and pyra-

mid balls. The opening was not much wider, although it might have admitted a cricket ball; into this the natives stowed their long, woolly hair. The large amount of hair they managed to stuff in caused the hats to stick up jauntily on the side of the head. The hats worn by one tribe were all white, while those worn by the other were stained a bright red.

Pulling along the coast we came to a smooth part, and were able to approach nearer the islanders. After a lot of persuasion we induced them to approach nearer to each other as well as to us.

Both tribes wished to enter into communication with us, and both had stuff for barter. As neither would entirely trust the other, they each left a strong armed party immediately behind them in the scrub as guards.

The mate, with his boat stern first, cautiously approached what seemed to be the most moderate break in the surf, and I directed his attention to the heavy break which occurred with every third or fourth wave outside the ordinary surf. As a man came out neck-deep in the water, holding a young sucking pig over his head, the mate ventured too much. A huge wave broke over the bows of his boat, filled her and swept her right up on the beach. The boat's crew leaped out before she grounded, having first secured their rifles. Many of the islanders ran for their weapons, but others professed to offer assistance. In the meantime we were outside the influence of the surf, and covered the other boat's crew with our rifles. The natives ashore seemed to be of two minds. Some, I thought, desired to assist our men, while others were inclined to go for loot. But the fact that our men still retained their arms ashore, and we were almost out of range of their arrows, and had them well covered, decided them to help us in our difficulty and trust to our generosity for remuneration. A number of them turned to with a will; and after the mate had given them all the print and calicoes, besides beads, pipes, and tobacco, which he had in his trade box (the axes, tomahawks, long

knives, and butcher's knives were in the bottom of the boat), they re-launched the boat. But alas! before the boat's crew could get her under way with their oars, a great rolling sea caused her to broach-to and capsize, and surge in towards the beach, bottom up, with the crew underneath. One by one they struggled out. The mate was dragged out with a horrible gash on the back of his head and neck, from which the blood flowed freely. Hastily we unbent the painter and the sheet of our lug-sail, and backing the boat in as far as we deemed safe through the surf, we threw the boat's crew the rope. They made it fast to the mate, and we were able to draw him through the surf to us. Pulling out to a safe distance beyond the breakers, we rendered what first aid we could to the wounded man.

A terrible scene ensued ashore. The natives of both tribes rushed down to the boat, dragged her up on to the beach, and fought savagely for the axes, tomahawks, and knives that were lying in from two to three feet of water. Two natives would be struggling for an axe. One would manage to free his arm, with the axe aloft; and the next instant it would be brought crash, down through the skull of the other unfortunate one. Several could be seen fighting and slashing each other with the long knives and butcher knives, as they rolled over and over each other in the water. Those ashore along the fringe of scrub took up the fight, and a general battle ensued. The arrows were flying in the air like showers of hail.

Presently a large body of men charged out from the scrub, on those nearest the boat (they had manœuvred round through the back of the scrub from the tribe of the white hats), and making a wild dash among the bowmen of the red hats, mowed them down with tomahawks and hard-wood swords before the red hats had time to unsling their weapons.

The red hats then took to flight, but were followed by the white hats with showers of arrows until the bush gave them shelter. There must have been upwards of a

thousand engaged in the fray, and the casualties were very numerous.

We had now to think of our stranded boat, the loss of which would have been serious. Returning to the ship with all the speed we could, I placed the position of affairs before the skipper, and pointed out that if we abandoned our stranded boat, we must perforce give up the trip, and return to Queensland with an empty ship—and a very leaky and rotten one at that—or cruise about in those waters until we could buy a boat from another vessel. It was impossible to continue with only one boat. So we resolved to recover our boat if we could. Putting a boat's kedge and plenty of tackle in our only remaining boat, and taking all available hands, we returned to the scene of the catastrophe.

The natives had drawn the boat up high and dry on the beach and were now surrounding it. They showed fight when we approached. We dropped the boat's kedge well out beyond the break of the sea and backed in stern first till we were among the first of the breakers. Then all of us taking our rifles, we fired a volley close over the heads of the natives ashore, and they fled to the scrub, and we gave them a couple more volleys to keep them going.

We saw many of them, like monkeys, climbing the trees on the higher grounds further back to get another view of us.

Four of our native boatmen, with nothing else than their knives and fighting tomahawks, now slipped overboard, and towing a long rope, which we gradually paid out to them, swam ashore. They soon had the rope fastened to the boat on the beach. They made it fast to each of the thwarts and round the stern and sides, and we soon had her down in the water again. It was, however, all we could do to keep her afloat and tow her off alongside the ship (where with much trouble we managed to get her hove on board), as the savages had stripped her of keel and all the iron they could get out of her, besides having started to

draw the copper nails. We saw evidence of the fight ashore, as many corpses were being tossed about in the surf.

The four boatmen who swam ashore brought off a number of native hats and arrows.

Seeing that we could not do much more until our second boat was patched up, we made for the north end of Bougainville and came to anchor at Buka Island.

We were visited at Buka Island by large numbers of islanders in many canoes. The canoes carried from ten to sixty men in each. As many of them were as high in the sides as our own little vessel, we made a rule that canoes were to be allowed on one side only, and that the starboard. The port side was to be kept clear, as well as the main deck on the port side; so the ship was roped off fore and aft amidships. We had also to be constantly on the watch and always armed; for, on the slightest show of carelessness on our part, or of being off guard, we should all have been massacred for the sake of loot.

One of our boatmen told me that on a previous visit he had been shown on a clear day the hull and masts of a vessel lying on the bottom in deep water. She had been taken and looted by the natives and then sunk. We secured the services of an islander here as an interpreter. He was the only one able to speak any English. He told us that his name was "Maggy," and that he had worked for a Mr. Farrell in Samoa.

Maggy piloted us to quite a number of villages, but found no one anxious to emigrate to Queensland. The villages were kept as clean and ship-shape as any in the Shortlands, and the natives displayed as much taste in the manner in which their plots of flowers and flowering plants about their houses were attended to. At the Shortlands I noticed that the dead were buried in the ground and large cairns of stones were piled over the graves; these again were filled in with soil, and the interstices planted with bright and fragrant flowers. But here the dead were disposed of in quite a different manner. We had an opportunity while on

a visit to one of the villages of seeing their strange funeral ceremony. The corpse was carried down to and over the reef by a few of the deceased's comrades, followed by a crowd of women wailing and performing strange antics. At the edge of the reef the remains were placed in a canoe, paddled out some hundred yards or so, and with a few heavy stones attached were sunk to the bottom. Although free from any particular amount of general sickness, and physically as fine a race of people as we had so far met, 80 per cent of them seemed to be afflicted with a disagreeable skin disease they called " buckwah." This disease breaks out in patches on the body in the form of a number of small dry rings, resembling ringworm. They spread till the whole body becomes covered with a mass of dry, scaly rings, which comes off in flakes and dust. I have cured many of the sufferers with a mixture of sulphur and kerosene, applied with a large paint brush. Clean-skinned natives seem to have a horror of contracting the disease.

We found the islanders very skilful in the manufacture of spears and arrows, and many of their weapons were tastefully inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Pearl-shell appears to be fairly plentiful in those regions. From the many patches of reefs we sailed over, I believe large quantities of shell could be obtained.

Three days were spent in visiting villages scattered here and there, but all our recruiter's eloquence could not induce any of the natives to engage in the Queensland sugar industry. So the skipper decided to make a move the following day. That evening two large canoes came along from some foraging expedition. Their crews, numbering about forty each, were quite jubilant over some foray, or success. They clicked their paddles on the side of their canoes, keeping time to a wild chant or war song.

The paddles of these canoes had each the design of a dancing demon stained on it in permanent black and red dyes.

Crouched despondent in the bottom of one of the two

canoes, we noticed, as they came alongside, a wild, powerful-looking man.

After an animated conference with the savages in the canoes, our interpreter Maggy approached the skipper and me, and told us that the savages had a captive in one of their canoes whom they wished to dispose of by selling him to us. I said that the strict meaning of the Act would not allow any such mode of recruiting. Yet as the circumstances of the case seemed very peculiar, I determined that I would go into them very carefully.

Impressing upon Maggy that he must speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, I elicited through him from the canoe savages that the man whom they now wanted us to take was a captive they had made upon their present expedition.

They were taking him home with them, there to be dealt with in a way that even Maggy hesitated to describe. I inferred that he was to be put to death, and eaten. I got Maggy to explain to the captive that if he chose to come of his own free will on board of us he could do so, and that if he chose to leave the ship at any place in the islands no one would prevent him. As he came on board under peculiar circumstances, the same circumstances would allow him to go ashore anywhere he liked where the ship should touch before leaving for Queensland. As we had an interpreter on board who could speak his own language, the whole of the nature of the work expected of South Sea Islanders on Queensland plantations would now be fully explained to him, together with the nature and terms of agreement. But that he would not be called upon to enter into that agreement until some time during the trip when others might be signed on.

All this I was confident Maggy faithfully explained to him, and he came very joyfully aboard. In return, the savages, at their captive's hands, received a bundle of fancy-coloured print, in which were rolled up some glass beads, paint, tobacco, a couple of butcher's knives, and a toma-

hawk. I made the parcel of trade come from the captive as a ransom paid by himself, and not as the price paid for a slave.

Thus we got our first recruit, and he was entered on the Passenger List as No. 1, Cheeka of Buka, Bougainville. He was about twenty-five years of age, well built and muscular-looking, with a huge head of hair hanging in a mass of ringlets down to his shoulders. Each ringlet was plastered thick with lime and cocoa-nut oil. We soon set one of the crew to work with the scissors, and his locks were consigned to the deep. Cheeka was quite pleased with the change, and was anxious to adopt European habits at once, so great was his delight at escaping from his enemies. And yet, he told me afterwards, he had never seen a white man in his life before.

Early next morning all hands were called to get the anchor up and loose sails. When the windlass was manned the chain came up merrily, leaving the anchor on the bottom. On examination we found that some of the links were almost entirely eaten through. It was extremely fortunate for us that we anchored in a smooth and sheltered place; had it been at all exposed and any wind had happened to come in on us, we should have gone on shore, and if not mercifully drowned in the surf, we should have been massacred to a man.

I should have been perfectly justified in ordering the ship home; the skipper realising this came and asked if I had any orders to give. After talking with him about the condition of the ship, I said, "If you think you can keep the old basket afloat and off the rocks, go ahead." So with a fair wind we sailed for Green Island and Sir Charles Hardy's, which we reached next morning. These islands lie close together.

Green Island is circular in form, low-lying, and has three boat passages entering into a large lagoon in the centre. Sir Charles Hardy's (separated by a narrow strait from Green Island) stands about seven hundred feet above sea

level. We made for Green Island, and passing through one of the boat passages, got into the midst of a large school of porpoises, which the natives were trying to secure or drive ashore. We tried to assist them in their efforts with our rifles, at which they were at first alarmed. We soon assured them that they need fear no harm from us; and as several fine porpoises we had put bullets into stranded themselves on the coral beaches on either side of the narrow pass, the natives soon became on the best of terms with us. The women and children came round about the boats, bringing with them large supplies of fruit and yams as well as quantities of cocoa-nuts. We noticed that nearly all their implements were made of stone or shell. Their armlets were cut from large clam shells, and the medals suspended from their necks were also formed from the same kind of shell. Many of the men were busy dressing planks for canoe building, and nothing but stone and shell adzes was used at this work, except when they obliterated the adze marks, by smoothing them down with lumps of old dry coral.

When we showed them some scrap bar iron they became very eager to possess it. In return for a few pieces we got some nicely carved yam and cocoa-nut knives made from pearl-shell and turtle-shell. We spent all day with the natives ashore. Among the young men we noticed an inclination to emigrate, but this was sternly repressed by the elders. Three of them had a smattering of English, having formerly worked in Samoa.

Towards evening I thought it advisable to call the crew to the boats. Not long afterwards half a dozen young fellows made a dash to get in also, throwing away all their belongings behind them. Before they could reach us they were caught by the older men and carried back kicking and struggling to the bush. Then a number of the older men, armed with bows and arrows, formed themselves into a guard between us and the bush to prevent any runaways.

One fine-looking young fellow, who seemed to be somebody

of consequence, openly defied them. He marched down in front of them and proceeded to divest himself of his finery. First he doffed a gorgeous head-dress of feathers, then a broad belt of native money, afterwards his smaller trinkets and bangles. With nothing but his fighting tomahawk, he deliberately walked towards us. Just as he reached the boat, the guard getting over their temporary stupefaction rushed at him and held him back. Getting his right arm clear, he swung his tomahawk and brought it down several times on the heads and shoulders of those around him, inflicting some nasty wounds. His tomahawk was wrenched from him, and seeing his way to the boat barred, he made a run for a crowd of young men who had just emerged from the bush. He seized the bow and arrows from one, and quickly let fly, sending an arrow into the chest of one of the men who had held him. Those who had formed themselves into a guard as quickly replied, sending a flight of arrows at the backs of the young fellows who were now scampering for the bush. The beach became deserted, but we could hear the shouts and yells of pursuers and pursued, as the sun went down, and we pulled towards the ship.

That night, while enjoying my pipe, as I lay stretched at ease under the awning, with the ship hove-to, I could hear our native boats' crews discussing the events of the day. In their opinion the Labour Trade was " going to the dogs." One asked the others, " What for Government Agent no let boat's crew help 'em boys, when altogether want go Queensland ? " Another said, " Suppose we been have 'em good fellow Government, we full up now."

Next morning we went ashore with the boats again, but no one would come near us. We saw sentries dodging all along the edge of the scrub, each one alert, with arrow ready on bow-string. As none would approach the boats we returned to the ship, and shaped a course for St. John's Island, where we arrived next morning. St. John's is a beautiful rocky island, rising to a height of two thousand feet above sea level, and is surrounded by a fringing coral

reef broken here and there by inlets leading on to fine white sand and coral beaches. Like most of the other islands it is densely wooded with the usual mixture of tropical trees, flowering shrubs, and waving palms.

The natives came round us in good numbers. They were very friendly disposed, bartering freely with us anything they had to dispose of. They were the merriest, happiest people we had yet visited, and as the island was one of the prettiest and most picturesque we thoroughly enjoyed our day ashore. We cruised all round the island with the boats, landing at a number of places, and enjoyed the cool air and beauty of several wonderful stalactite caves.

Being impressed with the kindly manner and intelligence of the natives, we went ashore next morning expecting to get a number of recruits for Queensland. They crowded round our boats at the first landing-place, and eagerly scanned the goods offered as a present to any one who would recruit. These consisted of about a fathom of fancy print stuff, on which was placed a looking-glass, a tomahawk, a large knife with eighteen-inch blade, a small knife, three or four pounds of tobacco, half a dozen clay pipes, and a few glass beads. These articles having been duly commented on and examined by all, a fine, strapping young fellow stepped into the boat, took the bundle and handed it to his friends ashore. Then as soon as the mate could make up the bundle of trade, an islander would accept it, signify his intention of going to Queensland, and step into the boat. We soon got twenty men in the boats, and started for the ship to get a second supply of trade. The recruits were all as happy as sand-boys, laughing heartily and joking among themselves. But we had hardly gone half a mile or so from the beach, when they all stood up, and with cries of "Cricky!" "Cricky!" one and all dived overboard and made for the shore, swimming and diving like so many water-fowl. Of course, the boats' crews' first thoughts were their rifles, and the cry at once rose, "Shoot 'em! shoot 'em!" But it was only momentary, and the boatmen

relapsed into silent disgust; they were completely "flabbergasted" when I would not even allow them to attempt to capture the fugitives.

I believe the deserters fully expected to be fired upon. They dived deeply and swam a long way under water before coming up for breath, and then they were almost immediately down again. When they reached shore they did not waste any time on the water's edge, but made a zig-zag line, as if to dodge bullets, to the nearest scrub. I am sure the whole incident was a preconcerted plan to obtain the trade given as presents, and that other vessels had similarly been victimised.

I have since seen solitary instances of the same trick tried, but never on such a wholesale plan as that carried out by the St. John islanders. The mate reckoned that it was no further use trying St. John, so we made our course for the Caen Islands, a small group adjacent to the large island of New Ireland. We hove-to off Sawmill, one of the smaller of the Caen Islands, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th of July. Here we engaged an interpreter, Mungish, *alias* English. He seemed to be a very intelligent fellow, and told us that a few islanders wanted to go to Queensland; that he had been to Queensland, but had been returned with one or two others, as they were not well on arrival there. He also said that a great many women wished to go to Queensland, as their men had gone in former vessels, and that if we wished to recruit women, he had no doubt we could fill the ship up with them.

A Malayta Dandy

The half-moon of pearl-shell on his chest indicates that he belongs to the highest class. The armlets are cut from the gigantic clam-shell, while shells on his forehead are white cowries. Strings of native currency are hanging down his back. The bag contains his smoking and betel-nut chewing outfit, etc. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

CHAPTER IV

Independent Women—A Distinguished Recruit—A Light-skinned Recruit—A Gruesome Jest—Terrible Thieves—A Weird Crowd—Slings—A Chief of Note—Good Duck-shooting—Flying-Foxes—Shy Natives—Carved Work—Our Caen Interpreter—An Attack—Betel-Nut Chewing—A German Recruiting Vessel—A King's Brother Kidnapped—A Frightened Dutch Skipper—Back to Queensland.

NEXT morning saw us ashore early with the boats. The tide being low we could only get into the outer reef with the boats. The natives came out to us in large crowds, of which the women formed the majority. They did not seem to have the same fear, respect, or veneration, call it what you may, for the sterner sex that we noticed at the other islands we visited. They elbowed the men most unceremoniously out of the way and calmly stepped into the boats, making themselves at home as if to the manner born.

As usual, they were most inquisitive, and went through one's pockets as quickly as any of the light-fingered fraternity, examining every item with the minutest scrutiny.

Ambulull, the chief of Sawmill and the most influential chief in the Caen group, came and had a long talk with the mate through the interpreter Mungish. Ambulull was a tall, handsome old man, of about sixty years of age, standing over six feet in height. He had a large following.

Mungish informed us that Ambulull had heard so much about Queensland, and so many of his men had gone there, that he had quite made up his mind to emigrate to

Queensland also, and no remonstrances on the part of his people would deter him.

The old fellow paid close attention to the explanation of Mungish to me, and then, as if he had understood every word of it, bent his head with a smile as much as to express his gratified approval of the whole explanation, and signified with a wave of his hand his desire that we should take him on board; at the same time repeating the word, "E-yu!" "E-yu!" (Yes! Yes!) each time as he nodded his head.

Nothing loth, the mate engaged old Ambulull the chief, and twelve of his best men accompanied him. The mate now felt sure that with such an important chief on board we should not be long in getting our complement of recruits on board. But the islanders do not know what hurry or bustle is, and so they decided to keep us as long as they could and get as much out of us as possible.

The trouble now was to refuse the women. Ambulull brought his wife with him, but few of the other men had, or wished to have wives. Many of the women said their husbands had gone to Queensland already. Others had fathers and brothers there, while a good few of them, I believe, fancied the whole business a huge joke or a grand picnic, and did not care whether they went to Queensland or Timbuctoo.

A short, thick-set man of very light skin, so light, in fact, that I took him to be a half-caste, came to the boats and was very anxious to recruit. The natives ashore were not at first inclined to let him go, but seeing the liberal amount of trade he had from the mate to give away, their reluctance was soon overcome. The difference between this man and the others was very marked. The Caen islanders were a chocolate colour, had woolly hair, which they wore long in ringlets, dyed red generally, and reaching to their shoulders. Some of them had their locks bleached almost white with lime. Their faces and bodies were scored with lines and circles in many quaint designs, cut into the flesh.

The lobes of their ears were so distended by punctured holes, that many of them used their ears to carry their knives, or pipes and tobacco, or any other little article of general use. I noticed that many of the men who had beards made use of them to carry any matches or fish-hooks we gave them. The fair-skinned man was as light as a Chinaman, had Malay features, and long black hair. Showing out prominently in bright blue were many strange devices tattooed all over his face and body.

I afterwards ascertained from him that he was a native of Lord Howe's group or Ontong-Java. He and five others had been blown away from his island in a gale of wind. After several days at sea they were seen and picked up by the Caen islanders, in a very emaciated condition. They were well treated by their hosts; but as they improved in condition, his mates had been one by one killed and eaten. As he saw nothing in store for himself but a similar fate, his joy was unbounded when he found a chance of escape in our arrival.

To keep on the best of terms with the islanders we bought almost everything they brought us for barter, such as yams, taro, cocoa-nuts, fruits, fowls, pigs, shells, and curios of all sorts.

While I was sitting in the stern of my boat, which was backed on to the beach at Maleyleaf, a hoary-headed old warrior pushed his way through the crowd surrounding us, and placing a large basket in the boat, begged some tobacco from me. While he was lighting his pipe I noticed a dark liquid stream trickling towards me from the basket; and on looking into it, to my horror and disgust, I saw two human heads. I flung basket and ghastly contents out on the sand, to the great delight of all the assembled natives, who screamed with laughter at my expressions of disgust. The hoary-headed sinner, with a sardonic grin, picked up the two heads, impaled them on two poles, and stuck them up in the sand abreast of my boat.

The interpreter told me that they were the heads of a

young man and woman who wanted to run away and go to Queensland. The young woman was the property of the old man. The previous night the two eloped and hid in the bush to watch for a chance to get away in our boats. The old fellow stalked them in the early morning, and taking them by surprise speared them both. Cutting their heads off, he brought them with him as tokens of his prowess.

Regulation No. 32, which prohibits the recruiting of women unless accompanied by the husbands or with the consent of the chief, was not in force then; and one was generally inclined to sympathise with young runaway couples. Many elopements were not only winked at, but often assisted by men in the old Labour Traffic.

We found the natives of the Caen Islands to be terrible thieves, and they could lift things with their feet with the agility of monkeys. I have seen them lift articles with their toes, and pass them to friends behind them.

One fellow, while sitting on the gunwale of my boat and talking with me, picked up a tomahawk with his toes, passed it up behind his hips, quietly slipped it over the side of the boat, let it down gently on to the sand, and still conversing with me, got out of the boat and with his feet covered the tomahawk with the sand. He thought that I was so taken up with our conversation that I did not notice his pilfering manœuvres; but I was biding my time, and just before making a start for the ship, to prevent the return of the tomahawk too suddenly by getting it possibly through my skull, I casually drew my revolver, with the excuse of dusting it with my handkerchief, and with the muzzle in a sort of haphazard fashion pointing straight at his chest, I smilingly asked my robber friend to pick up and hand me the tomahawk which had somehow or another got down among the sand. He quickly complied with my request, but the chagrin on his face was comical to behold. The shout of derision and laughter his discomfiture evoked from his countrymen sent him off muttering strange oaths, and with a very wicked expression on his face.

About ten minutes afterwards, while passing a little promontory wooded to the water's edge, a solitary spear whizzed past us, just cutting the back of my neck, and I presume it was a farewell gift from my friend, the impenitent thief. To show that we quite appreciated his good intentions, we returned a volley from our rifles into the scrub.

We were daily getting recruits, picking them up here and there at the different villages ; and a good number came off in canoes and joined their friends on board.

Acting on the old Chief Ambulull's advice, when we had about forty on board, we set sail for the Gerrit Denny group. Here we were confronted by a crowd of men on the beach with their faces all whitewashed, their ribs all painted white, and with white stripes drawn down their legs.

They looked like a mob of animated skeletons, and they danced a weird and horrible dance, which our native boatmen said was the " dance of the devil-devil."

I could not induce our boats' crews to pull any nearer. They said, " We too close already ; by and by when that fellow finish dance they fire up along you and me." I, of course, laughed at their fears and said, " They can't fire this distance with arrows or spears, and they have no guns." But the boatmen replied, " They fire up along stone," and the words were hardly out of their mouths when the savages ashore twirled slings similar to those depicted in the hand of David when he slew Goliath of Gath, and in a few seconds stones were humming past us, and dropping all round us. Some of the stones struck the boat and went into splinters. Most of us received cuts and scratches from the fragments. We would have nothing more to do with the "devil-devil dancers," so we went on to a place named Mallymean, and here we met with a more friendly lot of natives.

They were much impressed, and could hardly credit the news when Mungish, our interpreter, told them that Ambulull, the chief of the Caen group, was on board, and going to Queensland. When we brought Ambulull ashore at their invitation, and he assured them of his intention of going

to Queensland, they were still more amazed. Ambulull, I learned, was a chief of great note amongst all these small islands, and had earned wide renown in bygone years as a wise man as well as a warrior. We left Ambulull and some of his own men ashore for the night.

Next morning when we returned we found a great concourse of people, amongst them being the "devil-devil dancers" who had stoned us on our arrival at Lilylin. That little incident did not appear to trouble them in the least, and they were just as pleased to welcome us as were the rest.

We now required a fresh supply of water and firewood, so two parties, under the mate and second mate, were told off to procure them. In the meantime I set off with a shot gun, and accompanied by a few of the natives, to see what I could bag in the way of game. The natives acted as guides, and first led me along the banks of a beautiful fresh-water stream. Every now and then we came across artfully made fish traps. We had not gone far when we came to a fine broad stretch of water, flanked with reedy banks, and here the natives put up a brace of fine ducks, which I promptly bagged. The natives were greatly astonished at the performance. Their astonishment and wonder increased as we proceeded up-stream. Luckily I did not miss any of the ducks they put up, and when I had killed between fifteen and twenty their expressions of surprise were almost exhausted.

We left the stream and climbed the hill-side by zigzagging and tortuous paths, till we reached a height I reckoned to be about one thousand feet above sea-level. We crossed some terrible-looking gullies on the trunks of fallen trees, and squeezed ourselves along narrow paths on the face of jagged cliffs, where a slip or false step would cause one to be dashed to pieces down a chasm some hundreds of feet below. The views were magnificent. Only the pen of a poet, or the brush of a painter, could do anything like justice to the beauties of Nature we passed through that day. There was the splendid waterfall, with roaring cataract and dashing torrent, tumbling over boulders and going rolling down

to form the lovely stream we had journeyed up, as it flowed calmly on to join the sea. We caught a glorious view as it stretched away before us, beyond the deep green forest trees and waving palms, shimmering and shining in all the glory of an Eastern sun, and studded with innumerable lovely isles.

But all the time I was thinking of my bag and adding to it. I kept banging away at pigeons right and left, and by the time we started on our return journey the natives with me were pretty well loaded up. On the way back they led me to a colony of flying-foxes, and nothing would content them but that I must shoot some. They valued them as a dainty far before ducks or pigeons.- I gratified them to their hearts' content, for the foxes, being very thick and hanging from the limbs of trees in clusters, I brought down five or six with every shot. I had no sooner shot the first few than the natives had a fire going, and the flying-foxes were roasting, wings, skin, hair, and all. It was a delicacy in which they all fairly wallowed.

We got back to Mallymean shortly before sundown, a very jolly if fatigued party. The game I brought on board was much appreciated by both black and white alike. Of course, we did not forget our Caen recruits, and they all enjoyed some of the succulent flying-foxes.

We spent six days in the Gerrit Denny group, visiting all the coast villages; but, although the old Chief Ambulull accompanied us everywhere and used all his eloquence to try and induce the islanders to recruit for Queensland, we only succeeded in getting nine—six men and three women. We could have recruited many more women, but would not take them. Ambulull suggested that we should next go on to Fisher's Island, as he thought we could get recruits more readily there. So after spending six days among the Gerrit Denny islands we shaped a course for Fisher's Island.

On arrival, we found the islanders at first very shy and timid, but after a lot of talk on the part of Ambulull, whom they at first did not clearly understand, we managed to

induce them to come down to our boats. Any attempt on our part to go ashore would have sent them flying to the bush. Many of them wore long conical hats, made of fine matting, into which were closely woven the gay feathers of parrots and other birds of brilliant plumage. These hats could not be worn in the bush; and for the purpose of protecting them, while carrying them under their arm, they were provided with sheaths made from the dried pandanus leaf. The hats were ingeniously made, being set up on thin cane ribs after the manner of an umbrella, and by pulling a string they could be made to close up in similar style.

I managed to secure several of these very pretty articles. The natives had sufficient confidence to allow Ambulull and myself to land, but I could see that if any more of our party followed it might lead to trouble. We were invited up to the village, where we were much interested in the wonderful amount of carved work. There were great wooden demons, or gods, in their palaver house, all carved in a most grotesque manner, and inlaid with clam and pearl-shell. The eyes of the demons were formed of operculums. Numerous carved masks were hanging about the houses; and of these I purchased quite a number. The door-posts of most of the houses were also elaborately carved, after a fashion exactly similar to the carving of the New Zealand Maoris.

Ambulull could not converse so well with the Fisher Island people as we at first expected, and Mungish, our Caen interpreter, was quite at a loss to understand their dialect. So we thought we would try one of our Gerrit Denny recruits; and going on board we picked out the most intelligent, a man of the name of Paba. Paba at first hesitated, but after a conversation with Mungish he consented to go; at the same time stating that his people and the Fisher Island people were at war, and that a short time ago a Fisher Island canoe full of warriors had visited his island, and had never returned. Paba would only go within speaking distance of the land, and as soon as he made himself known we saw a great commotion among the people ashore. There was a rush made to

the houses, from which the natives soon emerged, armed with spears and slings. As volleys of stones soon began to fly around us we put back to the ship.

Ambulull being an old warrior could not understand why we with guns, such superior weapons, did not go ashore and annihilate the Fisher Island folk; and the old fellow was quite disgusted with his white friends. He fumed and blustered on our deck, and in pantomime showed us how he would have exterminated the savages who had dared to fire stones at us. So dramatically did he perform and address his own people on board that they began to be worked up into an excited state, and it seemed they would want to give battle to the Fisher Islanders themselves.

After Ambulull's excitement had toned down, he advised that we should again return to the Caen Islanders, as he was sure we should there get all the recruits we wanted to fill up the ship. His advice was adopted, and we ran back to the Caen Islands.

The Caen Islanders were all very glad to see us back again, and swarmed on our decks in hundreds. Ambulull had an appreciative audience, as he recounted his experiences among the Gerrit Dennys and at Fisher Island. He must have recounted some amusing incidents, if one was to judge from the droll expression on his countenance when at times he drew forth peals of laughter from his hearers.

We put in another nine days among the Caen Islands, during which time we got some thirty-three more recruits, making up our complement to eighty-two.

We landed our interpreter at Sawmill. Mungish would have willingly come to Queensland with us, but when he looked upon the wealth of stuff he received in remuneration for his services he decided to remain and try his luck with the next vessel coming along. Before leaving the Caen Islands we took in about thirty or forty tons of yams, and several thousands of cocoa-nuts, as well as a large quantity of betel-nut and lime, together with the leaves and seed of the kind of pepper vine which the natives chew along with

the betel-nut. We also took the dried bark of a tree which they use instead of the peppery leaf when the latter is unobtainable.

Betel-nut chewing is general, even among the children, from Tucopia away on the north-east of the New Hebrides, to the furthest islands I have been to in the westward, and right on through the East Indies. The practice is quite unknown to the natives of the Torres Banks, New Hebrides and Loyalty groups, and those of New Caledonia.

I thought that, being accustomed to the practice from childhood, they would suffer considerably when deprived of their principal luxury, and I was surprised when they so easily became weaned of the habit. No doubt the change of diet had a good deal to do with it. Although they had an unlimited supply of their native food on board, and supplied to them at all times, the novelty of rice, bread, biscuit, tea, and sugar, with an occasional ration of salt beef, occupied their minds as well as appetites, and made them think less of the loss of their precious betel-nut.

We experienced light head winds and calms after leaving the Caen group. It took us eight days to reach Treasury Island, where we intended taking in wood and water before starting on our homeward-bound trip.

We reached the island on the 12th of August, and dropped our boat kedges (having no anchor) close to a small German schooner out on a " black-birding " trip for Samoa. She was in charge of an old Dutchman (very much Dutch built), who that evening paid us a visit. He was very entertaining in his own estimation (over a bottle of gin), and recounted many of his feats of daring and cunning—of the great scoops of natives he had made, and how he had outwitted the men-of-war of every nationality. Two days later, on returning from a shooting expedition, I found the old Dutch skipper again on board. He was stamping about, raving and swearing at and cursing the natives for their dishonesty and duplicity. He explained that about two days before our arrival some fifteen or twenty of the natives had come

aboard and offered to go to Samoa, but first they wanted to have a sing-song with their friends and would return next day. He having been frequently there before, and being well known to all the islanders, as well as to the King of the island, fully believed in their intention to recruit for Samoa; and at their request he gave them a quantity of trade of all kinds to distribute among their friends. He also gave them a case of grog — real red-hot fighting stuff — wherewith to make merry and hold high festival. As he now began to realise that the untutored savage had taken him in he waxed wrathful, and vowed dire vengeance. The more we laughed at his being outwitted, the louder he became in his threats, and he left us in a storming passion.

Next morning the King came off to us greatly excited, and informed us that the boats from the German vessel had come ashore early in the morning and had kidnapped his brother, and he begged our assistance to get him released.

Looking towards the German I saw the Dutch skipper marching up and down his deck with a rope's end in his hand, with which he every now and then gave a cut to an islander who was standing up in irons and made fast to the rigging.

Taking the King in my boat we went alongside the German. The old Dutch skipper would not listen to me, and threatened to blow my brains out with a revolver (which he drew) if I attempted to board him. He called me all the names imaginable, and said he would flog the life out of the King's brother if the natives who had swindled him were not brought on board. He was backed up by his crew of cut-throat-looking half-castes.

As we were leaving that day on our homeward voyage, I determined to settle matters promptly with the old Dutchman, and consequently advised the King to make a demonstration. With that end in view I went ashore with the King, and found the whole village alive with excitement. In a few minutes conch shells were sounding all along the coast and up the hill-sides, while the tom-toms kept up

an incessant rattle. Men came pouring into the village from all quarters, armed with rifles, bows and arrows, spears, clubs, and tomahawks. Six large war canoes were soon launched and put off, each with about fifty men aboard. These were followed by an innumerable fleet of smaller canoes with crews ranging from five to twenty men.

The old Dutchman took fright at once, and manned the windlass with the hope of clearing out. But he was too late, and was quickly surrounded. When I got within hailing distance of him, he begged me in the most abject terms to come alongside of him. When we got close to him, both he and his crew seemed almost paralysed with fright. It was the biggest surprise he had had for many a long day, and I can honestly say that I was more than surprised myself at the strength of the force I had called into action by my suggestion to the King.

I acted as interpreter for the King, and addressing the old Dutchman, said, "The King of Treasury Island demands the return of his brother without a moment's delay; and also adequate compensation for the indignities you heaped upon him." All that the miserable old fellow could say as he shook and trembled was, "Ach, mine Gott! take te tam fellow, Gott tam, Gott tam." A canoe soon shot alongside, and the captive was bundled over the side into it, still wearing the irons. Our boat was then steered alongside the canoe, and a demand made for the key of the irons. It was soon forthcoming; and unlocking the handcuffs I clasped them on my own belt. I have them to-day as a memento of the incident. Cases of tobacco, knives, tomahawks, and other fancy goods were handed to the large canoes, to the entire satisfaction of the natives, who all went ashore jubilant over their bloodless victory.

Some may think it was a bad precedent to start with savages, but with the Treasury Island natives I felt confident it was not so, as they had always been most friendly with white men. The island was a regular port of call for the British men-of-war cruising in these waters. I had also

proved to the natives that white men were not all bad, and would not necessarily side with one another against the black.

The King put every faith in our British sense of justice when he solicited our support. For what little assistance we gave him in the way of advice, he soon expressed his appreciation in the most generous manner by the quantities of fruit, etc., he sent off to our vessel by way of presents. To me he gave two beautiful spears, handsomely inlaid with pearl-shell.

The German cleared out immediately, and soon after we took our departure, surrounded by a big fleet of canoes, whose crews kept up a great chorus of songs till they fell back three or four miles off the land. We beat our way down as far as Simbu, and then shaped our course for Queensland. We had fresh, but fine weather, and with the pumps going night and day we brought our leaky old craft into the Fitzroy River on the 31st of August, 1884.

I handed my charges the recruits, my log-book and papers over to Doctor Thurston, then Polynesian Inspector and Government Health Officer at Rockhampton. So ended my first trip in the Queensland Labour Trade.

CHAPTER V

THE CRUISE OF THE *EMILY* BRIG

A Comfortable Brig—The Skipper—"Dublin"—The Recruiter—An Important Person—Emily—A Sublime Scene—A Midnight Crime—Natives of Aneityum—A Treacherous Attack—The Mackay Race-course—A Black Day—A Narrow Escape—Tragedy of the *Janet Stewart*—The Blood of Martyrs—Cook at Erromango—A most Treacherous People.

IN September, 1884, I was appointed in Brisbane to take charge of the *Emily* brig.

She was in the dry-dock, being recoppered, when I first boarded her. A prettier model would be hard to find. One glance at her showed she was built for speed. She had at first been engaged in the Mediterranean wine trade. Her first calling was made conspicuous by the handsome carvings in teak on the companion-ways and skylights of bunches of grapes and grape vines.

We found an accumulation of old log-books written up by past mates and skippers. Very amusing reading some of them were, when we had time to overhaul them during our leisure hours, bringing to light some very racy experiences of sailor-life in Mediterranean ports some thirty years before.

We found the brig a most comfortable vessel, and well fitted out in every way for a voyage to the South Seas and back again.

She was soon ready for sea, and we shipped a crew principally made up of runaway sailors from home ships. Three of them whom we took as ordinary seamen were runaway apprentices. They had been robbed of everything they possessed by crimps and others in Brisbane. In fact, they

had hardly sufficient to cover their nakedness. The big pay and more adventurous life tempted them to conceal themselves in some low den until their own vessels had left port. They would get as much wages in one month on a Labour vessel as they might earn in six months on a " wind-jammer " or " lime-juicer," as they chose to call their fine big deep-sea clippers.

The master, Wm. McQuaker, hailed from Ayrshire, Scotland. He had a long experience on the South Seas, and latterly had been mate of the missionary vessel, the *John Williams*.

Thinking the life on board such a vessel too tame, he left it to enter the Queensland Labour Trade. He certainly found the life wild and rough enough. His experiences were like coming through a flint mill. He had just come from a private hospital in Sydney when he joined the *Emily*. He went to Sydney suffering from a bullet-wound received on board another Labour vessel, when the mate shot him in the dark with a revolver, the bullet entering the left side. It traversed his back, grazing his spine, and was taken out at his right side. Besides that wound he had his left side laid open by a spear at Santo.

The Santo spears are made of human bone, with the points all standing outwards instead of lying backwards like the barbs of most other spears. Previous to that he had his backbone laid bare at Malayta by a blow from a wooden sword. But his troubles ended before the *Emily* finished her cruise, and we buried all that remained of him on the island of Santa Maria.

The first mate was a wild Irishman who had never been among the islands before, but who had sailed for years in Yankee schooners on the American coast. He always carried a steel marline-spike, in the leg of his boot, to enforce his orders. He had only one countryman of his own, known as " Dublin " among the crew, and yet these two hated each other most cordially.

The second mate and recruiter was a Dane. He had

considerable experience among the islands, having been in the Labour Trade some three or four years. The next man to be mentioned, and one who holds one of the most, if not the most important position on board the ship, is the cook. And it is essential, not only for the welfare of all on board, but for the success of the trip itself, that the very best cook to be had should be engaged. If the food is not good, or if it is indifferently cooked or served up, there is no one will grumble more than the Labour Trade sailor.

If there is grumbling and dissension on board, there is a very poor chance of islanders taking passage in that ship, for the native boatmen, if not well fed, will soon make the fact known among the islanders. It was the *Emily's* misfortune to ship the worst cook she could have got.

He was taken solely on the recommendation of the mate, who had known him as a steward in the Sailors' Home in Liverpool, and who thought that any one who could boil a pot of water would pass muster on a Labour vessel. The unfortunate man led a life of wretchedness and misery until he was relieved of his duties by one of the ordinary seamen. He was subjected to all sorts of indignities at the hands of the crew with the good food he spoiled. Before being relieved of his duties, he came aft smothered from head to foot in half-cooked pea-soup, asking, amid sobs and tears, to be put ashore on any desert island and allowed to die a natural death.

Everything being "ship-shape" and as it should be, we took on board some half-dozen return islanders, cleared at the Custom House, and were towed down the river by the little steamer *Mystery*, and came to anchor for the night off Moreton Island.

Next day we made sail and shaped a course south-east to round New Caledonia, and then on to the New Hebrides. We had only one female among our passengers, and curiously enough her name was Emily. She was a bright, intelligent young woman, who had been brought to Queensland as a young child. She had lived ever since with one of the leading

MALAYTA SPEARMAN

The spears are barbed, and are used both in throwing and thrusting. The armlets and nose ring are cut from the gigantic clam-shell. Round his forehead is a string of white cowrie-shells. The broad belt round his waist is native shell money woven together. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

families in Brisbane, who had treated her very kindly and had given her a liberal education. Emily, whose native name was Eumerlatolie, was a native of Malo, but, as she herself said, had a very hazy recollection of home, and did not actually realise what she was going back to.

We had a fine-weather passage, occupying just two weeks. Our recruiting licences were made out for several plantations in the Mackay district. As there had been a fracas between some white men and Kanakas on the race-course there, some little time before, in which several Kanakas had been killed, we were doubtful as to the receptions we were likely to meet with.

We passed by Aneityum, as the recruiter deemed it an unlikely place, and held on for Tanna. After the sun went down the magnificent volcano acted as a beacon, and we stood in close to the land. The scene was sublime. It was a lovely night, with just a gentle breeze to bring us along at the rate of five or six knots an hour. Every three or four minutes the sea would be lit up for miles around, as some great mass of matter was shot up hundreds of feet into the air, to explode with the roar of batteries of artillery, and bursting into innumerable stars fall back into the chaos from which it had been thrown.

As we approached the Weacissie anchorage we saw the lights of vessels at anchor, and shortly after midnight we heard and saw a perfect fusillade of rifle-shots from the vessels lying there. We did not consider it prudent to go too near the firing, and hove-to till morning. Immediately after daylight we lowered our boats and went shorewards, where we saw a schooner and a cutter both at anchor. On hailing the schooner, which turned out to be the *Roderick Dhu*, of Maryborough, they told us that a canoe had come alongside the cutter in the night-time and had shot dead the master and owner—one Godfrey Klein. Also, that the boats from the *Roderick Dhu*, on hearing the first shots fired, had gone to the assistance of the cutter. Then both vessels opened fire on all lights ashore. We went alongside the cutter and

found Klein had been shot through the head while lying in his hammock under the awning, either asleep or while reading a book which was lying on his chest; a hurricane lamp swung close to his head.

Godfrey Klein's crew was composed of a young white lad, a Swede, of seventeen or eighteen years of age, and four natives of Santo and Ambrym.

Klein's body was rolled in his hammock and buried at sea, the Rev. Mr. Grey, missionary at Weacissie, reading the burial service.

Robert McMurdo, Government Agent of the *Roderick Dhu* and Senior Government Agent on the Staff (a son of the late General McMurdo and nephew of Lord Napier of Magdala), supervised the burial and disposed of the effects of the murdered man. We ran the cutter ashore, dismantled her, took an inventory of everything on board, and sent everything up for safe keeping to the missionary's house. With the assistance of a large crowd of natives, with ropes and tackle, we ran the cutter up beyond high tide and covered her over with brushwood.

As things were too unsettled at Weacissie owing to this murder, we decided to go round to the other side of the island, and anchored at Black Beach in the evening.

The *Roderick Dhu* followed and anchored within half a mile of us the same night. McMurdo and a passenger came on board of us and spent the night.

The recruiters of the two vessels agreed to work apart, so that the interests of the two vessels might not clash. We were to work to the westward, while the boats of the *Roderick Dhu* went east. A large crowd of natives had assembled on the beach, and every male, from boys of ten or twelve years of age, was armed with a rifle. The men wore little clothing, but had their faces smeared with red paint mixed with cocoa-nut oil, and wore their hair in long, thick queues down their back. The women were naked to the waist, but from there wore long, thick dresses made from grass and pandanus leaves.

All the men and women were of very fine physique and powerful build. They were boisterously mirthful and seemed to get all the enjoyment they could out of life. Yet they were a wild and savage-looking people. They showed no signs of fear; and were quite conversant with the news from the other side, and the murder of the white man the previous morning. About two miles further along the coast we were enticed into a cove by a man waving a green branch. But he soon disappeared in the scrub, and we were subjected to a regular fusillade of rifle-shots from three different spots. We, of course, returned the fire until we silenced those ashore.

Having got off pretty well from our first brush with the Tanna men, with only a few scratches and flesh wounds, and a few holes in the boats (which we plugged up with corks and calico), we cruised along the coast looking for more hospitable characters to deal with. We had to be always on the alert, as we did not know but that in every little scrubby patch an ambush might be waiting for us. We expected at any moment to get a volley from behind rocks or from the mouths of one of the innumerable caves we passed.

I had no hesitation in attributing the attack made upon us to the tragedy at Mackay. There had been bad blood brewing in Mackay for some little time between certain white men and the Kanakas, and it culminated on the race-course. As usual, race-day was a public holiday, and black and white assembled to enjoy the sport of the day each in their own way. Unfortunately, some of the Kanakas got drink from some unscrupulous people, and being fired with the stuff they had already imbibed, two or three of them walked up boldly to one of the crowded liquor booths, and putting down their money demanded drinks. These, of course, they were refused. Thereupon one Kanaka picked up a white man's glass and drank the contents, and then fired the empty glass among the bottles at the back of the bar; while another Kanaka hurled a

bottle along the bar, sweeping the glasses before it which stood in the way. A scrimmage then started. Many of the white men ran for their horses ; and many of them who had not metal-handled and loaded riding crops took off their stirrup-irons and used them as weapons, and rode down and cut down every Kanaka they came across indiscriminately.

I was told of one old respectable Kanaka who, with his wife and children, was sitting in a spring cart on the public road, quite innocent of any complicity in the disturbance. He was cruelly murdered in his cart by a white man on horseback, who rode at him and dashed his brains out, bespattering wife and children with the husband's and father's blood. No one knew the actual number of Kanakas killed that day, as the bodies of some of them were found long afterwards where they had crawled away among the sugar-cane and lain down to die.

There were quite a number of heroic examples of white men, who, at great personal risk to themselves, got between the frenzied white men and the Kanakas on that black day and endeavoured to restore order and prevent bloodshed. Anyhow, the dastardly attack on the Kanakas at the Mackay race-course has been the cause of many a white man's death at the islands, and many almost miraculous escapes on my own part. One such escape was at this very island of Tanna at a place named Onebucket. We had drawn our boats up on the shingle beach with the intention of boiling our billy and having lunch. Knowing there was a deep fresh-water hole about fifty or sixty yards from the beach, I went up to it to have a swim, accompanied by one white man and one of the island boatmen, a native of Tanna. The latter had a dip in the water, and as he left to return to the boats he laughingly said, " You look out, master, no good you stop too long there, bushmen might come shoot you." He was not gone more than two or three minutes, when I heard a crashing in the bush close to me on the banks of the pool, and looking up I saw a red-painted savage in the act of taking

aim full in my face with the muzzle of his rifle within three or four yards of my head. Instinct caused me to duck under water just as the fellow fired. How he missed me I cannot tell. When I raised my head I was in a cloud of smoke, and just caught a glimpse of my would-be assassin disappearing through the bushes. The white man who had been in the water not far from me was sprinting down to the beach with his clothes under his arm, and yelling at the top of his voice, "The G.A.'s shot, the G.A.'s shot." I scrambled out, and picking up my revolver, sent half a dozen shots into the bush at random after the flying savage.

One of the white men, Joe Robinson (who afterwards lost his life on Tanna), led by the Tanna boatman, headed off my assailant in a bush track, and sent him to his last account. That poor savage had no personal grievance against me, but was seeking revenge on the first white man whom he thought he had at his mercy.

Further along the coast we came on friendly natives, who surrounded our boats and brought us a great supply of yams, onions, and oranges. We here got our first four recruits, and fine strapping young fellows they were. While returning to the ship the recruits advised us to give a wide berth to the place at which we had been fired at, as the people of that passage were a bad lot and had vowed to take some white man's life.

Returning in the evening, we went to dine on board the *Roderick Dhu.* Their boats had met with a similar experience to our own, and had been fired upon, but little damage had been done.

I found the master of the *Roderick Dhu* to be the same Captain Thomas who was master of the ill-fated *Janet Stewart,* on board of which the Government Agent Lockhead was murdered ; and the news of whose murder first brought the Queensland Labour Trade in the South Seas prominently under my notice, when I was spending a holiday at Loch Lomondside in 1883. Thomas's experiences of the terrible affair preyed upon his mind so much that it was with much

reluctance that he related the circumstances to me. But as I was a friend of Lockhead's family in the Old Country, he told me all he could remember in a most dejected manner, with his chin resting in his hands and his fingers covering his eyes. As he shivered several times during the narrative, the scene of the massacre seemed to be vividly in his mind's eye. To state the matter as shortly as possible, I will just summarise what he told me.

They were lying at anchor in Qui Harbour, Malayta Island, when some islanders came alongside in a canoe, and advised that there were a number of islanders at a passage, some four or five miles along the coast, who were desirous of going to Queensland. In consequence of this report the master and two boats with their crews made a start for the place. The canoe kept them company for some distance, when the natives in it made some excuse for landing ; but telling the boats to go ahead, indicated the exact place where they might expect to get the recruits. On arrival they found no one awaiting them. Thinking the would-be recruits were up in the bush and would be down shortly, Thomas kept his boats waiting for an hour or so ; but as no one showed up he thought the whole affair was a hoax, and determined to return to the ship. On nearing the vessel he was struck by the unusual stillness about the decks. Then, as he saw smoke ascending from the cabin skylight, he surmised something was seriously wrong.

Making a dash alongside, he and the boats' crews were taken aback by the awful sight.

Lying about the deck were various members of the crew dead, with their bodies hacked and hewn into almost unrecognisable masses. Aft on the poop was the body of Lockhead, the Government Agent, with terrible gashes in his chest and his face split open from ear to ear.

As the smoke was coming up thicker, Thomas went down the companion to the cabin, and found that it had been ransacked and set fire to. Others went to the forecastle and found the ship on fire there. Running down into the

main hold, Thomas started shouting and calling to any one who might be alive to come out of their hiding-place. Presently, out of a half-full water-tank, the ship's cook emerged. He said that when the massacre began he slipped down the main hatch, and getting the lid off squeezed through into the water-tank. The savages missed him when they had killed all the others, and made a search for him. They knew he was about the ship somewhere. The water-tank being away in the dark they could not see into it; but one savage put his leg down through the hole and tried to feel all round with his foot, coming within an inch of the terrified cook's head, who was crouched in the farthest corner of the tank with only his mouth and nose above water. The same or another savage, still doubtful about the tank, returned and repeated the operation with his leg and foot.

The appearance of the boats returning sent the savages all ashore, where they collected in large numbers on a small island. The fire having got too firm a hold to think of saving the vessel, the master and what was left of the crew abandoned her, leaving the bodies of their dead comrades to be cremated on board.

It seems, from what the cook said, that the savages came on board on the pretext of selling fruit and cocoa-nuts, and when they had surrounded every one on board—except the cook—the signal was given, and each one completely taken by surprise was cut down at once. Lockhead, the Government Agent, was reading in a squatter's chair on deck when he received his death-blow. He had no chance to make a fight for it, otherwise there might have been a different tale to tell, as he was a magnificently built and very powerful man. At that time the regulations did not require the Government Agent to go at all times with the boats. Thomas, with the remainder of his crew, reached the island of Uigi, where they were kindly treated by a trader, until they were picked up and brought back to Queensland.

On his return Thomas was arrested on a charge of setting fire to his ship. The charge was never proven and he was

discharged from custody with an unblemished character, but a wellnigh broken heart.

To return to our own experiences: Captain McQuaker consulted with me, and said he was of opinion that if we remained on the Tanna coast there was likely to be more shooting. So we decided to get under way in the morning and make for Erromango.

All hands were called at daylight, and we stood over to Erromango, about twenty miles distant. We lowered the boats abreast of Dillon's Bay, and landed at the Mission Station at the mouth of the Williams River. This place, which is held sacred in all the annals of Christian missions, cannot but impress one, no matter whom he be, with reverential awe. The scenery round about is at once beautiful and grand. I have seen it both in sunshine and in storm. I have enjoyed its beauties in the glorious dawn, when the cool, clear fresh water rippled down the long deep glen, whose sides were clothed with all the deep verdure of an ideal tropical scene, with waving palms and flowering trees, and the air fragrant with subtle perfumes from many an unseen plant or herb, while steep cliffs and mountains towered above on either side in solitary grandeur. I have been here when the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, and the wind shrieked overhead; and the once pellucid stream came tearing down like a boiling cataract to dash into the great breakers that came rolling in from the hurricane-lashed ocean beyond.

With it all it was sacred soil. The life-blood of martyrs had mingled with the waters. On the banks of that stream five missionaries gave up their lives and died bloody deaths under the clubs of the wild savages of Erromango, for the sake of Him who died for them on Calvary.

We did not find the missionary at home as he had gone on furlough. A native teacher, who had been left in charge, very kindly showed us around the Mission Station and village. In the church a tablet was erected to commemorate the tragic deaths of the Revs. John Williams and Harris, Mr. and Mrs.

Gordon, and, later, Mr. Gordon's brother, who heroically went to carry on the work. What tragedy!

If the history of Erromango could be compiled from the advent of the white trader it would abound in horrors.

In early times Captain Cook found the natives of Erromango to be the most treacherous he had met with. He gave his name to a bay on the east side where his boats had been attacked; and the highland above it he named Traitor's Head.

Before the murder of the Rev. John Williams a Captain Paden had numbers of sandalwood cutters all over the island, and most of them led a life of debauchery and crime. They were constantly at war with the natives, and many were killed on both sides.

Erromango, being the most prolific island in the group for sandalwood, attracted many of the beach-combers and wanderers of the Pacific, and they introduced vice and disease among the natives. The greatest scourge which broke out amongst them was measles, which carried off thousands. The natives, always hostile to the white men, were now doubly incensed against strangers, and were ready and eager to attack any who came near their shores. When, on the 30th of November, 1839, the Rev. John Williams, accompanied by Mr. Harris, attempted to land they were cruelly done to death, and their bodies cooked and eaten.

It was on the 20th of May, 1861, that the Rev. G. N. Gordon and his wife were tomahawked close to the same spot.

In 1842 the Revs. Turner and Nisbet attempted to land, but were driven away; arriving at Tanna they tried to found a mission there, but after a few months they were forced to abandon it, and went to Samoa and settled there.

In 1875 the Rev. H. A. Robertson succeeded in establishing a mission with such success that now all the natives profess Christianity. The degeneration of the natives is a sad feature. Compared with their neighbours of Tanna, who are fine, hearty, robust savages, the Erromangans are a wretched

lot of creatures. No doubt disease has impaired their constitution and physique.

They live at peace with each other now, and having no longer any incentive to fight or to work, Nature having been so bountiful to them in the supply of nearly all their wants, their natural laziness has so got the better of them that they are becoming weaklings, and are fast drifting to extinction.

The island is capable of sustaining many thousands, and has done so in the past, but at the time of which I write the whole population numbered only two thousand. A very bad practice I noticed among them was the wearing of all the old cast-off European clothing they could get hold of. With such clothes on the natives will move about in the broiling sun, become saturated with perspiration, then go home and, without removing their clothes, sleep in that state all night.

Habits such as these bring on all sorts of pulmonary complaints, not to speak of the horrible sores arising from keeping the same clothes on from day to day without undressing, causing the clothes verily to rot on their backs.

We went all through the village, and walked some two or three miles up the river enjoying the beauties of the glen. Orange trees grow everywhere. It is one of the beauty spots of the world.

CHAPTER VI

Making Khava—Sandwich—A Magnificent Harbour—Intoxicating Cocoanuts—The First White Settler—Lawlessness—Makura—An Elopement—Costumes of Tongoa.

LEAVING Dillon's Bay we went round and anchored in Elizabeth Bay, about eight miles further north, where we remained for the night. Next day we went ashore and visited the village. Here we found the natives just as miserable a lot as those at Dillon's Bay. Their houses were poor, crude affairs compared with those in the Solomon Islands, being made of grass, with a small hole at one end to answer for a door. It is the only opening in the whole house, and serves the purpose of door, window, ventilator, and chimney all combined. The interior of the house consists of one apartment only, which fulfils the duties of dining-room, drawing-room, kitchen, bedroom, and pigsty all at the same time. Dogs, cats, and poultry are accommodated, if they feel so inclined.

Some few years previous to our visit Messrs. Smith and Gray had a cotton plantation here, which gave every promise of becoming a flourishing concern; at the same time they engaged in the whale-fishing, and made more or less a success of that industry.

Gray died and was buried there, and Smith, although he was on very good terms with the natives, being of a different stamp to the sandalwood trader, got disheartened and abandoned the place.

We did not see any likelihood of getting any recruits,

but spent the time ashore visiting the native gardens, and idling our time away under the shade of the orange and chestnut trees, accompanied by a crowd of youngsters. A merry crowd they were, and well-behaved and polite. We tried our hand at shooting pigeons with the bow and arrow, and by this time I was becoming quite proficient with those weapons, as well as at spear-throwing; as on my former trip I had a good deal of practice. I could hold my own with any of the youngsters as a marksman, and could impale a fish on the fish arrows as quickly as any of them. They would throw chewed cocoa-nut on the water to entice the fish to the surface. Wherever I went I always "chummed in" with the children, and experience taught me that where I did not receive an immediate welcome from the young people, or if they hung irresolutely aloof, it was a sure sign that mischief was afoot.

Many a good ramble I had up hill and down dale, surrounded by a mob of naked, brown-skinned young savages, and many a frolic and gambol have we had together for hours in the sea, diving in the surf, and swimming out beyond the great breakers to come rolling and tumbling in through the foaming and boiling surf.

The year is divided into three seasons. The first four months are devoted to planting; the next four are passed in idleness; and the last four in harvesting their yam crop and storing it away. When that is done they hold dances and feasts.

To keep the yams they are liberally whitewashed with lime, and put in a well-ventilated yam cage, through which the wind blows freely.

While strolling about with my young savage friends in Elizabeth Bay we were surprised by the cry of "Sail ho!" and looking seaward we saw a schooner coming in to an anchor. She turned out to be the *Christina*, from Fiji, which I had formerly seen while lying at the Shortland Islands.

That evening we had a visit from the *Christina's* Govern-

ment Agent, Mr. Bevan, who spent the night with us. He was a fine fellow, but was afterwards murdered on the island of San Christoval. Mr. Bevan's Fiji and Tanna boatmen fraternised with our Tanna boatmen and four recruits; and that night for the first time I saw Khava made and drunk.

The men settled themselves in the main hold round a bucket, and taking the root of the Khava plant, and washing it in fresh water, they bit pieces off and chewed them, keeping silence all the time. Having chewed the root into shreds, it was then made into so many balls about the size of a tennis ball, and these were all placed in the bucket. Then one man took each ball, one by one, between his hands, and holding it over another bucket, a second man slowly poured fresh water over number one's two hands. The latter received the water in the Khava ball, as in a sponge, and squeezed it repeatedly until all the qualities were strained from the Khava into the bucket. This was repeated with all the Khava balls. The drink was then ready for use. One man presided over this bucket of grog, or toddy, call it what they may. He dipped in a tin pannikin, and bringing it out brimming full proffered it to me first of all. I declined the tempting beverage with what good grace I could manage to summon, with a terrible feeling moving inside of me. I was exhorted and begged by all present "to tak aff my dram," one after another extolling the excellence of Khava. One fellow capped all by saying, "My word, master, suppose you drink 'em up Khava, you no feel your heart no more." But I stuck to my teetotal principles and refused the alluring cup. Not so Mr. Bevan, to whom the pannikin was offered. He accepted it, and swallowed the contents with great gusto. He had been resident in Fiji, and had got over his qualms and scruples, but there the root is chewed by young and pretty maidens, and, although not tempting even at that, I drew the line at cannibal Tannamen masticating the root for me. After Mr. Bevan had swallowed his cup, and declared it real good, the pannikin was handed round from man to man most

ceremoniously, and as each one quaffed his share, the others all exclaimed with a grunt, "Ough!" and smacked their thighs as a token of approval.

Further north in the group the Khava is made in a much more cleanly and agreeable manner. Instead of it being masticated in the human mouth the natives use a grater made from the prickly bark of a tree, and instead of being squeezed between the palms of the hands it is placed in the fold of fibre from the butt of cocoa-nut leaves, and the water is poured over this and wrung into the vessel ready to receive it. Khava made in this way is in every way just as potent as the other stuff. I have seen men just as drunk on the same quantity of stuff of either manufacture. Khava does not at first go to the head and affect the brain. It invariably attacks the limbs, causing them to become temporarily paralysed and useless long before the senses are in any way impaired.

I have often had men talk quite sensibly to me, their minds quite clear, while their bodies have been so far under the influence of Khava as to render them utterly incapable of standing, or having any use of their legs at all. I cannot say if the use of Khava is in vogue further east than Fiji, but I have not seen it used further west than the Loyalty Islands, nor north of the Banks group.

Leaving Erromango we shaped our course for Efaté, or Sandwich. As we had two return islanders for Moona (as pronounced by natives and traders, but Nguna as spelt by the missionary) we came to anchor in Undine Bay, a lovely harbour formed by Sandwich Man and Moona. At the missionary's house I received a kindly welcome, and explained the object of my visit, namely, that he might interview the two islanders, and afterward witness my certificate for their due landing.

We were joined here by our old friend from Tanna, the *Roderick Dhu;* and learning that there was a man-of-war in Havana Harbour, McMurdo and I set off in his boat to report the murder of Godfrey Klein. We sailed over to

Deception Island, and there entered the boat passage. The passage is from three to four miles long, and the scenery is extremely beautiful. Emerging from the passage we entered Havana Harbour. A magnificent harbour indeed; completely land-locked, and a safe shelter from any gale or hurricane, and with accommodation for a fleet of vessels.

The settlement was at the top end of the harbour, and there we saw lying at anchor H.M.S. *Undine*. We boarded her, and having made our report, we remained for that day and the next the guests of Captain Cross and his officers.

Visiting the settlement we found that Captain McLeod, who had been settled here for some years, had sold out to a French syndicate, subsidised by the French Government, but trading and acquiring land under the name of the New Caledonia-New Hebrides Company. The store was a low wooden building with verandas all round, and was well stocked with commodities of all kinds, from soft goods and groceries to hardware and harder grog, and some of that of the very worst sort. The residence, a two-storied one built for the most part of a wreck, was quite a comfortable and somewhat imposing dwelling. There we enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. North and his wife, who had come to take over the management of affairs from Captain McLeod.

When we returned on board the *Undine* Captain Cross noticed signs of dissipation among his crew, which he at first could not account for. But before daylight he sent his lieutenant and a party of men ashore, and for the first time I then saw practised the dodge called " sucking the monkey." The party caught a man who worked in the store busy with a party of natives at the back of the building, emptying cocoa-nuts of their natural fluid, and filling them up through the soft eye with a vile and cheap brand of gin. These were then sold to the natives, who intended taking them off to the ship, and retailing them to the crew as fresh cocoa-nuts. The lieutenant and his party surrounded the rascals, who were all arrested and brought before the captain, who, acting

in his capacity of Deputy Commissioner, heavily fined the storeman.

The first white settlers on Efaté, or Sandwich, were McLeod and Trueman—not the Captain McLeod I have just mentioned. They did not live happily together, and in one of their quarrels McLeod shot Trueman, and wound up by shooting himself some time afterwards. But about the same time that they settled there an old American negro also took up his residence in Havana. He was as black as coal, but he told me very proudly that he was the first *white* man to settle on the island. On another occasion old "Black Harry," the only name I have ever known him by, told me that when he was cruising along the coast in his boat some drunken Kanakas fired at him; "But," he said, "de poor black debbils did not know dere was a white man in de boat," meaning himself.

After McLeod and Trueman came three brothers, named Eblewhite. They engaged in planting, sandalwood-getting, and timber-dressing, as well as cocoa-nut-oil crushing.

They had quite a thriving little settlement, but they are all dead now. Their sawmill and workshops went to ruin. Then came the early days of the Labour Trade, and Havana Harbour became the rendezvous for the Labour ships of all nationalities, and the scene of many fearful acts of lawlessness, when the savage instincts of the white man were let loose, under the influence of liquor and the smell of gunpowder. There is a large cemetery dotted here and there with crosses, some erect, but most half-fallen or wholly fallen down. Many of those who lie beneath have succumbed to fever; but many also have met with violent deaths, either by the hands of the natives or their fellow white men. At the time of which I write, so notorious had the place become that it was deemed advisable to avoid it by all self-respecting ship-masters. It was partly on that account that the *Roderick Dhu* and the *Emily* anchored at Moona. We had the islanders to be returned to Moona, but we could have landed them equally as well at Havana Harbour.

THE CHIEF OF QUOI

Malayta, who led the murderous attack on the *Janet Stewart.* (Captain Rothwell.)

ATTA COVE MEN

The man on the left wears the higher-order distinction, with a comb in his hair made from the black palm wood. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

Sandwich Island from the shores of Undine Bay ascends gradually to the mountain-top in a beautiful series of terraces of wonderful fertility. The late Mr. Glisson acquired a large tract of land here, which he turned to advantage, and now there flourishes a large coffee plantation.

Leaving Moona we sailed for the small island of Makura, and on arriving there we hove-to with the *Emily* and went ashore with the boats. Two young fellows, after a desperate struggle with their friends, managed to get into the recruiting boat. As their friends tried to pull them out of the boat in which they were, and even threatened to shoot them, they were transferred to my boat for safety.

Makura is merely a high rock about one thousand feet high and about three or four miles in circumference.

It is the first we come to sailing northward of a small group named the Shepherds group, the principal of which are Mataso, Mai, Tongoa, Tongariki, Ouflair, and Ahwoisy. We anchored for the night at Mai, an island formed by three remarkable hills, the highest about 1850 feet. It is eight miles long by about three across. The soil must be very prolific, as we not only bought native fruits and vegetables, but we got from the islanders European cabbages as good as any I have seen in any part of the world. Fresh water is scarce, as there are no running streams, but cocoanuts grow in great abundance.

The morning after our arrival we went ashore recruiting. When we got close to the natives we saw at once that something was amiss. Every one was armed with a rifle, and each one had his left eye surrounded with a black patch of plumbago. When we got amongst them we found they had a fine-looking young fellow bound to a tree. They told us that he had, on sighting our vessel the previous evening, eloped with the young chief's wife, their intention being to get on board of us and go to Queensland. The young fellow had been caught, but the woman was still at large. Now it was their intention to hang him, they said, "all the same as white man." We offered a large amount in trade to try

and buy him off, and I noticed that most of the natives were relenting, and were urging the chief to accept our offer. But the chief being afraid that the others might, by much pleading, persuade him to be merciful, or that we might attempt a rescue, gave an order, and six men stepped out, and firing a volley shot the poor prisoner dead before us. It was said that the woman would share a similar fate when caught.

Seeing no prospect of getting recruits for Queensland from Mai, we went over and anchored at Tongoa, an island about two thousand feet high with a population of one thousand, or a little more. The natives of this island are of fine physique, handsome, good-featured, and quite picturesque.

Their costume consists of a broad belt, woven with coloured native grasses, from which they drape their calico, or native tapa cloth, from behind in long folds, pass it between their legs about their knees, and hook it up again to their belt in front, giving the whole costume, at first, the appearance of loose Turkish trousers. Their legs are bare from above the knee downwards ; below the knee they fix fancy-worked garters, with bunches of dried grasses of bright colour attached. Their hair is cut short all round the head, but a long top-knot is allowed to grow, round which they bind some bright calico, and to make their head-gear a little more imposing a few long feathers are stuck in the top-knot. The Rev. Mr. Michelsen had started a mission station here, but at the time of our visit he was away on a holiday. He had left a native teacher to look after the station during his absence, but the natives killed the teacher, cooked him on a fire made in the missionary's garden, and ate him.

Immediately after anchoring our attention was called to the body of a woman, hanging by the neck from the limb of a tree projecting over a cliff. She was dressed just as she had been on her return from Queensland, where she had gone without the consent of her friends. So she had to suffer the extreme penalty when she came back.

We did not experience a very friendly reception when we went ashore. We were very curtly told that nobody wanted to go to Queensland, especially Mackay, as they had heard all about the Mackay race-course affair. However, on the other side of the island we got three recruits, a woman and two men.

CHAPTER VII

Dynamiting Fish—A Horrible Massacre—Agriculture under Difficulties—Ambryn—George Craig—An Excellent Breakfast—A Bush Tribe—The Risks of a Settler—A Big Volcano—Malikolo—A Ruined Village—Cullen's Tragic Fate—Toman Island—An "Amil" House—A Witch-Doctor.

WE stood over to Api, which is about twenty-five miles long and about thirteen broad, and is thickly populated with savage and treacherous natives, who number from seven thousand to eight thousand. The land on the lee side ascends in gradual slopes till it terminates in the mountain peaks, which rise boldly from the sea on the weather side, attaining heights of 1800, 2500, and 2800 feet. It is densely wooded, even to the mountain-tops, and only here and there can be seen the light-green patches cleared by the natives for the cultivation of their yams, taro, and other vegetables. These conditions, of course, refer to the time of which I write, viz. my first visit to the New Hebrides in the *Emily* brig. They are very much altered now. The anchorages, known as Diamond Bay, Nelson Bay, Foulard Anchorage, and Yemyu Cove, had not then received names. We anchored under the foreland, in what is now known as Diamond Bay.

Lovely streams of fresh water abound everywhere, and while at anchor here we took the opportunity to fill our water-tanks. These occasions of watering ship, or getting firewood, are generally taken advantage of by all hands to have a run ashore. And on this occasion, accompanied by my boat's crew and four Tanna and two Makura recruits,

SANTA CRUZ CANOE

Dug-out canoe, with deck and outrigger. Bows and arrows and food-stuffs are carried on the decks. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

HALF-CASTE TRADER'S HOUSE, AMBRYM

The half-caste's house is similar to the native huts. The walls are composed of plaited cocoa-nut leaves. (Rev. Dr. W. Gunn.)

I went off to dynamite some fish. Directed by one of the shore natives we proceeded to a very large boulder, standing out in the salt water by itself off a shingle beach. In the shadow of the rock we came upon an enormous shoal of fish. Dropping a charge of dynamite in the midst of them we waited only for a few moments, when the water was convulsed with a heavy shock, and up came thousands of beautiful fish to be scooped into the boat as fast as we could gather them off the surface. As others sank to the bottom our recruits dived after them, coming up with their arms full and often one in their teeth. We soon had the boat loaded, and we left the remainder to the natives, who flocked down in their canoes from the village. The fish we got were a species of mackerel, and proved excellent eating.

As a rule we used to look out for shoals of mullet, when we wanted fish in large quantities. When we wanted a few fine large cod-fish or big bream, we obtained them by dropping a charge of dynamite into some dark pool about the mouth of some fresh-water creek. We seldom failed to get some fine large beauties in places of that sort. The natives at Diamond Bay were so favourably impressed with our visit, and the blandishments of the Recruiting Agent, that a married couple elected to engage for work on a Mackay sugar plantation.

We visited the village and were kindly received by the natives, although only the previous year one of the most treacherous massacres that have taken place in the islands was perpetrated by natives of the next village. It seems that the Queensland Government Agent Steedman, with his two boats and their crews, were backed on to the beach, and were surrounded by an apparently friendly crowd of natives. But the latter took care to arrange themselves so that each of the crew had a man on each side of him armed with a tomahawk ready to do his deadly work. All seemed busily engaged in conversation. The ringleader was a return from Queensland, and he occupied Mr. Steedman's attention by a number of questions. Casually lifting the

canvas cover, under which Steedman's rifle rested protected from the weather, the native expressed his admiration of the weapon, and asked if he might look at it. Mr. Steedman consented to his picking up the weapon and examining it. The native then asked if it was loaded, all the time using expressions of admiration. Steedman replying in the affirmative, the native suddenly placed the muzzle to Steedman's head and blew his brains out. This was the signal for a concerted attack, and the tomahawks of the others came down at once through the skulls of nine of the unfortunate boatmen. The tenth (a Lifu man) threw up his hands and saved his head and made out to sea, swimming with several fearful tomahawk wounds in his back. The natives either being too busy dividing the spoil, or thinking that the wounded man would soon sink, did not trouble any further about him, and he reached the ship in a very exhausted state. We visited the scene of the massacre, but found the natives very shy, and we could not induce them to come near us.

But at the next village they came down quite freely, and bartered fruit, vegetables, and shells with us. At the next place, Lamen, we found the natives all living on the small island of that name. They distrusted their neighbours, so preferred to put the sea between them; but as all their gardens and plantations were on the mainland, the women who did the work in the field were conveyed over in canoes every morning under a strong armed party as a guard, and brought back again after their day's toil in the evening.

Leaving Api we called in at Paama, another very fertile little island, six miles long by three broad as the crow flies, and standing one thousand nine hundred feet high. It has a population of about a thousand, split up into two tribes, who have for a long time been at war with each other. They are very fierce and all cannibals. We bought some produce from them, and went on to Ambrym, which has a population of about ten thousand. A year before they had shot dead

Captain Belbin of the *Boro Belle*, of Mackay; he is buried at the Mission Station at Api.

Our first experience with them was at the south end, when they enticed us inside a long reef by waving branches of green leaves to us. When they got us inside the long reef and grounded hard and fast they ran to the cover of the bush, and began to pepper us with their rifles. We opened out in extended order, and charged the bush. This move on our part was the last thing they expected, and they scattered and fled. Getting outside the reef we cruised along a rocky coast towards the westward. Here and there we put in to talk to small parties of natives, who were gathered to sell us any produce we cared to take from them in exchange for tobacco.

Wherever we went the natives seemed surly, and every man was armed with a rifle. The costume of the men, except a broad belt made from the bark of a tree, was indescribable. The women were more presentable, and wore short, but thick grass skirts. As they skipped nimbly from rock to rock they reminded me of dancers in a pantomime. We got as far that day as Craig's Cove, where the *Emily* came in and dropped her anchor. The place was named after George Craig, the first settler there. We went ashore in the evening, and were very hospitably received and entertained by Captain Craig and his wife, one of the few white women at that time in the group. Craig warned us against the natives, especially as we were recruiting for Mackay, and said that the incident of the Mackay race-course had very greatly incensed the islanders against all white men. Craig was very well liked by the natives, and apparently got along very well with them. But even he, poor fellow, was killed by them eventually.

I am afraid he courted his fate by his own indiscretion and hasty temper. It so happened that a trader from further along the coast, going away for a few months' holiday, had called in at Craig's place and sold Craig all the copra he had left behind him stored in his house. In due course

Craig went to remove the copra he had bought. But the chief of that part objected, saying that the trader had left everything at his station in his (the chief's) care, and he would not allow anything to be removed. The trader evidently had omitted to apprise the chief of his intention to sell his copra, and the chief was just as determined to fulfil his promised trust as Craig was anxious to take away the copra he had paid for. No reasoning or argument would move the chief; and when he placed himself in front of the trader's copra house, as Craig made as if to enter it, Craig lost his temper and felled the chief to the ground with his fist. No sooner had he struck the blow than he was attacked by the chief's immediate followers, and fell with thirteen spear wounds in his body.

Leaving Craig's Cove we cruised along the coast with the boats, the brig keeping abreast of us by standing off and on the land. We proceeded in this way all day, speaking to the natives as we met them, until we arrived at Ranan Anchorage, where we decided to anchor for the night. We had not been long at anchor at this place before we received a visit from a French settler, François Rosier. He was the first Frenchman we had met north of Havana Harbour. His object in visiting us was to have a tooth extracted. Being in a position to oblige him in that respect he was most profuse in his thanks, and before departing he pressed us to come ashore to breakfast in the morning. We were nothing loath to accept his invitation, seeing that we had not a high-class chef on board. So after an early cup of coffee and a five or six miles' cruise along the coast, we returned to François' (the name he is best known by) about ten a.m., and sat down to one of the most excellent breakfasts a man could wish to enjoy.

The room was delightfully cool, the walls being made of plaited cane; and the floor was made of cane also, but of much stronger make, and stood about three or four feet above the ground. The dishes and vegetables served up appeared to be endless. We started with soup, then followed

fish of various kinds and cooked in different ways, followed by plover and pigeons, broiled, stewed, and roasted; then fowls, sucking pig, not forgetting ham and eggs, boiled eggs, poached eggs, with vegetables and salads of various kinds interspersed. One salad which I tasted for the first time, and which I can recommend, was made from the pith found in the top of the cocoa-nut tree, but it is rather an expensive luxury, as the tree is destroyed in order to procure it. The fruits, too, were of great variety, as we afterwards saw in his garden, growing in great abundance, oranges, lemons, limes, granadillas, passion fruit, mangoes, custard apples, rose apples, pineapples, figs, bananas, and several indigenous fruit trees; besides the native chestnut and nangi-nuts.

François did not want for luxuries, for after a breakfast prolonged over two hours we adjourned to a table and lounges under a shady banyan tree, and there he had provided tea, coffee (local-grown), lemonade, French wines and spirits, as well as some choice cigars. Half an hour was spent in the shade, and then a stroll through the garden brought our visit to an end.

Before we left a messenger came to inform François that a bush tribe had come down to their salt-water passage to sell him dry cocoa-nuts. Our recruiter was glad of the opportunity of interviewing the bushmen, as it is from these tribes that most of the Labour supply is obtained. Accordingly we set off with our two boats to accompany François. At the appointed passage we found about two hundred men assembled, all, as usual, armed with rifles, and each with a bundle of twenty cocoa-nuts, all ready husked.

François' crew followed him ashore, with the exception of two or three he left in the boat to protect her. And as he came to every heap of cocoa-nuts he threw down a stick of tobacco; the price being one stick of tobacco for twenty cocoa-nuts. There was no dispute about the purchase of the cocoa-nuts, but many of the natives had brought baskets of yams, taro, and other products which he might require for his labourers. He had some disputes about the values

of the various lots, and being a Frenchman, of course, he was rather demonstrative and excitable as the arguments waxed high.

I fancy the natives knew that we would pay higher for their vegetables than the local trader was accustomed to pay, and so took advantage of our visit to be a little more exorbitant in their charges, and so François told them they had better sell their produce to us; and we were very willing to take the deal off his hands, and in this way secured two full boat-loads of yam, taro, and other vegetables and fruits.

I asked François if he thought he ran no risks by going ashore among a crowd of savages as he did unarmed. He replied that he realised there was great danger in doing so, but at the same time fire-arms would be of no use to him, because if the natives intended killing him they would do so without a moment's warning. His only safety lay in that he was necessary to them, for if they killed him they might certainly make a haul for the time being, but it was better that he should live and remain their constant source of supply, from whom they could receive by barter when they required their tobacco, grog, guns, and ammunition. As it happened, he trusted them once too often, for some time after this he was murdered by them for the sake of the trade he had in his boat.

At the time of my first visit to Ambrym there was no missionary. Nor was there any stationed there until eight years afterwards. There were no missionaries at that time in the group north of Api, except a Melanesian missionary, Mr. Bice, who visited Aoba and Pentecost during the mild part of the year. The interior of Ambrym has the appearance of a desert mountain, caused by the eruptions of a very vast and wide volcano, named Marum. It has since burned out, and several new craters have started at different places. So much of the interior is desert that there is only a habitable belt from eight to ten miles wide all round the island.

As we could see no sign of intending emigrants we got under way, left Ambrym, and stood over to Malikolo, and

South-West Bay, Malikolo

Where oysters can be had in large quantities.

came to anchor at the south-west end, inside of a small island named Toman.

Malikolo is the second largest island in the group, being about seventy miles long by about twenty-five miles at its widest part, and has a population of about twenty thousand, all very savage and treacherous. When civilised the island, I am sure, will be found to be one of the most prolific and fertile in the group. It is not so mountainous as most of the other islands are, but has beautiful undulating hills, and lovely valleys with lakes and streams of pure fresh water in all directions. The range of hills rises to an altitude of about two thousand feet.

Malikolo has many good anchorages and harbours, and safe shelter from the many hurricanes which periodically visit the group.

Close to where we anchored at Toman Island is Leonora Harbour, and to the west of that again is South-West Bay. To the east of us good shelter is to be found among a small group of coral islands, named the Maskelynes; and to the north of the Maskelynes, Port Sandwich; while north of Port Sandwich is Port Stanley, and other good harbours and safe anchorages.

We went ashore at Toman Island, and found the village in ruins; a number of houses had been burned, and those that were left standing were in a dilapidated and wrecked condition. Some of their wooden gods were still standing in the village square, while others were lying in a state of collapse, deserted, and left to dishonour by their late devotees and worshippers. Finding no sign of human life we made for the mainland, but we could not get the natives to approach us, although we saw some, nor would they wait to let us speak to them when we went ashore, but fled before us.

After visiting several places we decided to go to Leonora Island, about three miles further along the coast, where we understood Peter Cullen (or Brocky Peter as he was best known by) had a station. On arrival there we found Cullen's house in ashes. It had been burned to the ground,

and nothing was left but the charred remains of the framework, littered with melted and broken grog bottles. On making a search round about we came to the well, and half-buried there we saw some decomposed human remains. The sight was sickening, and our boats' crews cut some green branches and covered up the well. We could find no natives on the mainland abreast of Leonora, so we pushed on to South-West Bay.

At South-West Bay we found the natives more tractable, and quite communicative. They told us that a vessel had come from Samoa, seeking islanders to engage as labourers for the plantations there, and that the ship had secured Peter Cullen to go round the group and act as recruiter.

Peter had formerly had some trouble with the Toman Islanders, and had taken advantage of his position as recruiter of the Samoan vessel to settle old scores with the Toman men. He did this with the assistance of the Samoan's crew, always ready and eager for an affray with islanders anywhere. After making the round trip of the group in the Samoan vessel, Cullen, with the foolhardiness common among island traders, and thinking that he had given the Toman people such a lesson that they would not trouble him in future, but have a wholesome respect for him, returned to Leonora well fitted out with a big supply of trade, grog, etc., and made up his mind to do a big business. The Samoan vessel had not long been gone when a canoe came over from the mainland and advised Cullen that some natives were down from the bush, and wished him to come over and buy their cocoa-nuts.

Cullen went over in his own boat, leaving a German carpenter behind him engaged in putting up a colonial oven. And that was the last of Peter Cullen (or Brocky Peter). They killed him, and carried his body into the bush on the mainland, and there cooked and ate him. They returned to Leonora in Cullen's boat, killed the German carpenter, as well as a Santo boy and two Santo women. The body of

BAMBOOS AS WATERPOTS

The bamboos shown here are filled with salt water which the coastal tribes convey inland and barter with the bush natives in return for fruits and vegetables. The long poles are fishing-rods. The man with the stick in his mouth is chewing betel-nut. The stick is used to manipulate the betel-nut about his gums and teeth. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

the carpenter they took over to the mainland to eat, and those of the two women and the boy they threw into the well which was only about four feet deep, and had hardly any water in it. Two boys escaped into the scrub. The natives then looted the store of as much as they could carry away, and returned to the mainland to feast on the two white men's corpses. In such manner did the Toman Islanders get quits with Peter Cullen.

On our return from South-West Bay we went ashore at Leonora and filled in the well with shingle, so covering the remains of the three poor slaughtered Santo people. When we got back to the *Emily* it was well after sundown; we partook of a hearty meal, enjoyed a pipe, and went to sleep in a hammock swung on the main-boom under the awning, and slept like a top to my surprise, quite undisturbed by any dreams of the horrors I had come face to face with that day.

Next day was a beautiful one of sunshine, with just sufficient breeze to cool the atmosphere and make everything pleasant, but not sufficient to let the ship get under way. So the crew were engaged getting firewood, and I allowed all our returns and recruits to land and explore Toman Island, where Peter Cullen and his men had left the village in ruins. One of the returns, whom we had to land not far from here in Port Sandwich, was fairly well acquainted with the locality. He explained many things as we went along, and afterwards said, from signs he had seen, that the people of the place were on the mainland, but would return before many moons were past and rebuild their village.

Their "Amil" house, as they call it, or Council house, was in a tottering condition; and the effigies of many bygone dead littered the floor. These effigies, each surmounted with the original skull of the deceased, are set up as if standing on their feet all round the walls of the "Amil" house. The skull is filled in and moulded all round to represent the flesh, and when dry and firm is painted with different coloured designs in grotesque fashion, and shell operculum is often

let in to represent the eyes, giving the figures sometimes the most ghastly and horrible expression.

I shall never forget years after this, when I took a " globe-trotter " into the " Amil " house in South-West Bay, accompanied by the chief's son. I saw my friend gasp and turn pale with horror, then as if awestruck he removed his helmet and paced slowly round what appeared to him the charnel-house. Turning to the chief's son, I said, " I would like to buy one of these heads." He eagerly jumped at the suggestion and replied, " All right, you give me ten stick tobacco and I give 'em you head belong my small fellow brother." " All right," I replied ; and with that he lifted the effigy of a child from a niche in the wall and twisted the head off by the neck, just as if he had been wringing the neck of a fowl. This completely broke my friend up, and he made a precipitate dive for the open air, and having followed him we found him supported by the trunk of a tree, and going through all the demonstrations of sea-sickness.

I had promised a scientific friend that I would try and get him one of these skulls, because on this part of Malikolo all the heads of the natives are conical. They are compressed in a basket from childhood, and gradually trained up into this peculiar shape.

While rummaging among the ruins on Toman Island, I found three skulls hanging on the wall of one of the houses that still stood undamaged. The Malikolo return who was with me seemed dreadfully scared when I was about to enter the hut. He said it was the house of " doctor-man," meaning witch-doctor. Of course, such a statement made me all the more curious to see what was inside.

I gave the skulls to the Brisbane Museum. One of them was inlaid with clay, and had the original scalp affixed. The other two were fresh, conical-shaped skulls. Besides bunches of bones, dried lizards, and snakes, and small bags with sacred stones, I found a bag made from spiders' webs. Inside it was a small bamboo box, neatly made, which contained a ball about the size of a boy's marble, composed

of a black substance, jet-black, looking for all the world like a ball of shoemaker's heel-ball. From this ball there protruded a thin bone, sharpened at the point like a needle. When I showed it to the Malikolo return he implored me to destroy it. It was one, he said, of the "doctor-man's" most deadly agents. One prick of it meant death. I afterwards tried the efficacy of it on a fowl. And, sure enough, the fowl was dead in about five minutes. I also pricked a young pig with it, and it died in convulsions in less than ten minutes.

I also managed to secure a wooden god between seven and eight feet high, and on my return handed it over to the Brisbane Museum, where it now stands.

CHAPTER VIII

Port Sandwich—North-East Islands—Yam Plantations—Willing Recruits—Emily's Return—Boiling Springs—Comely Natives—The Beauty of Aoba—A Fine Chief—A Rough Crew—A Kidnapped Boy—Peter Coyle—His Death.

GETTING under weigh again, we sailed round to Port Sandwich, where we anchored abreast of the site on which the French settlement is now built. There were only a few native huts then, and one of them was occupied by a Portuguese trader who was making a small living in the copra trade, but was more of a beach-comber than anything else. He seemed to have very little stock-in-trade; and out of compassion we had to supply him with some bare necessaries. All energy, if ever he had any, had deserted him, and he was merely tolerated by the savages among whom he lived.

Port Sandwich is a magnificent harbour, four miles long by two across. It is completely landlocked, and is capable of accommodating a large fleet of vessels. Two large fresh-water creeks flow into the harbour, and no difficulty is experienced in obtaining water for ships' use, as the boats can enter either of the creeks and bale the water over the sides.

Besides the larger creeks there are numerous mountain streams, falling in cascades down the hill-sides and finding their way in smaller rivulets to the salt water.

There is excellent fishing to be got in the creeks, and large shoals of mullet can be netted or dynamited in the

harbour. Two islanders were recruited here for Queensland. Getting our water-tanks again replenished we cruised along the coast of Malikolo, calling in at Pankumu and Port Stanley, but with no further success so far as recruiting was concerned. So we made for the north end, and came to anchor under the small island named Walla, one of the North-East Islands. The three principal of the North-East Islands are Walla, Rauan, and Atsiu.

On the island of Walla we found an Englishman, Harry Hutton by name, engaged in the copra trade. He had a very good name among the islanders, and was doing a flourishing business. Harry was an old Queensland Labour Trader, and was always ready to give a hearty welcome to any Queensland vessel that might be passing or happen to call in, and he was always most lavish in his hospitality.

The three islands mentioned are densely populated, the reason being that the inhabitants have been originally driven from the mainland by the more powerful tribes in the hills. Taking refuge on these small islands for safety they have, in the course of several generations, multiplied into large communities, whom now the hill tribes, if they do not actually regard them with fear, honour with the most wholesome respect. And although these communities own large tracts of country on the mainland, they recognise their immunity from attack by their enemies, and still prefer to keep their residence on the small islands.

Every morning at daylight, during the working months, large fleets of canoes put off from the small islands for the mainland, accompanied by armed guards, who go to protect the women and young lads who do the manual labour during their working hours. These women and lads attend to the large yam and taro plantations during the growing season. The cultivation of the yam is more particularly attended to on Malikolo than on any other island I know of. With long poles or yam-sticks the natives ease the soil

under and around the growing tuber, thus aiding it in its effort to lengthen and expand.

We cruised further, and as one of our native boatmen happened to be the son of the chief of Atsiu, I had a good opportunity of being shown all over that small but interesting island. Many of the ceremonies of the "Amil" house were explained to me. The islanders seem to be great believers in sorcery and witchcraft.

Accompanied by a strongly armed party I visited the yam plantations and saw the women at work. The women of Malikolo seem to be the most abject of all the women I have seen among the South Sea Islands. They treat their husbands or brothers as something more than superior beings. When we met them they covered their faces, and bowed their heads to the ground. The men march past them with the utmost disdain. Several young fellows here expressed a desire to go to Queensland, but said they were watched by the older men, who did not wish them to leave home. Crowds of them visited us during the whole of the two days we lay here; and we were surrounded by canoes from daylight till dusk. On the morning of the third day, after we had the anchor up, and the sails sheeted home, several men grabbed hold of some of the younger fellows who were inclined to recruit, and jumped overboard with them.

Two strapping young fellows who were in a canoe by themselves carefully watched their opportunity, and scrambling on board they cast their canoe adrift, and with all the most comical antics and capers on the taffrail, they hurled shouts of derision at those who would have tried to deter them.

Crossing the Bougainville Straits we brought up the same day and anchored at Malo. In former days, when the South Sea whaling trade was at its zenith, Malo was the rendezvous of many of the whaling vessels when they wanted repairs. The natives were inoffensive and amiable. But

SOULAVOW, MALAYTA

An artificial island built out of the sea, where the coastal tribes live safe from the forays of their neighbours the bushmen. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

SACRIFICIAL ALTAR AT FERASIBOA, MALAYTA

Doctor or medicine man sitting at his door. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

unfortunately for them, their gentleness led to their deterioration and ultimate ruin by disease. This island was the destination of our only female return. Eumerlatolie, or Emily, did not recognise any of the islanders, although some of them professed to be her brothers and sisters. One vile-looking old savage said that he was her father. This was the last straw. Poor Emily turned to me and begged me to allow her to return to Queensland. She was horrified with what she had already seen, and would sooner have died than go and live among such corruption. She opened her boxes and distributed all the stuff she had bought that would please the native eye and taste, such as beads, jews' harps, mouth-organs, fishing lines and hooks, hand mirrors, and cheap jewellery. Then without any hand-shaking she got back into the boat and returned on board her namesake, the *Emily* brig, to return to Queensland and there remain for the rest of her days. There were scores of islanders here who offered themselves as recruits, but only five were approved by me as physically fit.

Malo is twelve miles long by nine broad, and rises in a gentle slope from the sea to a height in the centre of about fifteen hundred feet, and has a population of about a thousand, which is rapidly on the decrease, unless some remedy is found to stop the ravages of disease.

About thirty miles due east of Malo we came next to Pentecost, a high, mountainous island, thirty-five miles long by six across. The mountains rise almost perpendicularly from the sea, and are very rugged. A peculiarity of many islands such as Pentecost, which can boast of an unlimited water supply, and plenty of moisture, is the scarcity of cocoa-nuts. But although these nuts are scarce here as compared with other islands, fruits and vegetables can be procured in great abundance, and the soil seems to be rich and prolific. Streams of water and mountain cascades are everywhere to be seen, and the natives informed me that they are supplied from a chain of lakes on the table-lands of the mountain ranges.

At the south end of the island there are springs of boiling water, and for a distance of a hundred yards out at sea from the land, even in deep water, I have seen it come bubbling up as if boiling, so hot that no one could keep his hand in it for more than a second. We anchored in the harbour of Battenhapney, one of three good anchorages in the island ; the others being Toad Stool Bay and Steep Cliff Bay. Battenhapney was some time previously the scene of the massacre of Mr. Brown, mate of the *May Queen*, Queensland Labour vessel, and his boat's crew while they were ashore getting fresh water for the ship.

Very few natives live near the seashore, most of them having their houses high up on the mountain-side. They are very treacherous, and fight a great deal among themselves. Large numbers came round our boats, but only one offered to engage for the Mackay plantations, and he was duly recruited. We naturally thought that others would follow his lead, but they did not, although we spent the best part of two days there. Giving Pentecost up in the meantime, we stood over to Aoba, which at the first sight as seen from the sea appears to be the garden of the group. Terrace after terrace of beautiful native gardens rise from the sea-coast to the tops of the rolling hills beyond. Here a plantation of yams and there a plantation of taro, and again a grove of banana trees all laid off in squares, like the beds of a vegetable garden ; while here and there spread great trees of shade, and the whole is filled up with thousands of graceful cocoa-nut palms, their long stems surrounded and set off by the deep green foliage of orange, lemon, and citron trees.

Aoba is eighteen miles long by ten miles broad and rises to a height of four thousand feet. The population is said to number between ten thousand and twelve thousand people. They are of an entirely different race from any of the people in the other islands of the group, and have a very much fairer complexion. Captain Cook, when he first saw them, took them to be lepers, so light-skinned were they,

and he gave their home the name of Lepers' Island. That name appears on the old charts; but has never been made use of when referring to the island. The natives are the most comely and best looking in the group, and are scrupulously clean in their habits.

Every morning the sea-coast is crowded with them bathing in the sea and washing their mats, and again, before sundown, they are in the water for their evening's bath. They take the same care of their houses and domestic surroundings as they do of their bodies. I have from time to time travelled a good deal among them, and have always remarked the clean, tidy, and neat appearance about every hut. The hard ground is always kept swept clean of all fallen leaves. When I visited them their little flower patches were beautifully kept, and were pictures of loveliness.

Even the graves of their dead were rockeries blooming with floral plants in all the brilliant display of colour in bright-hued leaves and flowers, crotons, coleus, crimson dracenas, and hibiscus. Yet with all their attractiveness, their cleanly habits, and their love of the beautiful, they are the most inveterate cannibals in the South Seas, and they make no secret of it. Although there are no harbours in Aoba, there are several good anchorages, but only in fine weather. We came to anchor at Walaha, and there I made the acquaintance of the Chief Tariare. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He stood about seven feet high, and was proportionately built. His features were fine and clear cut, with an aquiline nose. He wore his hair long in ringlets reaching to his waist. His face was almost devoid of hair, save for a small pointed beard, but it was very expressive, and the expression firm and stern at most times. Although I have now known Tariare for years, I have seldom seen him smile. I took a great liking to the chief the first time I met him, and I know he took quite a fancy to me. When he invited me to visit his village away up in the bush, I did not hesitate a moment, but eagerly

embraced the opportunity to accompany him. I have paid him many visits since and always received a cordial welcome.

The only articles of European manufacture to be seen about Tariare are his pipe, which he carries in a necklace made of native money, and his knife stuck through his native-made belt. All European clothing he utterly discarded. He ranks next in importance and standing to Bylabba, the head chief of Aoba, whom I met the following year. When I returned to the ship from my visit to Tariare's place I found that the Maryborough schooner, *Young Dick*, had come to anchor at Dhuin-dui, an anchorage about two miles from us; and the Government Agent, E. Battersby, accompanied by the master, Rogers, were paying a visit to the *Emily*. They left Queensland before us, and had been successful in getting a large number of recruits on the lee-side of Malikolo. All next day was a busy one, and great rivalry was shown between the boats of the two vessels. The *Young Dick* had the preference as she was recruiting for Maryborough and Bundaberg, and in these circumstances the *Emily* had a very poor chance indeed of obtaining any recruits for Mackay. Maryborough and Bundaberg have always been the favourite places in indenting labour from the New Hebrides.

The results of the day were about twenty recruits for the *Young Dick* and none for the *Emily*. The evening of that day we spent very pleasantly on board the *Young Dick*. On our return to the *Emily* we found a boat belonging to the Brisbane schooner, *Madeleine*, alongside, with the owner's son on board. He reported that they had left the *Madeleine* two days before about the north end of Pentecost, and had lost sight of her since; and as his boat's crew were hungry and tired I advised them to eat a good supper, and turn in for the night on board the *Emily*—advice which they were very glad to fall in with. The other boat, they said, not knowing of our presence, had preferred to pull ashore and camp for the night at a place named "the Devil's Rock." And as

they had plenty of native food they would be all right. The next morning the *Madeleine* hove in sight, and after breakfast our guests went off to rejoin her.

She did not come to an anchor, but only hove-to, while she sent her boats ashore recruiting. Discipline in the *Madeleine's* boats was remarkable by its absence, and from what I could learn affairs were in a similar state on board. The boats pushed alongside our boats with scant courtesy and in the rudest manner. Then, accosting the natives in the coarsest language, they were asked if any of them desired to go to Queensland.

The natives, judging the character of the men of the *Madeleine* from their very demeanour, deigned them no reply. There was no Government Agent with their boats, which were manned, as far as the white portion went, with a lawless and hooligan lot. We watched them as they proceeded along the coast, and the natives cleared away from them as they approached.

At one place we saw them in converse with a few natives, then a struggle ensued, shots were fired, and the natives ran for the scrub. The natives who were about us took fright, but I assured them they had nothing to fear, so they remained beside us. Those around the *Young Dick's* boats also stood where they were. The native fugitives approached us and stated that the recruiter of the other vessel, by holding up some sticks of tobacco, had induced a lad, the son of one of the chief's head-men, to approach the boat; and when stretching forth to receive the tobacco he expected, the recruiter seized him by the wrist and dragged the lad down from the rocks into the boat, where he was thrown into the bottom; and the white man, who pulled stroke oar, knelt on him to keep him down. Some shots were fired, possibly only to frighten the natives ashore, and then the boats pulled out and made for the ship. I would have boarded the vessel after the natives' report, but she squared away immediately her boats got alongside.

However, I noted the event in my log-book, and advised the Government Agent of the *Young Dick* to do likewise, and on my return to Queensland I made a special report.

The result was, that when interviewed, the kidnapped boy verified every word of the report made by the natives to me ; but he declined to return straight back to his island, preferring to remain for a term in Queensland.

Another islander, a native of Pentecost, gave evidence, stating that he had been kidnapped in a similar manner to the Aoba boy, and against his will, and was very anxious to get home again. He was returned to his island by the first available vessel. The Government Agent of the vessel was dismissed the service, while the master, recruiter, and all the crew were debarred by the Government from all future employment on board Queensland Labour vessels. All the Government Agents received a circular letter, instructing them to advise the Aoba people of the action of the Government, and of the Aoba boy's decision to remain for a term in Queensland.

After the incident of the *Madeleine's* boats the excitement of the natives calmed down, and the two ships' boats prosecuted their recruiting; and before sundown the *Young Dick* had succeeded in getting a few more, while the *Emily* managed to secure two. Next morning we cleared out, leaving the *Young Dick* to get what she could unmolested by the rivalry of our boats.

We worked our way along the coast towards Walerigi or Bices Roads, but without any results so far as recruiting went. At Bices Roads, about an hour before sundown, after anchoring, we espied a white man ashore, with a book upon his knee, and a pair of binoculars in his hand.

I was informed by Captain McQuaker that he was a countryman of our own, and hailed from Glasgow. His name was Peter Coyle, and he was from New Caledonia.

He was a sailor by profession, and had on one occasion shipped on board a French vessel. During the voyage

trouble had arisen, and a fracas of some sort having taken place, Peter Coyle shot the captain of the ship dead. He was tried by a French court and sentenced to penal servitude in New Caledonia. On his liberation he went to the New Hebrides, and started copra-making.

I was anxious to make the acquaintance of such a curious character as this brother Scot, and hastened ashore. I received the usual hearty welcome generally tendered by these lonely dwellers away from their own kith and kin, and on finding that I had spent so many years in Glasgow, poor Peter Coyle's heart went out to me as if to a brother indeed. We sat late into the night discussing old places and landmarks in and around Glasgow. He also told me part of his wild life, before and after his convict days, and related strange anecdotes about his fellow-prisoners.

Coyle's station had previously been owned by a man named Chaffinch, who had been murdered by the natives. Coyle said he reckoned that would be his fate eventually. His surmise was quite correct, as his life was ended by a bullet from a native's rifle.

The report was started and circulated by the natives who buried him that he had committed suicide. That was false, as his body was exhumed, and examination showed that he had been shot while lying on his back, the bullet entering his stomach and coming out at his chest, carrying away part of his chin.

He was a man of much intelligence, and was very fond of books, of which he had a good collection. I was glad to be in a position to add to his stock. As I had a good supply of newspapers, and a number of them from Glasgow, I quite gladdened the poor lonely fellow's heart. He pressed on me a meerschaum pipe, which I still have by me.

Although telling me much about himself then and on subsequent visits, he was always reticent about his family or connections, and on showing me down to my boat with

a lantern on the night of my first visit, he exclaimed, with a sigh, " Would to God this was the old Broomielaw."

Peter Coyle spent a day on board, swapping yarns with McQuaker, and trying his best to cheer up our poor skipper, who for some time had been ailing. Peter was a good cook and baker among his other accomplishments.

CHAPTER IX

Espiritu Santo—A Call in the Night—An Ambush—An Awkward Predicament—Retaliation—A Severe Lesson—Illness of Captain McQuaker—A Burial—Return to Brisbane—An Old Battlefield—A Fairy-like Scene—A Pleasant Holiday—The Break-up of the Party—The *Flora*.

THE boats having met with no success we weighed anchor, and sailed for Espiritu Santo, commonly known as plain Santo, where we arrived and brought up in Hogg Harbour on the 15th of December. Here we found the French schooner *Marie*, recruiting labour for New Caledonia, and trading in fire-arms and ammunition. The natives were down on the beach in large numbers. Physically they looked a splendid lot of savages—all tall, strapping fellows.

Their dress was a peculiar one. A block of hard wood, about six inches thick at the centre and about eighteen inches long, tapering off to the ends, fitted into the small of the back; and from each end of the wood a number of cords were brought round in front, where they hung like an apron. On to each of these cords native money and beads were threaded.

Besides the weapons these natives had I saw between seventy and a hundred new Snider rifles, which they had obtained from the *Marie*.

The *Marie* left shortly after our arrival, having got a large number of recruits.

Our reception was not too cordial by the islanders, who were inclined to be saucy. They told us that plenty boys

wished to go to Queensland, but they wanted a gun first for recruiting and also the right to bring a gun home with them. They also made reference to the Mackay race-course affair, and very uncomplimentary remarks about Queensland in general. At the far end of the harbour the natives were more courteous and friendly. They said they were afraid of the other islanders abreast of where we were anchored, as they had got too many rifles from the French vessel. They cautioned us to be on our guard against them. As one would judge from the name given to the harbour, the place was famed for the large number of pigs to be had for barter. Promising to return in the morning to buy all the pigs they cared to bring, we left the friendly natives and returned on board.

About ten o'clock that night we were hailed from the shore, and a voice shouted, "Come on, quick, quick, you bring 'em boat." But we thought, "Oh no! my dear friend, we don't want to be shot in the dark." The call was repeated several times, but we took no notice. Shortly after the last call we heard someone in the water alongside, and a voice said, "What for you no send 'em boat? me fellow wait long time." And presently a tall native climbed on board. He asked us to hurry up and come ashore and take off his mate, who was wanting also to recruit, but was keeping their two rifles dry ashore. We soon lowered a boat, as the man who had come on board asked us to be as quick as possible, as his countrymen were out after him and would shoot him on sight. We were at first doubtful of our visitor, thinking he might be leading us into a trap. Telling him that he would be shot dead on the first sign of any treachery, and his taking the chance quite willingly, we started for the shore. Standing in the water up to his armpits, holding the rifles over his head, we found the other and soon had both on board the ship. The first comer had been in Queensland before, and wished to return.

He told us that his countrymen were very anxious to

kill some white man, but he refused to disclose their reasons for so doing. Next morning, as promised, we went to the far end of the harbour and there bought quite a herd of pigs, besides yams, nuts, and fruits, with which we returned to the ship a little after midday. The recruiter went first, and getting alongside was discharging his cargo of produce and live-stock. I was just approaching the ship when I heard a hail from the shore and saw a man waving a green branch of leaves. Instead of going on board, we pulled straight for the man who beckoned us. But as he very suddenly disappeared in the bush we stopped to reconnoitre. The recruiter, who had by this time got rid of his cargo, was coming after us as fast as his men could pull. We stopped him as he got abreast of us, and pointed out the shining barrels of several rifles here and there among the rocks and green stuff on a low-lying rocky point. An ambush was lying in wait for us. The natives scrape all the japanning or browning off their guns, and burnish them up to look like silver.

We put back to the ship instead of running any risks. We sat down to the table for lunch, and the skylight came rattling down about our ears in shivered glass and splinters of timber, while volley after volley of rifle shots resounded from the shore, and bullets were rattling about the ship and whistling through the awnings.

I hastened on deck, where I found recruits and crew taking shelter behind hatches, masts, and deck-house. Captain McQuaker was lying unwell in his hammock, slung on the boom, unable to get out without assistance. A rifle bullet had gone right through his hammock within a quarter of an inch of his head.

I lifted him out of his hammock and placed him on the deck, away from any danger. By this time our recruits and crew had got over their first scare, and were arming themselves and calling on me to lead them ashore to fight the Santo men. As we were not more than a hundred yards from the shore, I saw at once that we were in a serious

position. We could not get away without exposing the crew to almost certain death. If they attempted to get the anchor up they would be shot down at the windlass, and if they went aloft to loose the sails they could be picked off one by one. So I determined to attack the natives ashore and drive them from their position. Accordingly most of the crew and all the available recruits were put in the boats and we made a dash for the shore. We fired one volley into them, then ran the boats on to the beach, and each man, with rifle and any other weapon he had, charged into the bush. The natives broke and fled before us.

We followed them up about two miles, till we came to their village. They did not make a stand even there, but fled right through, while we made a halt. The only being we found in the village was a little girl, about five or six years of age. She was crying bitterly, but we managed to allay her fears. I put her into the fork of a bread-fruit tree to keep her out of harm's way, because some of our native crew and recruits had their fighting blood up, and having found fishing torches had started to set some of the houses ablaze. There were a number of fine large tusker boars tied up to trees, and these they were shooting and tomahawking. These pigs would be a great loss to their owners, as they are more highly prized than any other possession.

Before leaving I took care that the little child we left behind was quite safe from any injury. She was still sitting where I had placed her in the fork of the tree, quite taken up with a silk handkerchief I had untied from my neck and placed around hers, and with a necklace of beads I had borrowed from one of our recruits. We returned down through the yam plantations, cutting down the yam vines and banana trees, and on arrival on the beach we piled their canoes on three large heaps and set fire to them. The lesson they got was a severe one, but wholesome. And I know that they greatly benefited by it. I have

WOMAN AND CHILD OF AOBA, NEW HEBRIDES

Her loin cloth is of woven grass of very fine texture, and stained in pretty native patterns, red and black, in permanent and indelible dyes. Her bangles are boar's tusks. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

since visited them and they bear me no ill will for the part I took in the affair. They acknowledged to me that they were entirely to blame, and had brought the punishment upon themselves.

The next morning we left Hogg Harbour and sailed for Santa Maria, or Lacona, in the Banks group. McQuaker appeared to be getting worse, and I began to feel anxious about him. We could hardly get him to take any nourishment. He took a fancy to have a glass of wine, but we had not such a thing on board, although there was plenty of brandy and other spirits besides beer and stout, and he would have none of that stuff. On the evening of the second day after leaving Hogg Harbour we were nearing Lacona, but not till nine o'clock did we come to anchor. The second mate, who was also recruiter, was the only man now whom I could depend upon, as McQuaker was almost in a state of collapse.

We saw a light burning away upon the hill-side, which must be in the house, the recruiter said, of one of the Melanesian missionaries. So I sent him ashore to endeavour to obtain some wine if possible, but it was not obtainable. The house belonged to a native teacher.

In the morning hope revived when I heard the cheery cry of "Sail ho!" and looking seaward I saw the topsails of a vessel hull-down on the horizon.

It was a still, calm morning, and when I called, my boat's crew soon tumbled into their places. They made the boat travel through the water as fast as willing men could do. McQuaker had endeared himself to everyone on board. Soon a fresh breeze sprang up and the vessel stood in towards the land and gradually loomed up as we got nearer. When she sighted us she bore down towards us, and when nearer we made her out to be the *Ariel* from Brisbane, with F. C. Hornbrook in charge as Government Agent.

When he heard of McQuaker's condition he very kindly put some bottles of wine in his own boat and accompanied me back to the *Emily*. We found McQuaker's condition

to be worse, and he could not take any of the wine which he had craved for. He gradually sank and died within a few minutes of midnight. I went ashore in the morning and purchased a site for his burial. The news of his death spread over the island. Canoes came from far and near, and a strange procession followed William McQuaker to his last resting-place. He had told me that when a boy his great desire was to live among the South Sea Islands. He had thought of being a missionary, but his love of the sea led him to be a sailor. The longing of his boyhood's days induced him to join the missionary schooner, *John Williams*, and his ambition was realised.

The coffin with his remains was placed in one of the ship's boats and covered with the Union Jack. We put off from the ship, followed by the ship's boats, and in their wake followed a long line of canoes filled with naked savages, their great mops of fuzzy hair decorated with feathers and the bright red flowers of the hibiscus. On arrival at the grave-side we found assembled a small group of native converts, under the charge of the native teacher. And beside them about a thousand savages, all painted and bedecked with feathers and gay flowers, and all armed with bows and deadly poisoned arrows, as well as spears, clubs, and tomahawks. I read the burial service.

We erected a hard-wood cross at the head of the grave, on which was a copper plate giving the date of his death and his age, thirty-six years. The native teacher offered up a prayer in his own language, after which the native converts joined in singing a hymn.

There was nothing after this left for me to do but to order the ship back to Brisbane, as the licence to recruit labour for Queensland was taken out in the name of McQuaker.

So the black ball was lowered from the main-mast head; and we shaped a course for the south end of Santo, to take in a supply of wood and water for our requirements on our run home.

We passed the *Roderick Dhu* off the north end of Santo with our flag at half-mast. Two days afterwards, on the 23rd of December, we came to anchor at Cape Lisbon. Here we found the *Flora* of Brisbane. She was taking in wood and water preparatory to starting for her homeward trip, having got a full ship of returns. She was in a very leaky condition, and all on board the *Emily* considered it a very risky enterprise to attempt to navigate her to Queensland. However, she took her departure on the 24th.

On Christmas Day I took my gun and went for a ramble in the bush in quest of pigeons, and was successful in getting a good bag. In the course of my rambles I came on the scene of an old battle; the ground was strewn around with many skeletons. Some of them showed the cut of the tomahawk and the smash of the club.

Early on the morning of Boxing Day the crew and recruits were busy taking in wood and water, and they had their work completed by midday. All now being ready for sea, we weighed anchor and started on our way for Brisbane. We passed the north end of New Caledonia, and had a fine-weather passage all the way. After passing inside of Cape Moreton we saw the *Flora* right ahead of us beating up towards the Pile Lighthouse. She was met by a steamer there and was towed right up to Brisbane. We sailed up as far as Lytton and dropped anchor for the night; and were towed up to the city in the morning, accomplishing the run across, of eleven hundred miles, in seven days.

I handed over the twenty-seven recruits we had secured, together with all official papers and documents. And thus ended my cruise in the *Emily* brig.

She was lost the very next trip in the Malo Pass.

The interval before my appointment to the *Flora* was occupied in visiting several of the sugar-growing districts in North Queensland and with a voyage through the New Hebrides. After which I returned to Townsville.

Relieved of my responsibilities in connection with my last charge, I took passage by one of our comfortable coasting steamers, and duly arrived in Brisbane early in January, 1886, having enjoyed a charming run down the coast from Townsville. I will not here attempt to describe the wondrous beauty and ever-changing picturesque effects of the Whitsunday Passage ; but every traveller and tourist must be deeply impressed with the grandeur of Nature as he voyages through and between the beautiful pine-clad islets with their glittering silvery strands which stud the waters of the passage, and in the broad, bright sunlight feel very tempted to seek the cool shade of the dark green pines and lave in the clear, cool waters as the wavelets ripple on the sands.

Or again, in the brilliant moonlight and starlight, what a fairy-like panorama is presented to the sight, when the shadows of the tall pine trees are reflected on the waters, as they tower up towards the stars, like so many giant sentries protecting the isles from whence they spring. Ever and anon one is surrounded by a flock of screaming sea-birds disturbed from their quiet repose ; or in some narrower and secluded channel the soft, velvety fluff-fluff comes from the wings of some great night owl as he circles above one's head.

Those scenes of beauty have been described by abler pens than mine; but all that can be written or said in praise of the beauties of the Whitsunday Passage will never adequately describe its picturesque beauty.

I was met on arrival in Brisbane by Home P. Popham, who had just returned from his trip in the *Flora*. I accompanied him to a boarding-house on the North Quay, where we decided to put up, for we did not expect to be called upon for six weeks or two months, as all the Labour vessels in port required a good overhauling and many repairs.

The following steamer from Townsville brought Dr. Gaussen, who also joined us in our North Quay retreat.

The next few weeks were spent all too rapidly and

HAULING UP CANOES, FATUNA

The lower portions of these canoes are dug-out and the top parts planked, but they are clumsy and cumbersome (Rev. Dr. W. Gunn.)

pleasantly in garden, evening, theatre, and picnic parties, and shooting and fishing expeditions. And H. P. Popham was the merriest and jolliest of us all. Many and varied were the practical jokes we played on one another and the other boarders in the house, and as they were all good fellows we were like a large and happy family.

But all must come to the parting of the ways. Dr. Gaussen was the first to make a move. News from " Ould Ireland " required his presence there. So the night before his departure we gave him a right royal send off. In fact, it almost outrivalled " Tim Finnigan's Wake."

I was the next; my sailing orders came and I was appointed to take charge of the *Flora*. A new master was appointed ; and much to my satisfaction I found him to be a well-known and highly respected old Scottish Highlander, Donald MacDougall.

CHAPTER X

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE *FLORA*

Kindly Warning—The New Hebrides—A Hospitable Welcome—Cronstadt and Freeman—Dr. Paton—Aneitium—The New Hebrides Cotton Company—A Declining Population—Tanna—Captain Cook's Ring-bolts—A Superstitious People—Supernatural Powers—Retaliation—An Exchange of Fire—Dillon's Bay—Martyred Missionaries—Dynamiting Fish—A Painful Shellfish—Fine Fruit Trees—A Pleasant Visit—Havana Harbour—French Soldiers.

THE *Flora* was chartered by the Colonial Sugar Refining Company to land their return labourers, and also recruit one hundred and thirty fresh hands, or islanders, who had previously worked in Queensland or some other colony.

The night prior to sailing a great send-off supper was given me by my fellow-boarders, and the household journal was passed round containing a comical sketch by Popham, depicting the tomahawking of myself by sundry savages. In a facetious speech Popham took a long farewell of me, saying he never expected to see me again, for I was sure to fall a victim to the treachery of the savages, as I *would* go fossicking, hunting, and exploring in all sorts of dangerous and out-of-the-way places. Next day, with other officials, Popham accompanied me on board; and when he bade me good-bye in more serious mood he asked me to be more cautious in going among the islanders, as he considered I was at times too foolhardy and trusted the nature of the islanders too implicitly. I thanked him for his kindly warning, knowing it came from the bottom of his heart in all sincerity, as we were much attached to each other. Little did I think at the time that that was to be our final

parting; that we should never meet again in this life; or that he should fall a victim to the treachery he had so earnestly warned me against, and be foully murdered by the savages of Malayta.

The manner in which poor Popham and others met their death will subsequently be shown.

After clearing Moreton Bay we made a south-easterly course, getting pretty well down south and sighting Lord Howe Island as well as Norfolk Island before we shaped our course to clear New Caledonia, and reach the southernmost of the New Hebrides.

Old Skipper MacDougall was an experienced as well as a skilful seaman, and could gauge both wind and weather well, so that we made the island of Aneitium in two weeks from the time we left Brisbane. Passing by the fine harbour of Analguahat, we skirted along the shore and came to anchor at the place known as Anawunse. Before the anchor was let go a whale-boat was alongside, and we were boarded by Messrs. Cronstadt and Freeman.

They were both delighted to meet their old friend Captain MacDougall, and we all had urgent invitations ashore.

Viewed from the ship the residences of the Freemans and the Cronstadts appeared as ideal South Sea Island homes; those we used to read about in the bygone days of childhood. There stood the thatched houses, with their snow-white walls, nestling among the evergreens of orange, lemon, and citron trees, surrounded by gorgeous leaves and flowers of every hue, colour, and shade, while the lofty cocoa-nut palm trees waved their feathery plumes aloft. And the green grassy lawns in front stretched down to meet the coral strand.

We were not long in accepting the cordial invitations pressed upon us to visit the lovely island homes we so much admired from ship-board. Nor did we wait the furling of sails, making all snug, and lowering our own boats, but taking advantage of the boat in which our visitors had arrived, we, Captain MacDougall, Victor Carnie, and

myself, accompanied Messrs. Freeman and Cronstadt ashore in their own boat. We were met with a right hospitable welcome by Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Cronstadt, both accompanied by their numerous and happy children, all delighted to welcome old faces and make acquaintance with the new. Both families vied with one another in entertaining us; and during the few days we spent there, it was a continual round of feasting and merry-making. The Cronstadts and Freemans had started a whaling fishery some years previous to this, and had continued that industry nearly to the time of our visit, with more or less success. They were assisted by the natives. But latterly the natives did not seem so anxious or willing to continue; and Freeman and Cronstadt, beginning to feel the weight of years slowly crawling upon them, paid more interest to the copra trade, as it offered steadier employment and less hazardous work.

Besides working Aneitium together, Cronstadt would make trips to Aniwa and Fatuna in his boat, buying all the cocoa-nuts he could get at those places, while Freeman would take his whale-boat over to Tanna and trade with the natives there. These were very anxious times for their wives and young families, as the husbands and fathers had often to be away weeks at a time. Cronstadt had not much to fear from the natives at his places of call, as most of them were almost civilised and he was a great favourite with them. But what he had to fear most were the sudden gales of wind, often springing up without any warning at all. Being exposed to such a long sweep of unsheltered ocean, the sea, on approaching shoal water, rapidly rose in waves to mountain heights and broke in tempestuous fury, which at any moment might swamp and engulf for ever even the stout and staunch and well-handled whale-boats, in which Freeman and Cronstadt were accustomed to make their trips. But Freeman ran an extra risk and danger in that all his trading was with a wild, warlike, and turbulent people, ever ready and eager for a fray. Both

were men much to be esteemed and admired, and each had a personality of his own. Cronstadt had that quiet, kindly, and persuasive character which appealed to the kindly feelings of well-intentioned islanders; and so he was the most suitable man to go among the semi-civilised and partly Christianised natives of Fatuna and Aniwa.

Freeman, again, was made of sterner stuff, and was well adapted for the work he chose, that of trading with the wild, rowdy, and bullying Tanna men. Freeman would stand no nonsense from them and they knew it. He did all his trading from the stern of his whale-boat, his revolver loose in the pouch in his belt, and his Spencer lying ready to his hand (he was a great believer in his Spencer rifle). He took no liberties with the natives, and he allowed them to take none with him, and he always seemed to command their utmost respect. Even the most forward of the " flash " young bucks would put aside his swagger or braggadocio, which even his chief could hardly control, when addressed by Freeman.

I have subsequently been with Freeman in Tanna, and have seen for myself what I had heard from others. A man of Cronstadt's good nature and kindly disposition would always have been imposed upon by the Tanna men. If it is possible to make comparisons with men moving in the same localities and among the same people, but in totally different spheres of life, I have often been inclined to liken the venerable old Dr. Paton's character and disposition to those of Mr. Cronstadt in his dealings with the Tanna men. There is a missionary whom I could name, but of another denomination of the Christian Church, who had what I might call " the stiffening " to his back and the firmness and determination of Freeman, and who, although he had just as turbulent a lot of natives to deal with as the Tanna men, had them well in hand many years ago, and almost all Christianised to-day.

The revered old Dr. Paton did his very best, but the fruits of his work in Tanna are long in coming to maturity.

I do not say that the other missionary to whom I have alluded would have accomplished more in Tanna than what has already been done. But from what I have seen of his work in other parts, I am inclined to believe that he would have been equally successful in Tanna. But whether or no, he always held Dr. Paton in the highest esteem and acknowledged most devoutly the single-heartedness of Dr. Paton's self-sacrificing one desire to endeavour to raise from darkness to light the whole of the peoples and tribes of the New Hebrides. Yes, and of the whole world itself.

Looking at Aneitium from the sea, one is not struck with the rich tropical appearance so common to the other islands in the group. It has more of a dry, weather-beaten appearance, and is devoid of the dark green jungle which covers most of the other islands from base to summit. The coast-line only is fringed with thick, bushy vegetation, from which the palm trees seem to spring. And in the gullies on the hill-sides the dark, almost impenetrable scrubs seem to luxuriate. The remainder, for the most part, is open country, on which grows a coarse grass, with here and there great shady forest trees studding the mountain-sides.

Upwards of fifty years ago a Captain Paden made Aneitium his head-quarters, while he exploited the islands of Tanna and Erromanga for sandalwood. And from Aneitium he carried on a large trade with China. He left after thinking that he had exhausted all the available sandalwood. And after Paden's departure a family, named Underwood, settled on the island. They first started the whale fishery, and did well out of the industry for several years, employing the islanders as boats' crews.

The natives made excellent boatmen, but like most natives, they got lazy at their own island, and soon tired of the work after the novelty wore off. The Rev. Mr. Copeland, at that time missionary there, recognised the fact that idleness was not good for man, and that merely

growing their food and afterwards eating it did not tend to improve the natives either morally or physically. Since the advent of the missionaries fighting had almost been abolished. Something, he thought, must be done to occupy their minds and time, and so the Glasgow New Hebrides Cotton Company was started, and was placed under the charge of Mr. H. A. Robertson. The company flourished for a time, and although the labour was very congenial, Mr. Robertson felt drawn towards a higher calling, and resigning his position as manager of the cotton company on Aneitium, he went home to study and fit himself for missionary work in the New Hebrides. He is now the much-esteemed Rev. Dr. H. A. Robertson, who has done such great work in Erromanga. After his departure from Aneitium the work began to languish, owing to the usual disinclination to work on their own islands on the part of the natives, so that eventually the cotton-growing industry died out.

The island was not a favourite with recruiting vessels so far as their work was concerned, the numbers of natives engaged there for Queensland sugar plantations being very few at any time. Yet the population decreased so rapidly that in a few years the natives, who were numbered in thousands, had declined to eight or nine hundred at the time of the visit of the *Flora*.

All of the remnant professed to have embraced the Christian religion. And although the majority of the young men seemed fine, robust fellows, the mere want of occupation appeared to have such a deteriorating effect upon them that two or three more years would see them listless and decrepit-looking. The young lads and girls liked housework, but it took quite a number to do a very small amount. Consequently, the Cronstadts and the Freemans had a large retinue of domestics and retainers. Both families had a small mob of cattle each, with large herds of goats, besides pigs and poultry in large numbers. The homesteads were surrounded with a great variety of fruit trees, and their

vegetable gardens were quite a treat to see. The old saying, "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," is well exemplified here, as the old Queensland Labour vessel *Leslie* was wrecked in 1883 at this place, and her timbers and fittings became very useful in adding to and furnishing the settlers' houses.

Having thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of two of the kindliest families in all the South Seas, we again boarded the *Flora*, and shortly before midnight hove up the anchor and steered our course for Tanna, where we saw the light of the great volcano as it belched forth its flames to the sky.

About six o'clock in the morning, or four bells, we ran into Port Resolution, Tanna, and there we dropped our anchor. As there were many women and children among the natives assembled, it was easy to see that no trouble was to be anticipated. But they informed us that there was plenty of fighting on the other side, and advised us to be very careful in our dealings with their friends the enemy. But then, when was Tanna or when will Tanna be free from fighting? The people among whom we had landed were in their usual hilarious, boisterous state, always so marked with the Tanna men. They seem at all times to be overflowing with animal spirits. I had told our passenger (Mr. Carnie) about the ring-bolts which Captain Cook had screwed into the rocks in order to heave down his ship, when he first discovered and named this harbour. These had been visible until the earthquake so altered the topography of the harbour, and at the same time, I am afraid, swallowed up all trace of Captain Cook's ring-bolts.

However, Carnie was anxious to make an exhaustive search, and with liberal presents of tobacco, and the promise of a handsome reward to the finder, he soon enlisted a numerous search-party, and we set off in search of the missing ring-bolts. We searched high and low for them, but without avail, and I fear those ring-bolts are gone for

ever. The Tanna men could not understand the reason why such value should attach to two old rusty bolts. Their wonderful superstitious beliefs lead them to the conclusion that there must be some mysterious and occult virtue in the bolts in question. I was sure that after we left a long and diligent search would be made. Many of them said they had often seen the old ring-bolts before the earthquake.

Of all islanders the Tanna natives are the most superstitious I have ever met. They can always be influenced through their dread of the supernatural. This knowledge has too frequently been taken advantage of to the islanders' detriment and loss. I have often heard the account of how the one-eyed master of a Queensland Labour vessel and the one-legged master of a Samoan Labour vessel filled up their ships with recruits at Tanna. And this was the manner in which they worked their little plot.

Captains "One-eye" and "Timber-toe" met and anchored together at Tanna. They went ashore together, and called a meeting of chiefs and head-men, to whom they made presents in the way of pipes and tobacco, etc., with a little grog thrown in, I am told. After a pleasant confab, in which the great natural gifts and supernatural powers of the old shell-backs were explained flamboyantly, they casually suggested that they would like each, stating their number, so many recruits sent on board their respective ships. Failing to get the number of men or women required, they might be induced to cast a spell over each man on the whole island; even, as Captain "One-eye" said, to the extent of losing an eye, and suiting the action to the word, he plucked out his glass eye and dropped it on the sand. Captain "Timber-toe" went one better, and unscrewing his artificial mechanical leg, placed it beside the glass eye. To say that the horror of the impending calamity which might overtake them, flabbergasted all the natives present is needless. They were almost paralysed with fear. I know Captain "Timber-toe" well, and have

often seen his mechanical leg, which is such a good imitation that I am not surprised at the natives being taken in. The result was that the poor, superstitious natives were so imposed upon, that before sundown both ships had their full complement of recruits, and sailed away, the one for Queensland and the other for Samoa.

Captain "Timber-toe" tried the same ruse on a subsequent trip, but in the meantime his trick had been explained to the islanders, who took the affair in much better part than was to be expected. They pretended to greet him with great reverence, and invited him up to see a great chief who had heard of his great powers, but who was too old and feeble to come down to the seashore to see him. Old "Timber-toe" fell into the trap and was led away up a tortuous and rugged mountain track to interview the supposititious chief. When they had got him high up and well away from the sea-beach they laid hold of him and deprived him of his mechanical leg, and told him to get back to his ship the best way he could. You can well imagine the rage and mortification he felt when he discovered the trick the natives had played. It must have been a very trying and laborious journey he had, to get back down that rocky track with only one leg.

We had a few islanders to land at Black Beach. So we got under way and left Port Resolution, and cruised along the coast as far as Weacissie in the boats, the ship keeping abreast of us all the way. We spoke with several gatherings of natives at the different passages or landing-places, and bought what produce they had brought down for barter. That night we hove-to off Weacissie, and at daylight the following morning we made for the Black Beach anchorage. While passing the high cliffs between Weacissie and Black Beach we had a fusillade from the rifles of the natives ashore, which lasted about ten minutes. And not to be behind time we returned their fire. There was not much damage done on either side, although our sails

were pierced and some of the rigging cut, and splinters knocked out of the deck-houses.

As usual, a good crowd were waiting for us when we anchored at Black Beach, hoping that we were going to take in water there. But their immediate interests were soon attracted and monopolised by the landing of the return islanders with their boxes and effects. We put in the day there visiting the different passages, but saw no likelihood of getting any recruits. We went on to Erromanga, where the following morning we dropped anchor in Dillon's Bay, at the mouth of the Williams River.

The skipper, Carnie, and I were soon ashore, and were greeted by the Rev. H. A. Robertson, who at once insisted on our adjourning to his house, where he regaled us on fresh milk and scones with bananas and pineapple; after which refreshment he conducted us all round his homestead, where he showed us quite a farmyard, stocked with cows, horses, pigs, and poultry. Next he showed us the process of making arrowroot, and explained all about the drying and bagging of the article, and its export to Glasgow, where it is sold among friends and supporters of the mission, and the proceeds spent in defraying the cost of the publication of the Scriptures into the language as spoken on Erromanga.

He took us to the Martyrs' Memorial Church, where there is a tablet to the memory of the five missionaries who were massacred by the heathen of Erromanga, when they attempted to bring knowledge and truth and light to that dark and benighted island. Mr. Robertson and his young wife settled on Erromanga among those wild and murderous savages only three months after they had brutally slaughtered the last of the five martyr-missionaries, Mr. Gordon. There was then not one native Christian on the whole island, while to-day it is Mr. Robertson's proud and not idle boast that there is not among all the natives there one single heathen.

We next enjoyed a nice long ramble along the banks of the river. Mr. Robertson told us there were some fine

deep pools further up the river, where large bream and barramundy were to be obtained. He suggested that we should return next day and bring dynamite with us. I never hesitated in using dynamite in sea-fishing, as we could always use the large quantities killed. But I had a strong objection to making use of it in a fresh-water stream, where one might permanently injure good spawning and breeding grounds, besides killing many young fish left maturing in the deep pools of the upper reaches. I would not be so particular about the lower reaches of a tidal stream. But as Mr. Robertson and the natives were anxious to have a day's sport with dynamite we consented.

The first deep pool we came to measured about ten feet deep, forty feet wide, by about seventy long. Into this we threw a plug of dynamite, and in a few seconds the water rose like a huge umbrella, and vast numbers of great silvery bream and barramundy came to the surface, all in different stages of the throes of death. Many recover and swim away after a time. We dropped plugs into several other deep pools with similar results, and all hands returned to the village burdened with fish.

In one water hole I happened to tread on some small round shells covered with sharp spikes from a quarter to half an inch in length. These spikes penetrated the soles of my feet and broke off, causing acute pain, and necessitated me lying on my back while the natives extracted the spikes with a sharp thorn plucked from a tree. After rubbing my soles with some slimy mud from the bank of the stream the pains soon vanished.

A long stretch of the road back to the village was lined with orange trees, bearing far more fruit than ever could be consumed by the natives. The village itself was completely shaded by great bread-fruit and chestnut trees.

The chestnut is not the same as the European species, but closely resembles it. The nut itself is about twice as large, and has a hard, rough outside shell. The kernel, when baked, is wholesome and of fine flavour.

ANALGUAHAT HARBOUR, ANEITIUM
(Rev. Dr. W. Gunn.)

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson were most hospitable and entertaining. Their table was loaded with island delicacies. One special and uncommon dish was salad made from the inside top of the cocoa-nut tree. The evenings we spent in music and singing, and we enjoyed more especially the "auld Scotch songs." And every night was brought to a close with family worship attended by all the native servants.

Three days we thus spent pleasantly roaming about the lovely valley of the Williams River, while Mr. Robertson showed us everything of interest. The shed he now uses as a boat-house was originally built by Glisson, the first Queensland Government Agent. Out of that shed Glisson sold sixty-two thousand pounds' worth of sandalwood.

The *Flora* having now obtained all the wood and water required, we bade farewell to our kind host and hostess and sailed for Sandwich, or Efaté, where we arrived in thirty hours, and came to anchor in Havana Harbour. The sight which met our view when we cleared the point on which the Presbyterian Mission stands took us completely by surprise, and that was nothing more or less than a company of French soldiers going through their drill.

Naturally we came to the conclusion that the annexation of the New Hebrides had become an accomplished fact. On making enquiries ashore we could not learn much, except that another company of soldiers had gone on to be stationed at Port Sandwich, in Malikolo. The troops in Havana Harbour were housed in thatched huts, in a compound surrounded by a high stockade. The officers were quartered in the house which had been built for the managers of the French company. In fine weather the officers took their meals and spent their time in a kiosk erected under some great shady trees close to the water's edge.

The French officers welcomed us ashore, and were very courteous and affable, and were generous in their hospitality. They spoke with seeming disgust of their surroundings, and said they had only been sent there for a

change, and bemoaned their sad fate at having been sent to such a heaven-forsaken place. No doubt the movement was an attempt on the part of the French Government to feel the pulse of the British public, and see how far they could go towards carrying out their aims eventually to annex the New Hebrides.

CHAPTER XI

Port Sandwich—A Good Naval Base—Burying the Tomahawk—Sandy—Mischief—A Hard Taskmaster—Hideous Decorations—Boar-tusk Ornaments—Pigs a Wealth—Hairless Pigs—The Women of Malikolo—Native Costumes—Superstition and Magic—Poisoned Arrows—A Typical Amazon—An Elopement—Pursuit—A Tragedy—Flight.

HAVING made a few purchases at the stores and posted letters for home, we cleared out of Havana Harbour and continued our voyage north, calling at Makura, Mai, Tongoa, and Api, where we landed returns as we cruised along. But no success crowned the efforts of our Recruiting Agent in his endeavour to secure labourers. Wherever we went the natives appeared to be in a much more settled state than they were on my previous visit. We experienced no trouble when landing our returns. The news that two companies of French troops had arrived and were stationed in the group had, I believe, a quietening effect upon them.

From Api we crossed over to Malikolo and anchored in Port Sandwich. There, as we expected, we found the second company of French troops. The natives were very hostile to the troops, and accused them of many atrocities, saying that numbers of natives had been wantonly shot.

Most of the soldiers were down with fever. But that state of affairs was not to be wondered at, when one saw that the troops had been landed without any previous arrangements having been made for their arrival. Immediately after landing they had to set to work to cut

down and clear the dense virgin scrub. The place was completely land-locked, with very little chance of getting the benefit of a breeze. Working there under a broiling sun, inhaling the fetid, rank atmosphere arising all round them, most were seized by the miasma and many succumbed to the malarial fever.

In choosing two such sites as Havana Harbour and Port Sandwich, France endeavoured to secure the only safe hurricane harbours in the whole group. From a strategical point of view, Port Sandwich is one of the best, if not the best naval base in these seas. It is surrounded on all sides by high, precipitous mountains, with a narrow but deep entrance from the sea. Roomy enough to accommodate a large number of vessels, it can so shelter them that not one could be seen from the outside. If this magnificent harbour were ever to become part or portion of a foreign Power, the people who allowed such a loss to the British flag would be cursed by generations of yet unborn Australians.

From Port Sandwich we crossed over to the island of Ambrym, and landed several returns at South-East Point.

We noticed that none of the natives carried arms or weapons of any kind; and on enquiry they told us that all fighting on the island was at an end, and the carrying of weapons had been tabooed. This was confirmed when later on we met Captain Champion and George Craig, traders and settlers on Ambrym. They informed us that a Peace Convention had been held by the chiefs and headmen. The tomahawk had been buried and the carrying of fire-arms forbidden.

At every little landing-place and passage wherever we called we were pleased to see signs of peace and goodwill among the large crowds of natives who came down to meet us. The men dressed in a broad belt about six inches wide, made from the bark of a tree, and a strip of dried pandanus

leaf. The women wore very short grass skirts, very much resembling the short skirts worn by the ballet girls in our pantomimes. In fact, it would almost seem as if one had copied the other in dress and fashion.

The *Flora* anchored for the night under Dip Point. The sun was just about setting, but as there was a large gathering on the beach, we visited them with the boats before going on board. Here we were received by my small friend Sandy, whom I landed with his men last trip. He expressed unbounded delight at meeting us again, and he was most profuse in his expressions of joy at seeing his old master, Mr. Carnie, at his own island, and eagerly pressed him to come up and spend the night in his village. Mr. Carnie declined the invitation. As we were preparing to go on board our ship, Sandy begged of us to be sure to come ashore in the morning, and was most magnanimous in his promises to heap showers of presents in the way of fruits and vegetables, etc., on Mr. Carnie, his much esteemed and "good-fellow-master."

I was rather surprised the following morning when Mr. Carnie said he intended remaining on board ship for the first part of the day. I thought it rather unusual of him after the effusive welcome he had from Sandy and his followers, and especially as he had never omitted accompanying me in my boat before; however, I made no remark. But I was still more surprised when on going ashore at Sandy's Passage we were surrounded by Sandy and his men, every one of whom carried his rifle. Sandy's first query was, "Where Mr. Carnie?" I told him that Mr. Carnie was remaining on board during the early part of the day. He then wished me to send off one boat for Mr. Carnie, as he said he had "plenty presents for Mr. Carnie." On asking where the presents were he pointed to the scrub, saying, "Altogether stop there." Of course, I saw at once that they meant mischief. There was not a woman or child to be seen anywhere.

I then started to banter Sandy in a quiet sort of way, telling him I understood that all carrying of weapons had been tabooed, and expressing surprise that he, of all others, should so soon break an injunction passed by the chiefs and head-men all over the island. I also passed remarks on the absence of women and children; and told him to send up for the children so that I could have some fun with them, scattering trifles among them to enjoy the sport of their scrambling and tumbling over each other to secure the prizes, and running races for pieces of fancy prints. After getting them all in a good humour I told them that Mr. Carnie reckoned that it was too early in the morning to die, but if they were still of the same mind in the afternoon I would ask Mr. Carnie if he could not see his way to oblige them by going ashore after dinner to be shot, as I was quite aware of the purpose for which they had all come down armed with rifles.

Sandy then started to relate the woes and vexations he had to put up with in Queensland. Mr. Carnie had been a very hard taskmaster according to Sandy's account. He had called Sandy a "lazy devil," and had imposed tasks upon him which he had not given others to do. One in particular seemed to rouse all Sandy's wrath as he recounted it. Seemingly it was a sort of fatigue duty, as two marks were made in the ground about twenty paces apart, and between these two marks Sandy had to carry a brick and place it alternately on each spot, immediately picking it up again and retracing his steps to place the brick on the mark he had lifted it from a few seconds previously. And all the time he was watched while at this work by a burly Tanna man, who applied a cane to his back if he showed any signs of lagging. Sandy worked himself up into such a frenzy of passion while reciting his grievances, that it took a considerable amount of tact to pacify him.

Had Mr. Carnie been present I am sure he would have fared badly.

We returned to the ship at 1 p.m. for luncheon, and when I related what had transpired ashore Mr. Carnie said he fully expected they would have had a trap ready for him. The skipper at the same time concluded that it was no use wasting any more time at Ambrym, so the same afternoon we got under way, crossed over to Malikolo again, and anchored before sundown in Bushman's Bay. We fired off our usual salute with our cannon after sunset, and when the night became darker we sent up rockets and illuminated the ship with blue lights.

This pyrotechnic display had the effect of bringing down a large number of bushmen to the beach in the morning. They were very suspicious of us at first, and it was some time before they gained sufficient confidence to come near our boats. But eventually they plucked up sufficient courage, and shortly afterwards we were surrounded with about as ugly a crowd of savages as ever we had met. Their faces and bodies were hideously daubed with paint of various colours. Many wore masks of grotesque and frightful features. Their woolly heads were profusely decorated with feathers and flowers, while their limbs were adorned with bracelets and bangles of many kinds. Some of the bracelets and bangles were made from wood, pearl-shell, and turtle-shell, but the most important and valuable were the natural tusks of the boar. Great care and attention are paid to the growth of these tusks.

In order that they shall attain a great size and perfect shape, the boars are tied up or tethered for years to prevent their grinding their tusks down on rocks or against trees, as the wild boars do to keep their tusks in good fighting condition. Besides tying the boars up and carefully feeding them, the natives knock several of the teeth out of the upper jaw, so as not to impede the gradual curving of the tusk. In many instances I have seen the tusk not only making a complete circle, but re-entering the lower jaw again and passing right through the bone and out again.

In Malikolo a man's rank and social position is generally

reckoned by the number of pigs he owns. He keeps rising in the social scale according to the number of tusk boars he kills at a feast. There are two other species of pigs, one of which is hairless and is rarely met with in the northern islands of the group. I do not know why the islanders value the hairless pig so highly unless it is on account of its scarcity. It is not much to look at, having a long head shaped something like that of a greyhound, and a smooth, sleek, bluish-looking skin, as bald of hair as the palm of a man's hand. The natives take better care of this kind than they do of their own pelts or those of their children, as the pigs are washed to keep them cool and well oiled and petted. When a man pays a visit to another village to exhibit some of his stock, or talk pig with his neighbours, he leads his pig by a rope attached to the fore leg, while his wife walks behind with bamboos containing water which she has to keep sprinkling over his majesty the pig's back in case he should be inconvenienced by the heat of the sun.

The Malikolo man esteems his pigs far higher than he does his wives or daughters. In all my experience I have never seen women meet with so little respect as the native women of Malikolo. They are for the most part only drudges and slaves. In almost all cases a woman has been bought when practically a child, and becomes the wife or one of the wives of the man who purchased her when he is well up or old in years. Each wife lives in a small humpy by herself close to that of her husband, but accompanied by any children under ten or twelve years of age; while the husband sleeps in his hut, surrounded by his beloved pigs. Every boy, when he attains the age of ten or twelve years, is taken to the "Amil" or "Taboo" house, where he is circumcised and initiated into some of the tribal rites. Then for a number of days he is isolated from the outside world. After that he is a stranger to his mother and sisters, and they are required to avert their faces should they happen to meet. Along the wayside the mother and sisters must

crouch and bend their heads as he goes by, in the same manner as they do before any other man.

The costume of the Malikolo men is much the same as that worn by the Ambrym men, i.e. the broad belt made from the bark of a tree or cocoa-nut cloth, with a strip of pandanus leaf or other matting. But the women—unlike the Ambrym women, who wear the jaunty little grass ballet-dancers' skirts—wear only a narrow girdle of woven grass about their loins. Malikolo is the head centre in the group for superstition, magic, and mystery ; hence the missionaries who have settled on the island subsequent to the time I write of have found more opposition to their work and difficulties to surmount than on any other island of the group.

For generations it was the custom for large numbers of islanders from all the surrounding islands to come to Malikolo to be initiated into the heathen rites and customs and be taught the superstitions, and learn the strange and wild savage dances from the magicians or medicine men, who are held as sacred beings, supposed to be possessed of super-human attributes, and to be able to cause the wind and rain to come and go at their pleasure ; and to hold the power of sickness and disease, as well as life and death, over their fellows.

The bushmen who surrounded us that morning in Bush-man's Bay were all fully armed. Many had Snider rifles, while others had bows with deadly poisoned arrows. The arrows were made of a strong reed, tipped with about three inches of human bone, tapering off to a fine needle-point and steeped in decaying human flesh, besides being plastered thickly with a composition of human flesh and vegetable poison. Each arrow-point was encased in a small sheath made from bark, while the bundle of six or ten arrows was carried in a waterproof bark case. Other weapons they carried were long spears, the points being carved human leg bones.

Clubs, wooden swords, and tomahawks they also had in plenty. While in confab with the natives around us, some others approached the ship in small canoes they had hidden in the scrub; and they soon returned with the news that we had some half-dozen of their own people on board among the return islanders, waiting our report from the shore as to whether it would be safe for them to land or not. Many of those on shore expressed a desire to go off with us to the ship and meet their friends. Accordingly we took with us as many as wished to come. We were surprised on our arrival on board to find the only female return we had for that place had discarded her European dress, and was costumed merely in a belt, from which was looped both in front and behind a long roll of fancy print and calico, so draped as to leave her untrammelled in the event of fight or flight. A second belt round her waist contained a loaded revolver and about fifty rounds of cartridges, while over her shoulder and across her breast she carried a bandolier of cartridges for the Snider rifle which she was nursing in the hollow of her left arm. She looked the typical Amazon. Anyhow, she was the emancipated Malikolo woman.

The men who accompanied me on board were confounded as she most volubly harangued them in their own language. They seemed so nonplussed that they did not even deign to reply to her. She then turned to me and in English explained that she was of higher birth than most women on the island, as she was the daughter of a chief long dead, who ruled a tribe near South-West Bay; that on her father's death she had been sold to one of the head-men of the tribe above Bushman's Bay. There she had been brought up from early years until her owner wanted to add her to the number of his wives, now some four years ago. In the meantime she loved a young fellow about her own age; but their affection for one another was kept secret from all others.

She loathed the man who purchased her, and when she discovered that he was about to take her as his wife, she determined to escape and elope with the young fellow who reciprocated her affections. So the night before the intended bridal celebrations she took to the bush, having first secured a rifle and supply of cartridges. And she was almost immediately joined by her lover. Their flight was discovered early next morning, and the would-be husband and friends were soon in pursuit. Having long contemplated an attempt of this kind, both she and her lover had been reconnoitring for months past the safest tracks to take, and also the most secure hiding-places. So they were able to keep out of their enemies' way for upwards of a week, although they were closely followed, and they doubled on their tracks several times. Their only hope of ultimate escape was to get to the coast and there board a trader or Labour vessel. But the coast-line was too well patrolled to allow them to effect their purpose.

One day, as they were getting close to the coast, and thinking that they had eluded their pursuers, they were discovered by the deserted husband-to-be and a number of his friends. Both parties opened fire, and her lover was wounded in the side. The two then retreated among some dense scrub running down into a rocky gorge, where they were followed by the enemy. By this time her lover was getting weak from loss of blood, which they succeeded in stanching by the application of some spiders' webs. Dodging from boulder to boulder, on came their enemies, ten in number. The would-be husband led the way, closely followed by his brother. Lying concealed behind a rock, the young woman, with her rifle in rest, watched the approach of the man she hated. Then, when he was close enough and she was sure of her aim, she pulled the trigger and sent the soul of her enemy to drive the spirits of his deceased pigs through the dreary shades of Lelemis, the spirit land of the Malikolo men.

No sooner did he fall than the lover shot down the brother,

but it was his last shot, as he fell with a groan pierced by a bullet from one of the other pursuers. The young woman brought another of her enemies down with her rifle before bounding away through the gully and again taking shelter in the scrub. She was not aware whether her lover was mortally wounded, but she knew that if she were captured she would be put to a fearful death. Therefore she kept to the mountain tracks, which were most difficult of access, and by them made her way down to Port Sandwich. There, to her joy, she saw a vessel lying at anchor. She did not know where the vessel was from nor where she was bound to. She only knew that if once she could get on board she would be safe from the vengeance of her countrymen.

Slowly she made her way in the darkness towards the beach, ever haunted by the fear of evil spirits and goblins abroad in the bush at night. She reached the salt water by break of day; and wading out in the water abreast of the ship, she beckoned with a green branch, and her signal was immediately answered by the two boats pulling fast towards her. Fortunately the vessel was a Queensland one, and she was well cared for and taken to Ingham, on the Herbert River.

During her stay in Queensland she heard contradictory reports about her lover from time to time, brought by men and women who had been recruited from near Bushman's Bay to work in Queensland. Some were that he had died from his wounds, others that he had recovered; but none stated that he had been killed in the gorge where he fell. She reckoned as her owner and intending husband had been killed by herself, her lover being the son of a head-man could easily be exonerated from his part in the affair by the payment of a few pigs to the relatives of the dead men. If he were still alive and wanted her she would go ashore there and then and meet him on the beach, when she thought she had sufficient of worldly goods to pay over and condone her offence. None of the men who had

come on board with me would deign to give her any reply; but her shipmates, who had to some extent got over the exalted state in which their countrymen deem themselves superior to mere woman, spoke freely with her, and advised her to go ashore and communicate with the women there.

CHAPTER XII

A Gorgeous Dandy—An Emancipated Woman—The North-East Islands—An Animated Scene—Poisons—The Fascination of the Islands—Death by Poison—The "Fighting Woman"—The Malo Pass—A Strong Tide—A Tropical Shower—Good Sport.

EVERYTHING being now ready to land the return islanders with their goods and chattels, our Amazon chose to get in my boat, while the others went with the recruiting agents. We were all, as well as the natives ashore, much impressed with the costume of one of the returns. His head was adorned with a black silk "bell-topper," or what sailors style a "gaff-topsail" hat, round which was wound a red silk pugaree; the coat he wore was the scarlet tunic of a Black Watch or 42nd Highlander; he had white mole-skin trousers, with bright yellow leather leggings, spurs on the heels of his boots, and a heavy metal-topped riding crop in his hand. To add to his fascinating appearance he had painted some bright streaks across his face with red lead. He was the first to jump ashore, where he was the admired of all beholders. They took stock of him from head to foot, uttering many exclamations of wonderment and delight as they took in every detail of his magnificence. He was a humorous character; and as we watched him, he would frequently bring his spurred heel round with a back kick and catch some of his unsophisticated countrymen on the bare part of their anatomy, causing frequent yells of surprise, if not pain, from his victims, accompanied by yells of delight from the bystanders.

I had my boat backed on to the beach, and our Amazon,

with her loaded rifle over her arm, stepped out and walked right up to a crowd of women who were huddled all together like a lot of scared sheep. The women soon formed a circle about her, and after about five minutes' conversation with them she returned to the boat and told me that she believed the women were deceiving her; as some said that her lover had left in a ship some years ago, while others said he had quite forgotten her and had two wives of his own now. Then standing up in the stern sheets of my boat she harangued the whole crowd ashore, both men and women, sometimes in their own language and sometimes breaking into English for the benefit of us in the boats. She called the men cowards and bullies, and stated that she was better than any two or more of them, as she had killed two of their number before leaving the island, and had safely escaped from the whole of them.

The women she reviled as poor, insignificant slaves, without the spirit of a worm, and exhorted them to rebel against the tyranny of man. She instanced the state of white women in Queensland, who had no work to do, but had only to amuse themselves and go about clothed in beautiful raiment, adorned with jewels and gold bangles, while the white men worked so that their women could obtain every pleasure and enjoyment. The men answered never a word; but it was my candid opinion that if this apparent virago's former lover was still one of their number he kept very much in the background and "lay low" rather than renew acquaintance with his old sweetheart. He would, indeed, have been a bold man who would have thrown in his lot with a lady of such broad views and advanced ideas, especially in Malikolo.

She wound up by saying that she held both her countrymen and countrywomen in contempt, and would leave them again in disgust. Also that some day in the future they might have another visit from her when they least expected it, and her welcome then might be a very different one.

Her whole manner and address seemed to put a damper on the spirits of all the savages ashore. The gay-costumed character advised the recruiter that no man from his district would venture near the ship so long as his outspoken countrywoman remained on board.

We could see no sign of natives anywhere else along the shores of the bay; and as we intended remaining until next morning we spent the remainder of the day killing large shoals of fish with dynamite, taking all who wished to enjoy the sport along with us from the ship. Mr. Carnie and I, going inland some distance, managed to get half a dozen duck close to a water hole. Getting under way shortly after daylight next morning we cruised along the coast under easy sail, the boats all the time keeping in touch with the natives wherever we happened to see them. Although they had plenty of produce to barter, none of them showed any inclination to recruit for Queensland. In this manner we passed through Port Stanley, and kept on to what are known as the North-East Islands, where we anchored, about an hour before sundown, between the islands of Rano and Walla.

The scene around us began to present a very lively appearance, as the women were by this time returning to their small island homes from their work on the plantation on the large island, where they cultivate yams and taro. We were soon surrounded by hundreds of canoes; and as they had sighted the ship early in the day while we were working along the coast they brought great quantities of yam, taro, and cocoa-nuts on board to barter. Men, boys, and small children brought many beautiful shells to exchange for pipes, tobacco, beads, etc.

Among the shells, that of the nautilus seemed to predominate after the beautiful spotted cowries, which they had by the bucketful. Our return islanders were eagerly engaged in what seemed to me to be a secret or surreptitious trade with two or three of the head-men from ashore, and

made every endeavour to conceal their transactions from me. So, watching my opportunity, I managed to intercept the material under traffic. This was composed of a powder resembling ground charcoal contained in small bamboo tubes, and was supposed to be a sort of love potion. They had different kinds and in different colours, to be used in different ways. Some of the powders were to be mixed with the food or drink, while others were merely to be sprinkled on the objects of affection. But some of the bamboo tubes contained, I am quite sure, other than the simple love potions. It is a well-known fact amongst those acquainted with the New Hebrides that the Ambrym and Malikolo natives are manufacturers and compounders of some very subtle and virulent poisons. The secret is known to certain sects or families, and is handed down from generation to generation. The small group of North-East Islands of Malikolo was one of the principal rendezvous for the large canoes from Malo, Santo, Aoba, Pentecost, and Ambrym, in order to purchase those evilly concocted compounds.

In the evening, after sundown, when the natives had gone ashore, we received a visit from the only white trader in these parts. He proved to be an old acquaintance, named Harry Hutton, who for several years had acted as a recruiting agent on board Queensland Labour vessels. Like many of his kind, the life among the South Sea Islands had taken hold of him with such a fascination that he made up his mind to spend the rest of his days luxuriating in the joys and pleasures of the unconventional, afar from the worries and vexations of civilisation.

He said he was quite happy and contented, and had nothing to trouble him from morning till night, or night till morning, nor from week's end unto week's end. As long as he treated the natives fairly, they treated him in like manner. And as he always got along with them on excellent terms, and never took any part in their petty squabbles or quarrels, he had nothing to apprehend from them.

The natives recognised that he was the principal agent through whom they got their tobacco and other products of the white man's manufacture. Probably that fact induced them to hold their hands. Otherwise Harry Hutton might have fallen a victim to some of their subtle poisons, if not to the more sudden club or tomahawk. He knew his safety lay in taking up his residence among the people on the small island of Rano. Had he lived on the mainland he would have been murdered for a certainty, and his death blamed on some bush tribe.

I know of three such cases on the island of Ambrym. Harry Bowen, Joseph Booth, and M. Labelle—a Frenchman whose guest I have frequently been—were all poisoned by the natives. Those in the immediate neighbourhood invariably stated that the bushmen had come down to trade with the white men and had treacherously poisoned them. Booth and Bowen were killed for plunder. M. Labelle was put to death on account of the dislike entertained by the natives.

Labelle frequently told me he expected to be poisoned by them. The fact that none of his effects were touched by the natives does away with any idea that he was killed for plunder; and the fact that the natives buried him instead of cooking and eating him shows that he was not killed for feasting purposes. I afterwards heard that his body was exhumed by order of the captain of a French man-o'-war, and the stomach taken to Noumea to be analysed. Also that no trace of poison could be found. The natives from Aoba, who were in Labelle's employ at the time of his death, told me that his body swelled to an enormous size immediately after he was dead.

Harry Hutton brought the news that the natives about the small North-East Islands knew before we arrived that we had "the fighting woman" from Bushman's Bay on board, as the news had travelled rapidly overland; and that so long as she remained on board the ship we need not

expect any Malikolo recruits for Queensland. As Lady Malikolo had no desire for the present to land anywhere in her own country, we took Harry Hutton's advice, and shortly after sunrise the following morning we got under way.

It was now our intention to make for Cape Lisbon, on Santo, and with that object in view we ran through the Bougainville Straits between Malikolo and Malo, with a fine fresh breeze and a six-knot current to assist us. We would have fetched Cape Lisbon early in the day, but as the barometer began to fall and the look of the weather was rather ominous and threatening, the skipper and I deemed it advisable to alter our plans and run for the Malo Pass. Accordingly we hauled up in the wind, and just on eight bells (midday) we anchored under the north-west corner of Malo at the west-end entrance to the Malo Pass.

The Malo Pass has rather a bad reputation among shipping circles, so bad, in fact, that the insurance companies would not take any risks on vessels going through the Pass. So many vessels had come to grief there, that there was some justification for the action taken by the companies. But the only dangers are so apparent that any man exercising common judgment and discretion could easily negotiate the Pass with perfect safety.

In the first place the main thing to observe is the tremendously rapid tide which rushes through the Pass at ebb and flow. There are few faster tide rips to be met with among the islands. I have seen only one to equal and beat it in the Old Country, and that is the wonderful tide rush down through Loch Epoch, in North Uist, Scotland. A steamer might stem the strength of the tide, but it would be folly on the part of any one to attempt it with a sailing vessel of any sort.

The only other danger necessary to guard against is an occasional reef running out from the shores on either side. The principal reef, which has brought up several vessels,

is at the north-east end of the Pass, and it forms rather a narrow entrance to the Pass there. The reefs are well defined on the modern charts, but even before the existence of charts a moderately good look-out could easily see them with the naked eye before approaching too near to them. The mishaps which occurred there were invariably due to carelessness, and in some instances I believe the shipwrecks were prearranged.

As there were no stormy seas in the Pass there was no fear of loss of life by shipwreck, and as the natives were few in numbers and never very hostile there was not much to apprehend from them. Consequently the place was an ideal one to cast a ship away when she became too old or a sort of "white elephant" to her owners.

Shortly after anchoring the weather seemed to take another change for the better, and the clouds cleared away from the hill-tops, which rose in a gentle slope from the water's edge to a height of fifteen hundred feet. The sun shone brilliantly and lit up the beauties of the ever-changing hues of the rich foliage of the many kinds of trees and bush and waving palms ashore. We had a couple of returns to land on Malo abreast of the South-East Islands' anchorage, and we intended later on going there with the ship. But as the two returns were very impatient to get home, and Lady Malikolo had "chummed" in with them, and had made her own arrangements to accompany them, we decided to take advantage of the tide, and having nothing else particular to do we got the boats ready and ran down through the Pass to land the three islanders at the South-East Islands. A gentle breeze came down from the slopes of the hill-side, just sufficient to fill our lug-sails.

But soon we got into the full force of the tide, and went sweeping through the Pass at racing speed. The sensation was most exhilarating and delightful. Each boat seemed to vie with the other in leading the way; they alternately passed one another, and every now and

then gathered fresh momentum and velocity and went shearing through the water. First the one and then the other would forge ahead, just as the full force of the tide happened to catch them just about amidships and carry them forward with a roaring dash right on the crest of the tide rip.

We were just about clear of the Pass when a sudden thunder-storm came rolling down upon us from over the hill-tops. And it was a typical tropical rain shower! It could not be said to rain, or pour, or teem! The cloud simply emptied itself upon us, and the process lasted about five minutes. But in that time the boat was nearly full of water. Fortunately each boat carried some of the gear and effects of the return islanders we were about to land, and among their possessions were a number of basins, buckets, and other utensils, and they were soon requisitioned to bale out the water. The ordinary boat-balers would have been quite inadequate for the purpose. Although all of us were drenched to the skin, our fire-arms were well protected from the rain by the waterproof gun-covers all round the gunwales of the boats. The storm passed away just as suddenly as it came upon us, and after it was gone we lost no time in pulling for the place where we had to land our three returns.

The natives ashore had seen our boats a long way off, and when we arrived at the landing-place we were met by large numbers who had brought fruits and vegetables, as well as fowls and sucking pigs, to barter. After landing the returns, who met with a kindly reception, even including Lady Malikolo, we purchased all the stuff the natives had brought down to barter. Feeling rather uncomfortable in our wet clothes we got away as quickly as we could, and pulled over to the largest of the South-East Islands, none of which are permanently inhabited; we pulled up our boats on the beach, determined to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow. We reckoned it would be several hours before the tide turned, and knew it

would be a very tedious job to pull against it, and so decided to remain there until midnight, when we could depend on bright moonlight and the tide in our favour on our return journey to the ship.

We soon had some flaring fires at which we hung our clothes to dry. Leaving the boats' crews to look after the fires and cook some yams and bread-fruit in real island fashion, Carnie and I, with as scanty raiment as decency would allow, set off with our shot-guns to see what we could bag for the larder. Carnie took to the scrub and cocoa-nut trees, while I made for some waste-looking reef-land, sparsely covered with low, stinted bushes around numerous water holes. Every now and then I heard Carnie's gun bang, and at every report from his gun away in the scrub a flock of snipe were sure to rise close to me among the low bushes; consequently I had some good shooting, and returned in less than half an hour with about thirty pair of snipe.

CHAPTER XIII

The Yam—A Late Supper—Back to the Ship—Sharks—An Old Friend—Lantour—A Dead Chief—A Funeral Ceremony.

A FEW minutes after my return to our camp fires, Carnie turned up with between thirty and forty pigeons. In the meantime the recruiter had killed some fish with dynamite close to the camp in a crevice in the reef. The fish had been cleaned and were broiling on the red-hot embers, having first been rolled in broad green leaves. The boats' crews had also killed and roasted some of the fowls we had bought from the natives. We all had splendid appetites, and we sat down to a repast which we enjoyed as much as any we ever partook of in our lives.

The yams were cooked to perfection. To appreciate a yam thoroughly it should be cooked by a native, in the native style, and only then can one really realise that for delicacy of flavour and relish the yam is not only equal to, but far superior to the potato. After eating heartily of our improvised meal, which we washed down with the delicious juice of the young green cocoa-nuts, we lit our pipes, and lying back on couches made up of dried cocoa-nut leaves, we gave ourselves up to the indolent enjoyment of watching the moon rise and the millions of stars so brightly twinkling from the dark blue dome of heaven.

Soothed by the peace and stillness all around, broken only by the hearty laugh of some of our native boats' crews as they sat around the camp fires, spinning yarns to one

another, we soon dropped off into a sound and comfortable sleep.

We were wakened about midnight by some of the boatmen, who reported that the tide had turned, and we would have it all the way in our favour back through the Malo Pass to the ship. But before making a start the boys told us we had better have some supper; and to our surprise and their delight at their achievements we found that some of them had gone crab-catching in the moonlight and had been very successful, as they had quite a large number and had boiled them in the boats' balers, while some of the others had prepared and roasted snipe and pigeons on the ends of their steel ramrods. We made an excellent supper off crabs, birds, and roasted yams, accompanied by liberal draughts of young cocoa-nut juice which grew in abundance all around us.

Well fortified in the inner man we went down to the beach, launched our boats, and with a bright, clear moon overhead and a fast and flowing tide beneath us we swept again out into the night propelled by the oars in the hands of eight swarthy and powerful rowers. We were not long in gaining the mouth of the Pass, where we were soon surrounded by the rushing, swirling turmoil of waters, which seemed to embrace us with a loving clasp and hurry us headlong onwards in the wild race to the other end.

We had not gone quite half-way through the Pass when we saw lights where we thought lights ought not to be. They shone on the water under the shadow of the high land close inshore. So making for them we were all very pleased to find they were the lights from the old *Flora* shining so brightly to welcome us back.

The skipper said he had taken advantage of the slack tide to follow us into the Pass, and before the tide turned again he managed to anchor about half-way through, under the shelter of Malo, where he was pretty well out of the current and on good holding ground. As it was still very early in the morning we turned into our bunks for a few

more hours' sleep. At four bells (6 a.m.) we were up and over the side swimming and diving under the ship, our invariable practice when lying at anchor. Of course, we always had a good look-out kept for sharks from the ship, as we had frequently too many visits from these undesirable monsters.

Many a voracious brute we caught on our shark hooks and despatched with our rifles.

While enjoying our early bath in the salt water alongside the ship we were disturbed by the cry of "Sail ho!" from the deck; so, quickly clambering on board, we saw a whale-boat under sail approaching us from the island of Aore, an island forming part of the north side of the Malo Pass. Before the boat could reach our side I recognised, by the aid of marine glasses, my old friend George de Lautour, whom we left at Aore when I was here on one of my previous trips, and before many minutes passed we were welcoming him on board the old ship. We had much to talk of and tell one another.

After breakfast he insisted on the skipper, Carnie, and myself accompanying him ashore to his station. The fore-part of the day we spent going over his estate, which he had added to and greatly improved since my first visit, when I acted as witness to the deeds drawn up when he made his first purchase of land from the natives. Much more of the ground had been cleared, and hundreds of cocoa-nuts planted. He had also a fine crop of corn coming on, and his barn was full of unthrashed maize. The dwelling and garden were improved beyond all recognition. The dwelling itself was two-storied. The lower part was used as a dining-room and for other daily occupations, while the upper story served only for sleeping accommodation, access to which was by a ladder which could be drawn up after one. The walls and floors were composed of plaited canes, which admitted the breeze and so rendered the atmosphere always cool and pleasant within.

While we were sitting at luncheon Willie Lautour came into the apartment, saying, "Father, a dog has come in the gate," and without a word of warning to us or any one else Lautour got up from the table, went to the door with his rifle and shot the dog dead; and as he returned to his place at the table he remarked, "I would serve the dog's master exactly the same if he dared to disobey my orders."

Looking towards the gate we saw between thirty and forty natives all in animated conversation over the incident of the dog-shooting; Lautour said they had come to trade with him, and that they knew they had to wait for him at his gate, and that neither they nor their dogs dare enter. After lunch we accompanied him to his gate when he went to interview the natives. Each gate-post was surmounted by a human skull, and underneath each skull there were nailed to the post two human thigh bones crossed. On a tree close to the gate was hung a printed notice, which read:

"NOTICE.

'Dogs and Niggers are Forbidden to enter inside the Portals of those Gates. Any Dogs or Niggers found therein will suffer the Penalty of Death.

"By order of GEORGE DE LAUTOUR,

"British Resident."

We were rather taken aback by what we saw. But de Lautour was not perturbed one little bit. He very calmly told the natives that he would certainly shoot any man or dog who went contrary to his directions.

From the time of his settling there Lautour gained great influence over the chief of Aore, from whom he had bought the land on which he built his residence, and his influence once started seemed to increase up to the time of the

chief's death, which had taken place some few days previous to our present visit.

Two days before the chief died Lautour was sent for, and before the people all assembled in front of the chief's house the dying man charged Lautour with the guardianship of his son, then a mere youth. This obligation Lautour solemnly took upon himself and sincerely intended to carry out, and expressed himself to that effect. He declared he would endeavour to enlist the sympathy of the British Government, and all British war vessels visiting those parts assisted in maintaining the prestige of the young chief and in safeguarding his interests; at the same time he was told to take any of the chief's wives he might choose when they became widows. The others, of course, according to custom, would require to be strangled with the bow-string and buried with the body of their deceased lord.

After Lautour's description of the death and state ceremonies we were anxious to pay a visit to the village, of which he was virtually the regent. So Carnie and I, leaving our old skipper behind us as he considered he was too stiff for much land travelling, started off with Lautour along the rough bush track. The village might have been distant anything between three and five miles, and by the time we got there we were pretty warm and thirsty. A rest on a stone in a shady nook and a long drink from a cool green young cocoa-nut soon refreshed and invigorated us. Before approaching the village we heard the wailing of women, accompanied by the doleful howling of dogs a long way off. Suddenly bearing to the left, Lautour led us by a side-track off the main road to leeward of the dead chief's house. Inside that house—through which the wind blew—lay the fast decomposing corpse. We made all haste from the loathsome place, and got round to the front of the house where the dead chief lay. There the female friends and relatives were assembled to wail and mourn. It seemed to me a very dry wake indeed. There was not even the sign of a tear in any eye. Not even in

the eyes of the widows for their own fates, even those who were so soon to suffer the bow-string round their necks. No doubt they were sad-looking mortals, as they were appallingly dirty, being smeared from head to foot in mud, ashes, and lime. Mr. de Lautour evinced a deep interest in them, and told us he was doing all he possibly could to avert their sad fate. But I do not think that even he, to save their lives, would have taken them to wife, as he was recommended to do by their husband before his death.

Some of the natives whom I spoke to in the village told me that unless he took the women away almost immediately to his house, four of the widows would be bow-strung and laid out alongside of their late husband to accompany and minister to him while sojourning in the spirit world.

The women themselves had no fear of the ordeal of death, and looked upon their strangulation as a mark of devotion to him who was dead. They, of course, are brought up to those rites and ceremonies from earliest childhood, and when their time comes they are quite resigned to their fate.

Returning to the late chief's house we passed by the mourning friends and widows, and getting to the windward side we looked through the open door, and there we saw laid out in state the body of the chief. He was surrounded by many flowers and leaves of bright and lovely hues, palm leaves and orchids. Across his breast were placed his rifle, club, and fighting tomahawk; while at his head and feet two bundles of spears stood upright from the ground.

He had been highly respected during his life, and although only a savage he had virtues and attributes that entitled him to all the honour and respect that could be paid him at his death. In his death de Lautour lost a staunch and faithful friend as well as a protector.

The long walk back from the village to de Lautour's

house was lovely in the moonlight, while the cool breeze coming up from the sea scented with the fragrance of many a flower and bush, which only yield their perfume to the night air, was most refreshing. Accompanied by Lautour and his son Willie, we got on board the *Flora* about 10.30 p.m., and were soon in our bunks and asleep.

CHAPTER XIV

Sardine-fishing—Tree Snakes—A Beautiful Lake—An Uncanny-looking Place—An Extinct Volcano—The Murder of Lautour—Dancing and Feasting—Brisk Recruiting—Santo—Big Bay—The New Jerusalem—A Race of Pigmies—The Jordan River.

NEXT morning, after an early breakfast, we set off on a shooting and fishing excursion.

On the Malo side of the Pass, and almost opposite to Aore, a fine deep fresh-water stream runs down to the sea. It abounds with fish of many kinds. In the salt water close to the mouth of the fresh-water stream we surrounded and caught a big shoal of sardines. In catching large quantities of sardines we were in the habit of pulling their heads off, and with the head came all the inside. Then after washing and dipping in brine the sardines were placed on boards and put out in the sun to dry, and when thoroughly dried were put away in boxes and kept for future use. Many a bigger fish caught and preserved in the same manner has often been relished on the tables of our friends in Queensland.

Inside the stream we used dynamite and secured a mixed variety of deu, or jew, fish, mullet, bream, and a species of mackerel. We got such a quantity that we had to send the boat back to the ship with them. On the return of the boat we proceeded up the stream. Although deep the stream was narrow, not allowing much more than room for the oars to be worked freely on both sides. Aloft the trees almost met overhead in many places. Tree snakes were numerous on the great boughs as we passed underneath, and one big fellow I brought down with my revolver; he measured

ten feet, and his skin, which was beautifully marked, I secured. The natives told me that they were quite harmless. Still, I am sure the one I shot could have given a very nasty bite.

After pulling a mile or so up the stream we emerged into a beautiful, wide fresh-water lake and disturbed a flock of duck, and our guns were soon brought into play, and before they could get over their surprise we bagged upwards of a dozen to our two guns.

The lake was broad and long but very shallow, and a man could cross from one side to the other mostly by wading. We pulled across and came to the mouth of another deep but very narrow creek, the source from which the lake derives its supply. This fresh creek was so narrow as to render our oars of no use to us in propelling the boat against the powerful rush of water which was making its way through the narrow channel. Consequently we had to take hold of the branches of trees, and so drag ourselves in the boat up through the swiftly flowing stream.

In many places we had to cut our way for a considerable distance, but in the end we were rewarded for all our toil and perseverance. Suddenly we got clear of all the undergrowth and entered into a great circular basin, with ice-cold, clear, and limpid water. All around us the sides of the basin in which we found ourselves towered majestically hundreds of feet above our heads quite perpendicularly. Everything seemed so still and hushed about us as to cause a strange feeling of awe to descend upon us all as we gazed around and saw those stupendous walls surrounding us, as if we had been entrapped in one of Nature's prisons. The grand sublimity of this scene of inanimate Nature depicted before our eyes beggars all description.

It was Lautour's second visit to this uncanny-looking place; and before leaving the ship he had requisitioned the lead line with the intention of taking soundings. The line was twenty-five fathoms, but with it we could not find bottom. We then bent on the boat's painter, and although

that gave us five fathoms more we could not get bottom at thirty fathoms. The place, I suppose, must be the crater of some extinct volcano. It is completely circular in shape, and measures about three hundred yards from side to side. The sides are covered with a dense tropical vegetation, and rise perpendicularly to a height of between four and five hundred feet. Long ages must have passed since this old crater was in full vigour and working order.

We stayed as long as we could to admire the beauty of what had once upon a time been a roaring, fiery cauldron, but now changed to a place of deathlike peace and rest. We quietly made our way to what, as far as we knew, was the only way out, and were soon being swiftly borne along by the deep and sullen current through the narrow gorge out into the lake of fresh water which lay between us and the sea. Some more time was spent by us creeping along the shores of the lake, and we managed to bag a few more duck and a large number of snipe. Carnie was a very pretty shot and he seldom scored a miss, and as an all-round sportsman he had few, if any, equals among my acquaintances. We returned again to the old *Flora* about sunset, having thoroughly enjoyed our day's work and sport.

After dinner pipes were lit and a few friendly games of cards engaged in. After which we retired to "blanket bay," leaving ship and all on board in charge of the "watch on deck."

Four bells again next morning brought us all again on deck, when the "ship's doctor," otherwise our chef or cook, served out steaming hot coffee and buttered biscuit. That, of course, is the sailor's foundation for all other events of the day. When our coffee and biscuit were disposed of, we jumped on the rail and took a header right down towards the coral we could plainly see several fathoms beneath us. We were soon followed by between fifty and a hundred more, who were all soon skylarking, if such a term may be used, and disporting themselves in all the joy of life and health. We had secured all the firewood required the previous day;

and as no recruits were offering from Malo or surrounding islands, we decided to run over to Aoba and try our luck there. Breakfast finished, we got under way, and George de Lautour and his bright little son Willie took their departure for their island home. Little I thought, as I stood on the top of the step ladder and shook hands with each of them as I bade them farewell, that it was the last hand-clasp that they and I should grip; that their voices should never be heard nor their faces seen by me again; but such it was decreed should be.

It was a long time before I visited the Malo Pass again, as I had many a thousand miles to traverse over the Western Pacific before I returned to the place where I helped George de Lautour to make his first station on Aore early in 1885. When I did return it was only to find the grass growing over the place where they were buried.

The natives whom I met told me that on account of several actions on the part of Lautour he had incurred their strong dislike, while others developed a more bitter hatred against him. This unfortunate state of affairs became more strained, until a secret plot was hatched among a few of the worst characters, and they determined to murder him on the first opportunity. One fine morning Willie was outside the gate chopping up a log into firewood. His attention was soon taken up by some natives strolling along and entering into conversation with him. Owing to his kindly disposition and frank manner, Willie de Lautour was a general favourite with all the natives far and near, both old and young. He was accustomed to go long journeys with them along the coast, and away through the bush up into the mountains in Santo, and he never had the slightest fear even among the wildest of them.

As he was busy with his wood-chopping a native crept up to the house and saw Lautour stretched out on a couch, either resting himself before breakfast or reading a book. Cautiously creeping round close to the cane-work wall where Lautour lay, the native treacherously fired through

the thin, lattice-like wall and put a bullet through his head. To make sure, he rushed in at the open door and finished the work of murder with his knife.

Poor Willie looked up when he heard the shot which took his father's life, but he was immediately seized and held by a big and burly savage till the murderer of his father arrived. In the presence of others the murderer of Lautour told the son Willie that he had always liked and respected him; but as he had been a witness of his father's death he, too, would meet with a similar fate. If he had not been present when his father was killed he would never have been interfered with; but on the plea that "dead men tell no tales," his death was resolved upon. So the man who murdered his father also put a bullet through poor young Willie de Lautour, while the savage who held him finished the foul deed with a crashing blow from his tomahawk.

It is somewhat poor satisfaction to know that the two actual murderers were given up by the tribe to a man-o'-war vessel and were hanged at the scene of their crimes.

The day we left the Malo Pass we anchored at Walaha, on the island of Aoba. My old friend Tariare, the chief, had sighted us a long way off, and when he ascertained that I was on the *Flora*, he was speedily on board to welcome me. Word was sent ashore to prepare a feast and dance for the following day, and next morning a company of highly painted and gaily decked warriors were down at the landing-place to escort us up to Tariare's village. We were led up by a much easier and shorter track than the one I journeyed by on my former visit to Tariare. On arrival at the dancing ground we were placed in the seat of honour: Carnie sitting on Tariare's left, while I occupied the seat on his right-hand side.

Many pretty and graceful dances were engaged in to the accompaniment of singing and beating of drums. Bamboo flutes were also used, and pipes constructed of reeds exactly after the model of those portrayed in pictures in the hands

WATERING-PLACE, ANEITIUM. CASCADE FIFTEEN FEET HIGH

Canvas tanks are placed under the seats of the ship's boats, which sail right underneath the cascade, and dip the water over the side. (Rev. Dr. W. Gunn.)

of the god Pan. Similar musical instruments are found among the natives of all the islands in the Western Pacific. They vary in size, from those which can be held in the hand to large affairs which, from the size and weight, require to be rested on the ground. There was comparatively very little mixed dancing.

Although the women of Aoba enjoy far more liberty, and seem to be much more independent, than the women of any other island in the New Hebrides, they certainly are much more comely, and many of them are very pretty, and they appear to be most decided coquettes. The women frequently danced in groups by themselves, and at times indulged in some extraordinary and fantastic antics.

Dramatic representations of fights, pig hunts, and many other quaint and strange events were given by the men.

During an interval in the dancing and singing, and other performances, food, in the shape of roast pig and fowl, yam and taro, and wooden basins containing stewed native cabbage, was brought and laid before Tariare, Carnie, and myself. At Tariare's invitation we paid ample justice to it, by attacking the good things vigorously with our sheath knives. The dessert comprised bananas, oranges, mangoes, and rose apples, with green cocoa-nuts for drinking purposes.

As the day drew to a close we were escorted down to the seashore by a very merry and jovial crowd of handsome, good-looking savages and cannibals of both sexes. But on this particular occasion we saw no signs or suggestion of cannibalism, except when some of the girls and boys occasionally stripped up the sleeves of our shirts and drew their cheeks along the smooth part of our arms.

The day succeeding the dance and feast was the luckiest one for the ship we had so far experienced. For by the advice of some of those ashore the ship got under way in the morning, and stood off and on the land. Meantime the boats were very busy. Tariare had said that he would object to none of his people going to Queensland in the *Flora* this

time, but that the parents of some of the intending recruits might object to their sons leaving, and in their desire to prevent their leaving they might resort to shooting. Tariare said that if they did so it would be against his orders, and asked me not to deal too harshly with his people if any shooting should take place. A shot or two might take place in the excitement of the moment, he said, but certainly none would be premeditated.

The first to come on board was a handsome young nephew of Tariare, accompanied by his pretty wife. They were escorted to the boats by many friends and relations, who bade them a most affectionate adieu, loading them with mats and baskets full of cooked food.

From then onwards recruiting was very brisk. All along the rocky coast numbers of young men and women were waving green boughs in order to attract the attention of those in the boats. Many a dashing race the boats had to secure the eager recruits before they could be captured and held back by their friends or relations. From high, steep cliffs they frequently threw themselves into the sea, and swam out to meet the rapidly advancing boats. Others ashore were just as anxious to restrain the over-willing emigrants. And, as a rule, when a would-be recruit was once caught by his friends, it took very little energy to retain him. The mere clasping of little fingers was quite sufficient to hold some. Several trips had to be made by the boats off to the ship to discharge their human freights.

It was very amusing to witness the meetings of the recruits on board, and how they congratulated one another, amid uproarious laughter, as they related their individual experiences as to the manner in which they had outwitted their friends who endeavoured to stop them. Several women had to be put ashore again from the boats, as it transpired they had no husbands to accompany them. But in their cases every precaution was taken before relanding them, that they should not be subjected to any punishment or ill-treatment in consequence of their attempt to leave their

island; and in these cases we generally gave presents to smooth over any ill-feeling. Most of the women who endeavoured to get away in the ship in that surreptitious manner were only trying to follow their husbands who had previously migrated to Queensland in some other vessel. The merry chase was kept up all along the coast. Several times guns were pointed at the boats, as well as at the intending recruits, and threats of condign punishment shouted, but no shooting took place.

The setting of the sun brought a very successful day's work to an end. The boats returned to the ship, with their crews pretty well fatigued after their great exertions. They were soon in bed after supper, and sleeping the sleep of the just and satisfied. Those who had observed their watch and watch on board all day worked the ship with the assistance of many willing hands among the islanders aboard; and while the moon was brightly shining they brought the ship safely to an anchor at the Double Waterfall, Aurora or Maibo Island.

Next morning we landed two return islanders, with all their goods and chattels, to the joy of their expectant friends. As the previous day had been such a successful one, the skipper reckoned the crew should all have an easy, or, as he termed it, "a lazy day," and accordingly they were allowed to take it out in sleep, or go ashore and amuse themselves. Most of them chose to land, and enjoy themselves swimming and bathing in the fine, cool fresh-water stream, after which they went shooting, fishing, and shell gathering, returning in the evening laden with the spoils of land and sea.

Daylight next morning saw us heading for Santo, the largest island in the group—ninety miles long by fifty in breadth, with a population of about thirty thousand. Santo is traversed by chains of mountains running parallel with the sea-coast, their summits varying from four thousand to five thousand feet. Between these ranges are fine table-lands and magnificent valleys, with beautiful streams of water. About midday we rounded Cape Quiros, and with

a fresh land breeze we bore up towards the head of St. Philip's Bay, or " Big Bay " as it is better known.

Big Bay is about seventeen miles long by twelve in width. Several good anchorages are to be found at the head of the bay. Here the Jordan River runs into the sea. It was named by Don Quiros when he is said to have founded the New Jerusalem in 1606, the ruins of which city are said to still exist, although in all my researches I have never been successful in finding them. We landed a few return islanders at the mouth of the Jordan River, but very few of their friends were down to meet them. The country had every appearance of being fertile and the soil very prolific, but there was very little sign of settlement or life.

After landing our returns we went for an exploring trip up the River Jordan, accompanied by a few of the natives of the locality. By boat and foot we got inland about fifteen miles, but saw nothing of any ancient ruins, except the foundations of some old native fences which in ages past had been erected by the ancestors of the natives with us, for the purpose of keeping pigs out of their yam patches. They had no legends to tell us of former visits from white men to their forefathers in bygone times, but they told us weird accounts of a race of small people, or pigmies, who live in the fastnesses of the mountains, who never hold any communication with the other natives, but who often come down from their mountain retreats and plunder the gardens and plantations of those who cultivate the soil. They say the pigmies never cultivate anything, but live entirely by plunder; neither do they build dwellings of any kind, but live in caves and sometimes among the dense foliage of gigantic forest trees.

I have heard many tales about the doings of the pigmies all round the seaboard of Santo, as well as in the neighbouring islands of Malo, Malikolo, Pentecost, and Aoba. I am doubtful if any of the narratives are authentic, but I also doubted the reports about the dwarfs on Aoba, until I was actually surrounded by the tribe of them, as narrated

in a previous trip. So it is possible there may be truth in what one has heard about the small people of Santo.

On our return down the Jordan River we used dynamite in some of the deep, sluggish pools, and were rewarded by getting some very large cod-fish, some of them ranging from forty to sixty pounds each in weight. We also bagged a fine lot of wild duck. From what we saw of the valley of the Jordan Mr. Carnie reckoned it would be an ideal place to grow rice, while other crops, such as sugar, coffee, and maize, would luxuriate on the slopes running down to the valley; and tropical fruits of all kinds would grow without any trouble at all. As there appeared to be no likelihood of obtaining recruits in Big Bay, the population being so small, we got under way, running along the coast till we came to Cape Cumberland, which we rounded, and hugged the west coast to take advantage of a land breeze, which is rather rare about that part. The land breeze held good and took us as far as Valpay, where we had to land the last of our New Hebrides returns.

We anchored there shortly after daylight, and while we were enjoying a swim around the ship we were visited by three or four rough dug-out canoes. The occupants of the canoes were soon on board, and in animated conversation with their countrymen who had been in Queensland.

CHAPTER XV

Scanty Clothing—An Intelligent People—A Pig Hunt—The Torres Group—The Solomon Islands—Santa Cruz Group—La Pérouse—Golden Beetles—Precautions—Poisoned Arrows—Pretty Native Articles—A Bad Reputation—Bloody Bay—Bishop Patteson—An Anxious Time.

AFTER breakfast we took our returns ashore and landed with them. They reported the death of some one or other of their countrymen in Queensland, and the news caused a tremendous outburst of wailing, sobbing, and moaning among the women, who soon smudged themselves all over with ashes, lime, and dirt. The men for the most part were fine, big, muscular fellows, but the women, although well made, were not at all prepossessing in features. Both sexes wore very scanty clothing, as besides a few beads round their necks and waists, and bangles on their arms, neither man, woman, nor child wore much else. One would have thought that these people would have paid more attention to their attire, from the fact that they showed a superior intelligence to many of the other tribes in the group in many ways. For instance, their houses are better made, much larger and more commodious, and have better ventilation than those on many of the other islands; and still more remarkable, we found they are adepts as potters. Nearly all their culinary utensils are made of hard potteryware. We made quite a large collection of many different sorts of hard red pottery, such as pots, vases, cups, mugs, basins, plates, saucers, dolls, pigs, and idols. Some of them we found very serviceable afterwards as flowerpots.

I endeavoured to find out where they first learned the

MARAVOVO VILLAGE, GUADALCANAR. CATCHIN RAIN-WATER FROM COCOA-NUT TREES

When a cocoa-nut tree has a good bend in it the natives wedge the butt-end of a cocoa-nut leaf to the bend or knee, which collects and diverts rain-water into a receptacle. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

art of pottery, but without success. They told me that the making of articles from clay had been handed down from father to son for many generations. One thing about many of the articles struck me as remarkable, and that was the resemblance of the ornamentation and patterns to old Egyptian hieroglyphics; while the dolls and figures are almost replicas of those made in ancient Egypt. I have seen similar figures in large number carved out of stone by the natives at the north end of New Ireland, and I have in my possession at the present time the sacred knife used in Malikolo in cutting the first yam of the season at the great feast given on the occasion of the start of the yam-digging season. The handle of that knife is a carved human figure as represented in many old Egyptian carvings and drawings.

Before our arrival the people at Valpay had been arranging for a pig hunt. We had a pressing invitation to join them, which we were only too pleased to accept. The next morning early Carnie and I, equipped with rifles and short sword bayonets, joined the pig-hunters in the village. The party was composed of about fifty men and boys. Most of the men had rifles, while a few carried bows and arrows. Many of them were also armed with spears, made of very hard wood, and each spear had for a butt a human thigh bone. The majority carried a long-handled fighting tomahawk suspended from the right shoulder.

A party of men and boys had preceded us to act as drivers and beaters. After a walk of about four or five miles in Indian file, the chief called a halt and ordered us to spread out in extended order along the hill-side. Then he fired his rifle as a prearranged signal with the beaters, and almost immediately the row started in the distance. Some shots were fired, drums were beaten, and conch shells blown; and, howling, yelling, and whooping, on came the drivers. Then in a few minutes we heard a sound as of the rushing of a storm, and soon the grunting and snorting and squealing of a great mob of swine.

Carnie and I both made for a large tree, and we were soon astride of a huge bough about four feet from the ground.

We had not long to wait till the pigs were around us and under us and racing past us. Pigs seemed to be everywhere. The noise and din were deafening. Men started at first shooting in all directions, while we, from our vantage post on the tree's limb, kept pumping lead into the mob of swine with our Winchester rifles. The pigs seemed to get confused when they arrived at the firing line and tried to stop, but others coming up behind rushed through and over them.

After the first shot or so the natives dropped their guns, and unslinging their long-handled tomahawks, started to slash and hamstring the pigs as they attempted to rush by. The antics of the natives were most amusing, and their agility in leaping about and using their tomahawks was wonderful. We soon desisted from shooting just to watch the prowess of the natives, which often caused us roars of laughter, as often in leaping to get out of the way of one pig a man would frequently drop right on the top of another.

When the rush was nearly over we saw a tremendous big-tusk boar bringing up the rear and trying to defend his herd. Some of the beaters had wounded him, as he was foaming with bloody froth at the mouth. He kept stopping and grunting and snarling in their direction. When he was close to the tree in which Carnie and I were perched, a native ran close to him and tried to spear him. The spear made a nasty wound in his neck, and only helped to infuriate him. With a savage grunt he turned on the native and charged him, and he, poor unfortunate, in his endeavour to get out of the way, tripped on one of the roots of the tree on which we were sitting and fell. In a second the boar was over him, and with one of his great tusks ripped him open. The impetus with which he was going carried the boar a few yards past where the man lay. He turned and was coming back to renew the attack on the fallen man ;

but before the other natives, who were rushing with their tomahawks to the rescue of their comrade, could arrive, both Carnie and I brought the boar down with two well-planted bullets. We hastened to the assistance of the native, who was a ghastly sight. He was lying in a pool of blood, and had a wound about seven or eight inches in length. His comrades soon covered up the wound with a mud plaster. Having improvised a litter with young saplings, they carried him down to the village with all despatch. Carnie and I accompanied the escort, while the others remained to cut up and carry away the slaughtered pigs.

On arrival at the village we went at once on board the *Flora* and returned with boracic acid, needles, and thread. After thoroughly washing the injured native's wound I carefully stitched him up. He eventually recovered, as I met him several years afterwards.

The night after the pig hunt was spent in feasting and dancing. Again we saw represented in one of their dances a mimic pig hunt, in which they went through many of the antics and postures assumed when actually engaged in spearing or tomahawking the bolting pigs.

As we had yet to go on to the Solomon Islands we had not much time to spare on Santo ; and the lee side of the island being notorious for calms, we took advantage of the land breeze that night, and squared away for the Torres group. Arriving at Bouka-Bouka in that group two days afterwards we just backed the yards and hove-to, and went ashore with the boats to land several returns. There were three married couples among them. The three women had a great reception from those of their own sex upon arrival.

There was a very large concourse down to meet us, in which the proportion of women greatly predominated. There must have been more than ten women to every man. They were all very pleasant-looking people, not very dark, with fine features which many of them spoiled by boring a hole through the cartilage of the nose, into which they inserted a piece of bamboo, which they kept increasing

in size as they grew older, until in a number of cases we saw they had managed to get the cartilage of the nose to protrude over the upper lip and half-way over the mouth. The men wore no attire of any description except a few bracelets and bangles, while their great mops of hair were frizzed out to an enormous size round the head and gaily bedecked with bright flowers, the favourite being the red hibiscus. The women, many of whom had attractive and pretty faces, wore yards and yards of beads strung round their waists, and the usual bracelets and bangles on their arms, but they boasted of no other clothing.

The men were armed with very small bows and small arrows tipped with human bone, sharpened to a point like a needle.

Our returns were no sooner out of the boats with the boxes and luggage, when both boats were crowded from stem to stern with women, all wanting to be taken to Queensland. We found it quite a difficult matter to get rid of them. When I ordered them out of the boats and made signs to them to go ashore, they appealed to Mr. Carnie, and he having a heart to be touched by soft pleadings, sympathised with them; but soon, to his astonishment and somewhat to his embarrassment, all the women who could get near him were embracing him and clasping him round the neck, amid peals of laughter from the boats' crews as well as the people on shore. However, after a considerable loss of time good counsel prevailed and the women very reluctantly left the boats one by one.

Returning to the ship the skipper and I had a consultation, and we concluded to alter our course to the Solomon Islands and pay Santa Cruz a visit, as that group had not been visited of late by Labour vessels. Accordingly, early in the morning of the second day after leaving Bouka-Bouka, we found ourselves close to Vanikoro, the most southerly island in the Santa Cruz group. The land rose to a height of three thousand feet, and was densely wooded. At first we could see no sign of human life or habitation. But

MEN OF URU, MALAYTA

Two of these men wear the insignia of the higher order, the crescent of pearl-shell. The other man wears large ear-rings made from the shell of the turtle (known as tortoise-shell). Both men and women have holes bored right through the tips of their noses, in which they insert long spikes cut from the shell of the gigantic clam. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

standing in under easy sail we came to anchor in Tevai Bay.

The Santa Cruz group was first discovered by Mendaña in 1595, but was not again seen by a European navigator until Carteret visited the islands in 1767, but he gave a very meagre account of them. In 1793 they were visited and examined by D'Entrecasteaux, and he has a good chart of them in the atlas of his voyage, published by M. Rossel. The group is composed of seven larger islands, Vanikoro, Nitendi (Santa Cruz), Guerta, Tinakula (or Volcano), Edgecumbe, Ourry, and Lord Howe, besides several smaller ones.

Vanikoro is of most interest to the general public on account of its being the scene of the disastrous loss of the two ships, the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe*, in 1788, when under the command of La Pérouse.

In March, 1788, La Pérouse left Botany Bay, and was never again heard of until thirty-eight years afterwards, although the French Government, in 1791, sent D'Entrecasteaux in search of the ill-fated expedition. On the 19th of May, 1793, D'Entrecasteaux passed Vanikoro and named it "Ile de la Recherché," after his own vessel, but he failed to see or find any traces of the lost navigator or his men.

Not until the month of May, 1826, Mr. Dillon, on a voyage to India, happened to call at the island of Tucopia, and one of his men purchased from the natives there the silver guard of a sword. At that time there was a Prussian resident on Tucopia, named Martin Bushart, who had escaped from a massacre in Fiji in 1813, and had lived on Tucopia ever since; and on enquiring of him, Mr. Dillon was told that when Bushart first arrived at Tucopia there were many European articles among the natives, who said they had obtained them from the distant island of Vanikoro, and that large quantities of European goods still remained there. Dillon at once concluded that these articles must belong to the missing expedition of La Pérouse.

Consequently, on his arrival in Calcutta, Dillon reported

the circumstances to the Bengal Government. The Honourable East India Company took the matter in hand, and at their own expense generously fitted out and despatched the *Research*, under Dillon's command. He took his departure on the 6th of January, 1827, and reached Vanikoro in September the same year. After an exhaustive search of the coasts and reefs, he gathered together a large and miscellaneous collection of articles, including guns, iron plates and braces, culinary utensils, broken china, and a portion of the carving of the stem of one of the vessels; and they now form a very interesting trophy in the Galerie de la Marine, in the Louvre in Paris. Dillon remained in Ocili Harbour, Vanikoro, from the 13th of September to the 8th of October, 1827.

While lying with the *Astrolabe* at Hobart Town, Dumont D'Urville heard a vague rumour of Dillon's success, which induced him to start for Vanikoro, where he arrived and anchored on the 22nd of February, 1828, and remained there until the 17th of March following. Although he made very diligent search he did not bring much more to light. D'Urville again visited the island with the *Astrolabe* and *Zelée* in November, 1838, but made no fresh discoveries.

Since my first visit there the report has been circulated that a New Hebrides trader, named George Facio, found some brass cannon there; and on opening a mound, which resembled a grave, he is reported to have found the treasure-chest of the lost expedition. I have not seen George Facio since, but I have met his father, a Greek, who, in reply to my enquiries, said he believed that his son had found something valuable in connection with the La Pérouse expedition, but his son George was of too reticent a nature to entrust him with his secret, although he understood he was in communication with the French Government on the subject.

We could find only one English-speaking native at Vanikoro, and he had picked up a very indifferent smattering of the language during a stay in Fiji. He was the only one who seemed to have anything for barter; and producing

a bamboo, about a foot and a half long and six inches in diameter, he asked if we wanted to buy some " small fellow pigeon." On enquiring if the pigeons were inside the bamboo, he replied in the affirmative. With that he emptied the lot into the stern sheets of the boat, and the " small fellow pigeons " turned out to be about a couple of hundred golden beetles.

The few other natives whom we met were a miserable-looking lot of creatures.

One day was quite sufficient at Vanikoro, and the next saw us at Santa Cruz, or Nitendi, where we anchored in Port Swallow, close to Cape Byron. No sooner was the anchor down than we were surrounded by hundreds of canoes, and the natives were soon swarming all over our decks. Our returns and recruits were so scared that they at once took to the rigging and yards, as well as the boats in the davits, armed with any weapon they could lay their hands on.

As the Santa Cruz natives had a very evil record I ordered all ship's work to cease, and all hands were called on deck, fully armed, and ordered to take such positions as would best protect the safety of the ship. I told the natives that all weapons in the shape of arrows, spears, or clubs would be promptly confiscated if brought on board. As they continued to pass sheaf after sheaf of arrows on deck, they were just as quickly passed down below by our boats' crews. Nothing daunted, they continued to hand up the bundles of arrows, merely asking for a stick of tobacco in return for each lot seized, and seemingly well satisfied with the transaction. As they saw their arrows disappearing down below they began to slack off in their supply. The arrows were beautifully made, and pointed at the business end, which tapered very finely, with six inches or ten inches of a waxen substance, about twice the thickness of a lead pencil, containing a very deadly poison. The waxen part was red in colour, and as smooth and shining as a stick of sealing-wax.

Having laid in a good supply of tobacco the natives began

to ask for other articles, such as beads, knives, tomahawks, and axes. They then brought on board some very beautifully woven mats and hand-bags, or dilly-bags. They were the most beautiful articles of that manufacture I have ever seen among the South Sea Islanders. We managed to purchase a number of their looms, with which they wove the mats and bags. The patterns and designs on both mats and bags were woven in with a flax which had the lustre of black silk. All the designs showed great taste and ingenuity.

We also secured some carved clubs, as well as others made from a heavy and very hard white wood, which were covered with designs stained with black and red dyes. These clubs were decorated with fringes of coloured flax, and were much used, we were informed, in their dances. Many beautifully carved ornaments, in pearl and tortoise-shell, we also obtained.

The natives stayed late on board, and the last of them did not leave until long after sunset. They are inveterate thieves, as we found many things missing after their departure.

Next morning we were early ashore with the boats, before the population were all astir for the day, and had an opportunity of examining the houses. They are fine large, roomy dwellings, and each house is generally surrounded with a stone wall. However, the natives soon began to arrive in large numbers from all quarters, both on foot and in canoes, and we did not care to trust them too far on account of their bad reputation and as each of them was armed with a long six or seven-foot bow and a sheaf of deadly poisoned arrows.

The next bay to the one we were anchored in was named by Carteret Bloody Bay, because there his carpenter and several of his crew were surprised by the natives and massacred. They look a fine race of people, very superior to the miserable savages on Vanikoro. Although they seem a very happy and good-natured lot, they are very treacherous.

On one of Bishop Patteson's earlier visits the people of

this village, after what seemed to be a hospitable meeting, endeavoured to cut the boat off when leaving, and wounded three of the crew, two of whom died of their wounds. Subsequently, as I have recorded elsewhere, they murdered the Bishop himself.

When Commodore Goodenough went to enquire into the matter, he, too, was shot and killed with a poisoned arrow by the same natives. Since my visit to Santa Cruz I have met a New Hebrides trader who, with his crew, at Santa Cruz, on one of his trading trips, drank the juice of some young cocoa-nuts given them by the natives. The result was that the trader was almost at death's door, while the majority of his crew died, poisoned by these treacherous savages. They had injected poison through the soft eyes of the cocoa-nuts.

The natives put off in such crowds to the ship that we became alarmed for her safety, and decided to return to her. And just as we were starting we saw the flag run up to the mast-head, a signal for the boats' return; and the crews giving way with a will, we soon made a passage through the great flotilla of canoes and got safely alongside. The boats were immediately hauled up "two blocks" to the davits—that is, as high as the davits will allow them. No sooner were they there than they were filled with our own returns and recruits, all armed with Santa Cruz bows and arrows, together with tomahawks and long knives. Others, similarly armed, took up positions aloft on the yards and in the rigging. There must have been at one time several hundreds of canoes around our vessel. Several of them were very large double canoes, with decks and outriggers on them. These had houses built on them, and were capable of carrying from a hundred to two hundred people. Our decks were crowded with the savages all day, and they kept up a perfect babel, continuously shouting and speaking to each other at the top of their voices.

They endeavoured to buy or steal almost everything they could see. One man amused me as he tried for a long time

vainly to unscrew a large ring-bolt which was riveted through the deck near the scuppers. In the afternoon they began to go ashore. As their numbers decreased the men aloft loosed the sails, while those on deck manned the windlass and got the anchor up, the skipper saying he was jolly glad to get away from such a " howling pack of devils."

Some of the canoes still clung to us, and we must have been fully six miles off the land before the last of them left us. Santa Cruz never was looked upon with favour by recruiting vessels hailing from Queensland, and consequently comparatively few natives from this group have served in Queensland. The old *Emily* brig made several successful trips to the Santa Cruz group, but obtained most of her recruits from the Matema or Swallow Islands, which form part of the same group. But although they looked as good and robust in physique as any of the other islanders, on arrival in Queensland they seemed to sicken and die in such numbers as to cause the Queensland Government to return as many as would go home, and prohibit any further recruiting at the Santa Cruz group.

SANTA CRUZ WAR-DANCE

They use the most deadly poisoned arrows. The white ornaments below the knee are small white cowrie-shells. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

CHAPTER XVI

Malayta—A Big Fight—Treachery—A Nervous Interpreter—Popham's Gold Chain—Elaborate Coiffures—Barbed Arrows—Mangroves and Oysters—Successful Recruiting—The Cause—A Fortified Island—An Outlaw Chief—A Boisterous Reception—Good Sport—Kidnappers—Malayta Bowmen—Recruits from Manoba.

LEAVING Santa Cruz we shaped our course for the Solomon Islands, and in the evening of the third day, the 20th of May, 1886, we came to anchor in Qui Harbour, in the island of Malayta, the island most notorious for the blood-thirstiness of its savages. Just as we entered Qui we saw a schooner standing out of Sinerago Harbour, but the sun was getting too low, and the schooner rather too far away, to signal one another. Before dropping anchor we passed by the charred ribs of the *Janet Stewart*. This vessel had been captured here three years before, and burned by the natives after murdering Lockhead, the Government Agent, with all on board except the cook, who escaped.

We were not anchored many minutes before we were boarded by several natives who came alongside in canoes. They told us that the schooner we saw coming out of Sinerago Harbour was the *Young Dick*, from Queensland; that that morning there was a big fight on board, as the Sinerago people had attempted to capture the vessel, but had been repulsed; and that during the fight several white men on the vessel had been killed, and a great many natives from the shore had lost their lives.

Naturally I was very anxious to get further particulars, but could glean no more information. One of the natives who boarded us said the people at Sinerago would be sorry

now for the action, and he thought would probably be willing to recruit for Queensland, fearing the visit of a "man-of-war." At the same time, he volunteered to go in the boats as interpreter if we decided to visit Sinerago next day.

Accordingly I accepted his offer, and we started with the two boats early next morning, after cautioning the skipper, in presence of the volunteer interpreter, to be very cautious in his dealings with the people from the shore during our absence, and to see that all our recruits were armed with Santa Cruz bows and arrows and put on watch.

The fame of the Santa Cruz poisoned arrows was well known to the Malayta men, who do not poison theirs. I noticed peculiar looks pass between the interpreter and his companions when I gave my instructions to the skipper, and at once doubted the *bona fides* of our interpreter. However, I told him to go in the recruiting boat and let them get a fair start ahead of us. His three companions wanted to come in my boat, but I told them they could go in their own canoe. This arrangement did not suit them, but they followed us up for about a mile, and then slipped ashore, where they disappeared from our sight. When we had got about half-way to Sinerago the recruiting boat came alongside mine, and the recruiter informed me that the interpreter wanted to be landed abreast of where we then were, and that he would proceed ahead of us by land and have the Sinerago men waiting for us. But I objected to any such proceeding, and told the interpreter that he had to accompany us all the way by boat.

Arriving at Sinerago we saw a number of men under the trees close to the mouth of the creek. The recruiter again stopped, and quietly told me that he did not like the looks of the interpreter, and I noticed myself that the interpreter was very nervous, and was doing his utmost to control some inward excitement. I then ordered him into my boat; and pointing out to him that as the men ashore were accompanied by neither women nor children they probably meant fighting, and asked his candid opinion. He replied, "Oh,

MALAYTA MAN, PORT ADAM

The ringlet hanging down to the shoulder denotes that he has taken a vow not to cut it until he has accomplished some serious undertaking. Probably the encompassing of some one's death. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

GOOD TYPE OF MALAYTA MAN

The ear-rings are cut from small shells, while the armlets are cut from the gigantic clam-shell. But the beads around the neck are European. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

altogether finish fight now, no more fight." I then told him that I was going alongside the bank of the creek with my boat to talk to the natives ashore, and he was to sit in the bottom of my boat, and if he attempted to jump ashore without my permission I would shoot him dead. At the same time, I told Carnie to get his revolver ready, and also shoot him if he played us false or tried any tricks. At that he said he was afraid the men ashore would fight, and advised that we should return to the ship. I replied that I would not return without an interview with the men ashore, and hailing the recruiting boat, I ordered them to stand by and cover us while I spoke with the natives under the trees.

We then ran alongside the bank, when several of the natives approached us and asked what we wanted. I informed them that the *Flora* was recruiting labour for the Herbert River. The spokesman then said that he thought several of his countrymen wished to go to Queensland, and turning to his mates began talking to them in an undertone. Just then I noticed one of them wearing a long gold chain, with a locket, round his neck. Turning to Carnie, I said, " Look, I believe that fellow has got Popham's chain on him." At the same moment the interpreter cried, " Look out ! " and threw himself flat on the bottom of the boat ; each man on the bank at the same time fell flat on his face, while we all in the boat simultaneously ducked down. And just in time, as a flight of arrows fired from a crowd of savages under a large shade tree flew close over our heads. Immediately a volley from the rifles in our recruiting boat rang out, and jumping to our feet we sprang ashore, rifle in hand, and at once opened fire on the savages, who were now flying for the shelter of the scrub. I recovered the gold chain and locket, which I thought I could recognise as Popham's, and my conjecture proved correct. So I presumed that Popham was Government Agent on board the *Young Dick*, and that his chain and locket had been stolen during the attack made on that vessel.

We saw no more of the natives that day, so returned to the *Flora* late in the evening. The skipper reported that, although he had seen numbers of natives on the beach during the day, not one had visited the ship. We landed our interpreter, and gave him a liberal present in the shape of tobacco. But I think he was glad to get quit of us with a whole skin, apart from any other reward, and we saw no more of him that trip.

The next day we went off with the boats in the opposite direction, and visited a large village on the coast named Fokin Karra. We met with a very good reception, and obtained four recruits for Queensland. Several of the English-speaking men desired to visit the ship. They said there were more men wishing to recruit, but they belonged to the bush tribe who lived at the head of the Quakwaroo River, and they sent messengers up advising them to be down at the mouth of the river on the morrow.

The skipper reported that very few natives had visited the ship during our absence, and comparatively few had been seen ashore. A strict watch had been kept all day in case of a surprise. The charred and blackened ribs of the *Janet Stewart* lying there in sight were silent proof of the need for careful vigilance.

Taking our English-speaking visitors with us the next day we went with the boats as arranged to the Quakwaroo River, and were met by a large crowd of natives—men, women, and children—and received a friendly welcome. None of them boasted of any clothing, but their hair was carefully combed and groomed in most cases, and adorned with handsome combs from which depended bright red tassels of dyed grasses. Many of them also wore gay plumes formed from the many-coloured feathers of various birds; while others wore the long feathers of eagles and the large fish hawks. Besides shell bangles on their arms the men wore strings of small white cowrie shells bound round their foreheads. All the men were armed with bows and arrows, spears, clubs, and the ubiquitous long-handled tomahawk.

MANGROVES, PORT ADAM, MALAYTA

The haunt of the crocodile. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

The arrows, although not actually poisoned, are very dangerous, as the fighting arrows are all barbed with human bone, and they are apt to prove poisonous if they are not at once extracted from the flesh and the wound thoroughly cleansed or cauterised. After a long confab half a dozen young fellows recruited; and in return for doing so each received a half-case of tobacco, an axe, a tomahawk, and a twelve-inch knife, together with a miscellaneous lot of pipes, beads, paint, jews' harps, matches, a sun-glass, as well as a small hand-mirror, all of which they handed over to their friends.

The tide was falling as we came down the river, and while passing through the mangrove swamps which fringe the mouth of the river we secured a large quantity of oysters which we found adhering in clusters to the roots of the mangroves.

People say that oysters which have grown on the mangrove roots are poisonous; but that is nonsense, for I have long since proved the fallacy of that statement, and that night we all relished oysters in the shell, as well as stewed and curried.

On our arrival back on board we found several visitors waiting our return, and they informed us that quite a number of those ashore were desirous of recruiting for Queensland. We immediately manned the boats and proceeded to the beach, and had not long to wait before ten fine young fellows deliberately stepped into the boats and intimated that they were desirous of going to Queensland. They said they were the forerunners of a large number of others who had also made up their minds to emigrate, and who would be forthcoming the next day. Accordingly we were ashore early the following morning with a large crowd of natives at the stern of our boats, as we were backed stern first on the beach.

The men who offered to recruit wished to stipulate with us that we should leave with the ship that same day, promising that if we did so upwards of twenty of them

would come with us. I did not at the time know why they wished the ship to go so quickly, but I gave them the necessary promise they required, and we forthwith started transporting them to the ship. None of these recruits would accept the usual trade present, each saying he preferred to have one pound in cash given him on arrival in Queensland, and this arrangement was acceded to. Still, the people ashore at whose place they embarked expected remuneration of some sort, as harbour dues, I suppose, and they were liberally paid by our Recruiting Agent.

When the exact number twenty was tallied on board, making in all thirty from the one place, we were told that there were no more to come ; so we hove up the anchor and loosed the sails and cleared out of Qui Harbour, passing over the spot where fathoms below lay the last remains of Government Agent William Lockhead, who was so cruelly murdered by the savages we had just left behind. As I have mentioned in a previous chapter, his death first brought under my notice the Queensland Labour Traffic, when I was a guest, one lovely summer-time just three years before, of his brother James Lockhead, in his beautiful residence on the " bonnie, bonnie braes of Loch Lomond."

Before leaving the ship our visitors from Fokin Karra informed me that the thirty men we recruited at Qui were all from Sinerago, and had been implicated in the attack on the *Young Dick ;* that they were afraid of being visited and punished by a man-of-war for their share in the attack ; and that they deemed they would be safer in Queensland than if they remained at home in Malayta.

We stood out to sea and under easy sail kept in a north-westerly direction parallel with the land, and after dark we hove-to for the night. The highlands of the Attagagge Mountains, about three thousand feet high, loomed up black and sombre between us and the bright star-spangled sky.

At daylight we stood in for Urassey, where the chief Quisooleæ has his stronghold and fortified island. This

small island is surrounded by a high wall from eight feet to twelve feet in thickness, all built of stone. The only access to the island is gained by two narrow entrances wide enough only to admit the passage of a whale-boat or large canoe, and each of these entrances is guarded by a heavy portcullis. The fortress is quite impregnable to any attack made by a force of natives. From this stronghold Quisooleæ sallies forth and periodically levies blackmail and harries the adjoining coasts.

On coming to an anchor we received a visit from Quisooleæ, then in the prime of life, a handsome, strong, and wiry savage. He was not, as far as he knew, genealogically of a race of kings, although he had quite the bearing of one. He only knew that his father had been a fugitive and a renegade from his own people, who had taken refuge on this small island at Urassey, and had gradually gathered around him all the outlaws he could get from any or every tribe. They fortified themselves on this small island, and when they had gained sufficient strength in numbers, they started on a career of pillage, robbery, and murder. Their numbers increased so rapidly that in a very short space of time Quisooleæ the elder could lead such a following that he was recognised as the most powerful and dreaded chieftain on or around Malayta. These daring robbers and marauders soon found wives, and as many, too, as they wanted, and the breeding of cannibal robbers and pirates went on apace at Urassey.

It is my belief that these same savages are responsible for many a fine vessel bound for China and the East which has been posted "*missing*" at Lloyd's. One of the recognised routes to China runs close past the east coast of Malayta, and dead calms there lasting for days are of frequent occurrence. A vessel becalmed there would become an easy prey to an attack from a number of the large war canoes of Malayta, each of them carrying from fifty to a hundred men. There is ample proof that such occurrences have happened.

I have not time at present to enter more fully into an account of Quisooleæ the younger, the present chief, but will relate another time what I know of his most interesting personality and history.

Two days we spent at Urassey, but no one seemed inclined to favour a trip to Queensland and a three years' experience among the sugar cane. Quisooleæ informed us that they were expecting an attack from the warriors of Manoba, a small island further along the coast to the north-west. So we thought we would try our luck at Manoba, and weighing anchor we continued our course north-west with light airs, and anchored in the evening abreast of the village at the north-west corner of Manoba.

We had a boisterous although good-humoured reception from the people, who came crowding down from the village to welcome us. They had all sorts and conditions of articles to barter with us, such as pigs, fowls, pigeons, vegetables, fruits, and nuts, with a miscellaneous assortment of native curios, shells, and many discarded articles of European manufacture.

The skipper and his Recruiting Agent were quite elated with the news the villagers gave them, to the effect that quite a number of their young men had decided to go to Queensland; but the ship would have to wait a few days, as the young fellows would have to be feasted before their departure and dances indulged in on their behalf. As we saw there would be nothing in the way of recruiting done for a day or so Carnie and I made up our minds to have a day's shooting; so taking our guns we went ashore after breakfast, and getting a few of the natives together we started off through the high forest trees, which grew so densely together as to leave no space to shoot a bird on the wing; consequently we had to take pot shots and literally slaughter the pigeons in twos and fours as they sat cooing to each other on the branches of the trees. We very soon had as many as and more than we wanted. The species was a very large blue pigeon, the male having a large red

fleshy ball on its forehead, at the base of the beak, about the size of a good-sized marble.

The next day again we went duck-shooting in some swamps on the mainland abreast of Manoba, and we were successful in getting as many as fed all the crew and many of the recruits. The third day we spent in fishing and oystering among the mangroves on the mainland. There was still no sign of a move among the natives. On the evening of the fifth day some visitors came on board and said that the intending recruits could not at that time see their way to leave Manoba, as they were daily expecting an attack from Quisooleæ and his men. Our old skipper did not actually give way or expression to the feelings he experienced, but he said something to himself in Gaelic and retired to his cabin.

Early in the morning of the sixth day our skipper came on deck as placid and smiling as ever, when we weighed anchor, and rounding Sio Point we beat up to the anchorage and came-to at the head of Sio Harbour.

Preparations were now made for taking in a big supply of wood to serve us for the remainder of the trip, and sufficient water to take us to Guadalcanar. Three days were spent in Sio Harbour getting water and firewood, most of the time being spent in felling the timber and cutting it into lengths convenient for stowing away on board ship. There are two fine fresh-water streams flowing into the sea at the head of the harbour, the boats having merely to sail right into the middle of the streams and bale the water over the side. While occupied in this manner we were visited by several heavily armed parties of bushmen. But they all seemed quite friendly, and on the second day of our stay there we secured eight recruits from one of the travelling parties.

It has been asserted, and not without good foundation, in some instances, that frequently some of these travelling parties are merely roving bands of freebooters, who, knowing of the proximity of a Labour vessel, start out with the

project of capturing, or kidnapping, any isolated or stray islanders they may find about the bush ; and having secured their prey take the first opportunity of conveying their captives to wherever they can locate the vessel, and there selling them to the boats working along the shore. But in the case of the men who recruited with us, it was easily seen that there was nothing of the captive about any of them, as they were men of standing and of some consequence in their tribe. They were each fully decorated with all the paraphernalia of the savage dandy. Before coming on board they denuded themselves of all their arms and ornaments, such as armlets, bracelets, garters, beads, and feathers, and these they were most particular in assigning to absent friends.

Every bowman in Malayta wears a gauntlet on his left arm, extending from the elbow to the wrist. This gauntlet is composed of a spiral vine, in shape and elasticity resembling a steel spring, each coil of which fits perfectly together. It is intended as a guard to prevent the chafing of the wrist by the bow-string when shooting with the bow and arrow. In other islands I have seen wooden, and sometimes tortoise-shell, bracelets used for a similar purpose.

Having taken in all the wood required for the rest of the trip, and water sufficient to take us to Guadalcanar, where we intended making our last call before starting for Queensland, we got under way. We had not much headway on us, when a canoe from the opposite side of the harbour, containing, as we could see, six men, came in pursuit of us, and, hailing us, they gave way with their paddles at the top of their speed. So we backed the yards and waited for them. They turned out to be men from the small island of Manoba which we had left three days ago. Three of them, they informed us, had fully made up their minds to recruit for Queensland while we were lying at anchor there, and all the time they had been vainly endeavouring to persuade some more of their comrades to join them.

When they heard we were at anchor at Sio the three determined to try to overtake us, which they managed to do at the last moment, aided by three of their friends. We were very pleased to enroll them on our list of recruits. So, having sent their friends back in their canoe loaded with presents of the kind dear to the hearts of the savages, we hauled round the yards, filled on the wind, and stood out of Sio Harbour.

CHAPTER XVII

The Island of Savo—Head Centre of the Head-hunters—Digging for Eggs—Provisioning—A Raided Neighbourhood—Wanderer Bay—A Scene of Desolation—Raid by Head-hunters—Sport on the Boyd River—Popham's Death—Reckless Sailing—The Barrier Reef—Back Home—The *Young Dick* Massacre—Returns—Departure of the *Young Dick*—On a Reef—Sport on the Herbert River.

WE ran past Mallu Harbour, and rounding Cape Astrolabe we went on the other tack, and shaped our course with a leading wind, and made for the island of Savo. We experienced very light winds and calms, so that we did not reach Savo until four days after rounding Cape Astrolabe. On arrival at Savo we anchored at the north-west anchorage, but did not go ashore until the next day.

The island is small, and can be walked round in three or four hours' good walking, on a foot-track beaten fairly level by the constant tramp of the bare feet of the natives. The majority of the men whom we saw were fine, strapping fellows, very much darker than the Malayta men. But the women were rather diminutive, although they seemed much more mixed than the men.

I found that the mixture of races, as denoted by features and complexions, could easily be accounted for by the fact that this small island of Savo is the head centre of the head-hunters in this part of the Pacific, and the women we saw were the captives taken in some of their head-hunting raids. Most of the men had their heads shaved bare, but they

SPEARMAN OF ULAWA, MALAYTA

These are barbed fighting spears. The crescent-shaped decoration on his chest is mother-of-pearl shell, showing that he is of high caste. His armlets are cut from the gigantic clam-shell. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

covered them with very natural-looking wigs, some of them made from their own hair, whilst others were made from flax. They all wore loin-cloths, and every man of them constantly went armed with a beautiful basket-work shield on the left arm, and the usual tomahawk dangling from the right shoulder. Occasionally one would meet some men with spears in addition to the tomahawk.

I have never seen any bows and arrows among the Savo people for fighting purposes, although I have seen them using them for shooting birds and fish. The women all wear the short grass, or coarse flax, skirts similar to those worn by the Ambrym women in the New Hebrides. We had about our complement of recruits on board, so did not trouble about looking for any at Savo. But a married couple, having expressed a desire to emigrate to Queensland, were signed on the official agreement and welcomed on board. We wanted more particularly a big supply of yams, vegetables, fruit, and cocoa-nuts to serve us on the homeward trip. Accordingly we told the natives we would give them just two days to dig yams and eggs for our requirements. It seems rather unusual to send people digging for eggs, but such was the case.

There is a fowl with very long legs, and a body no larger than a barn-door fowl, which burrows down into the sand and lays its eggs at a depth often of four feet. These birds are protected by the natives, and they lay immense numbers of eggs, the eggs alone being utilised by the natives. They are as large as turkey eggs, and are very palatable. We seemed to have struck Savo just at the best of the egg season, as the natives brought us such large supplies that we were at a loss where to store them. We filled two beef-casks, besides all the available boxes and cases we could find. The eggs being the more perishable, the natives endeavoured to press them upon us instead of yams, and thus we did not get so many yams as we had hoped for. Still, we got several thousand cocoa-nuts, besides pineapples, bananas, plantains, cucumbers, and pumpkins—as many as we liked. We had

to call in at Coughlan Harbour and Yarrow Bay, both on Gaudalcanar, to land the last of our returns. And from what we saw at Savo, we felt confident we should get an ample supply of yams at any one of these two places.

We left Savo one fine morning at six o'clock, and anchored in Coughlan Harbour at ten in the forenoon. This part of the coast is very sparsely inhabited, as it has been raided so often by the head-hunters of Savo and Russell Islands. Those whom we met were then under the protection of the Savo people, while many of the old families had taken flight and were living in the fastnesses of the mountains, whose peaks attain an altitude of eight thousand feet. We got an abundant supply of yams and vegetables in Coughlan, and left for Yarrow Bay, where we landed the last of our return islanders.

Our arrival in Yarrow Bay was expected, as the news soon travelled overland, and the whole of the populace were waiting to give us a welcome. We were very busy up till sundown buying more yams and fruits, and our stock was very largely supplemented. Next morning we set sail for Wanderer Bay, so named after the yacht of that name owned by a Benjamin Boyd who, many years ago, was bound from San Francisco to Australia, but put into this place for water. Boyd was murdered while ashore, and the natives got the blame of murdering him. But I think the report is open to doubt, as the natives have assured me that he was not killed by any of their countrymen ; and they have been very emphatic in their denials. At the same time they have referred me to some very old men among them who remembered the visit of the *Wanderer*, and they were positive that no white man was ever killed there by a native. They were quite indignant that such an accusation should be made against them.

It is known that Mr. Boyd had a large amount in gold on board the yacht. She was wrecked, I understand, about the Heads when making for Sydney after leaving the Solomon Islands.

FRESH-WATER CREEK, ANEITIUM

A favourite watering-place for ships. (Rev. Dr. W. Gunn.)

Wanderer Bay has always been a favourite watering-place with Labour vessels. The natives of the place are a quiet, peaceable lot, always willing and anxious to earn a few sticks of tobacco by assisting to fill the water-casks. But when we came to anchor on this occasion we could see no signs of human life. The place where the village stood when I last visited Wanderer Bay, on the occasion of my first cruise in the *Flora*, was a scene of desolation. Going ashore with the boats, we found nothing but the ashes and charred posts of what had once been the pretty and graceful huts of the natives; and here and there among the debris lay the calcined skeletons, without their skulls, of those with whom we had been so friendly on our former visit. We felt for those now working in Queensland, to whom we would take the sad intelligence of the destruction of their village and the slaughter of their people. The invaders did not even leave the cocoa-nut trees standing, but had ruthlessly cut them down.

When about to embark in the boats, after viewing the ruins, we saw a small group of natives at the entrance to the bay on the opposite side. Pulling over to them I found one of my old boatmen, Cha, who was the mate of my unfortunate henchman, Quabbie, who was shot dead in the boat at Tanna.

Cha told me that he and half a dozen others were the sole survivors of the ruined village we had just left. He said that some three moons back the villagers were sound asleep, and thinking they were at peace with all their neighbours never dreamed of danger. Suddenly, just before break of day, the whole village was roused by the war cry of the Savo men. Cha had only time to grasp his tomahawk and shield, and breaking out through the side of his house, he rushed forth to give battle to his savage foes. The Savo men came rushing on in overwhelming numbers, throwing spears and wielding their tomahawks. Before such a sudden onrush, and taken so unexpectedly, Cha and his men had no time to rally or form up in any way to defend themselves and their homes.

Soon the houses were ablaze, and screaming women and children were running they knew not whither, in their desperation and excitement; many of them to be struck down by the relentless tomahawks, while many small children and infants were tossed back into the flames of the burning houses by the fiendish head-hunters. Cha fled to the bush after he saw that all was lost. He was closely followed for some time by his enemies, but, although weak from loss of blood, which must have flowed copiously from two severe wounds, which I saw had not yet healed, he managed to escape. One wound was inflicted by the blade of a tomahawk which had sliced several inches of scalp from above the ear, whilst his left side was horribly lacerated by a spear which had laid bare his ribs. After his escape Cha painfully made his way round the head of the bay, and took refuge with the people of Aowawa, a village about five miles further along the coast.

The victorious savages, after their raid, cut off the heads of their victims, which they placed in their canoes, and rounding up all the weeping women and children whom they could collect, with the ultimate view of selling them as slaves, they embarked and set sail for Savo.

We took Cha and his party on board the *Flora* to give them an opportunity of earning some tobacco, by helping to water the ship. But nothing would induce Cha to visit the scene of his once happy, but now ruined, home.

While the operation of watering ship was proceeding we let all the recruits ashore, and Carnie and I took the last opportunity we would have that trip of shooting some game. We accordingly started off with our guns up the Boyd River, so named after the unfortunate late owner of the yacht *Wanderer*. We had a very good day's sport, as when the shades of eve began to fall we and our attendants returned laden with ducks and pigeons. During our absence the recruiter had been fishing with dynamite, and when we arrived on board, as hungry as the proverbial hunter, we

NATIVE HUT IN SAVO, ONE OF THE CHIEF CENTRES OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS

The man on the left is wearing a wig made of human hair, which has been steeped in lime and bleached in the sun. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

were in time to sit down to some very appetising fish, with other good things to follow.

Next day we hove up the anchor, took our departure from the islands, and shaped our course for Queensland. But we had no sooner cleared the heads of Wanderer Bay when we saw the schooner *Fearless* bearing down on us, so we hove-to and waited for her. When close to us the *Fearless* backed her yards, and a boat putting off from her we were soon boarded by Government Agent Robert McMurdo. The *Fearless* had just come direct from Maryborough, where the *Young Dick* had arrived a few days before the *Fearless* sailed, and reported the attack and massacre committed by the savages at Malayta. McMurdo then told me that among those murdered was my very dear friend and comrade Home P. Popham. The sad intelligence affected me acutely, as ever since he entered the Service Popham and I had been the closest of friends and companions. He was the last to shake hands with me when I started on the present cruise, and he was the man who so urgently warned me against the very fate by which he was himself overtaken. It was poor consolation for me that I took poor Popham's chain and locket from the neck of one of the robbers and murderers implicated in the massacre.

We did not wait for much more news; and after a hasty farewell to McMurdo and his crew we hauled round the yards, filled on the sails, and dipping our ensign to the *Fearless* stood away for Queensland.

A strong south-east breeze coming up soon developed into half a gale, and our old skipper was just in his element. He would not take in an inch of canvas, although the mate begged to be allowed to shorten sail. Even when the lee rail was buried in the sea, and an extra strong gust caused the vessel to make a deeper plunge, and in doing so carried away the starboard rail, bulwarks, davits, and whale-boat in one mighty crash, old Mack grimly smiled. The gale fortunately subsided before we reached the vicinity of the Barrier Reef. Fortunately, I say, because before we caught sight of broken

or shoal water we found ourselves on the top of the reef. Looking over the side we could see that we were just balanced on the ridge of a narrow reef with deep water both under our bow and stern. So calling all hands on deck we made them race up and down like a mob of sheep, fore and aft, until we got the motion of a see-saw on the ship, when she slipped over bows first into deep water.

We passed through the Barrier Reef by the Flora Passage, so named after our own little craft, having been discovered in 1884 by Captain Robertson, then in command of her. After getting safely through the reef we hauled up in the wind, and shaped our course for Dungeness, at the mouth of the Herbert River, and arrived at our destination the following morning. We were duly boarded and passed by the customs officials, who were anxious to get back to Ingham, as the day was a public holiday on account of the local races. Carnie being anxious to get back to his home on Victoria Plantation, and if possible attend the race-meeting, we got two of our boatmen in the ship's dinghy, and pulled up the Herbert River as far as Halifax, passing many alligators basking in the sun on the mud by the river-banks. Arrived at Halifax, we were just in time to catch the locomotive which ran between Victoria Mill and the Halifax Wharf, on the Colonial Sugar Refining Company's tram-line. We arrived at Bachelors' Quarters on the plantation in time to eat a late and hasty luncheon ; after which we got horses and rode over to the Ingham township to witness the last of the races, but in good time to enjoy the race ball in the evening.

Next day, accompanied by the local inspector, Captain Pennyfather, and the Government medical officer, we returned to the *Flora* at Dungeness. We were surprised to find that the *Young Dick* had arrived during our absence to take a ship-load of return islanders back to New Ireland.

We boarded the *Young Dick*, and were shown over the vessel by Captain Rogers, who pointed out to us many

evidences of the attack by the Malayta men, even to the hole made by the bullet which passed through the head of the last man found in Popham's cabin, and he handed me the following report made by him to the Press :

"THE *Young Dick* MASSACRE"

" We have been favoured by the Maryborough *Chronicle* with advance proofs of the following account of the voyage of the Labour schooner *Young Dick*, containing a recital of the tragic events already reported by telegraph.

" From Captain Rogers and the surviving members of his crew, we have gathered the following narrative :

" The *Young Dick* left Brisbane on the 7th of April, under command of Captain Rogers, part owner, with Charles Marr, first mate, John Hornidge, second mate and recruiter, a crew of seven Europeans, Polynesian boat's crew, and Mr. Home Popham Popham, Government Agent. A course was shaped to the Solomons, and Guadalcanar was reached on the 24th. Recruiting operations were conducted with moderate success. On the 1st of May the vessel obtained six recruits at Mabo, near Cape Zelée, on the east coast of Malayta.

" Next day two more were obtained and two interpreters landed. On the boat regaining the vessel in the evening, Hornidge, second mate, reported that a lot of bush natives had come down to the coast, and advised continuing recruiting operations there. Accordingly the *Young Dick* returned to her anchorage, and next morning, in response to an inviting cooey from the shore, Hornidge went ashore with the two recruiting boats as usual. On reaching the beach they found only two Kanakas, one of the interpreters who had been landed the previous day, a boy named Rady who had done service in the Fiji, and an old man. They invited Hornidge up to the village situate one hundred yards or so from the beach, the country at this spot being thickly wooded As

they neared the village, Hornidge was suddenly set upon by both Kanakas, who used their tomahawks with unmistakably murderous intentions. Twice Hornidge was knocked down, but he succeeded in getting away, and rushing through the undergrowth to the beach made for the nearest boat, into which he fell bleeding and faint. Nothing further was seen of the natives, and the boats, after the crew had fired a few chance shots, returned to the ship. Hornidge was badly tomahawked about the head and face, with a huge gash across his mouth, another across the vertebræ, four deep cuts in the back, and had a bit of his right heel sliced off. Anchor was weighed, and the *Young Dick* proceeded same day to Port Adams, where the Labour schooner *Meg Merrilees* was lying. The Government Agent of that vessel, Mr. Bevan, boarded the *Young Dick*, and for the succeeding few days was most skilful and assiduous in his attentions to the mutilated man, and to Mr. Bevan's generous care Hornidge's recovery was mainly due. In communicating with the *Meg Merrilees* it was elicited that the treacherous interpreter 'Rady' had expressed his intention of murdering the first white man he could get ashore, in revenge for the death of his chief at Fiji.

"On the 6th of May H.M.S. *Opal* arrived in Port Adams and the *Young Dick* was boarded by Lieut. Wright, R.N., and Dr. Breton, the ship's medical officer. The vessel's papers were duly examined, and an investigation was held by Lieut. Wright into the occurrence at Mabo. The natives were then communicated with, also a European missionary located at the spot. A formal demand for the two culprits to be delivered on board the man-of-war was replied to next morning in unsatisfactory terms by the chief, Tarracocka, and notice was forthwith given that the village would be bombarded. Accordingly next morning the *Opal* towed the *Young Dick* round to Mabo, and two recruits having been prevailed upon to point out the locality of the village the *Opal* opened fire, and sent nineteen shells at the village, but apparently without doing any damage beyond

felling a cocoa-nut tree. In the meantime the natives, who had received through the missionary ample time to clear out their families and goods, were conspicuous on the beach a mile further up, enjoying immensely the fun of the bombardment. The so-called 'salutary lesson' having been administered, the *Opal* towed the *Young Dick* out, and the vessels parted company; the suffering mate, Hornidge, having been removed to the *Opal* for medical treatment and transhipment to another man-of-war, which the *Opal* was to meet at Dinner Island on the 29th of May.

"On the 11th of May the *Young Dick*, resuming recruiting, anchored at Hinehouy, on the Malayta east coast, and another hostile attack was experienced. As one of the boats was pulling past a rocky point on the beach a shower of arrows was fired from ambush, and six struck the boat. One hit 'Bust,' a jovial Sandwich Islander, one of the boat's crew, and piercing his left arm, pinned that limb to his side. The weapon was extracted, and Bust escaped with nothing worse than scars. A couple of shots were fired from the boat, which frightened the natives, and they decamped into the bush. Recruiting was then continued along the island, until brought to a stop by wholesale massacre.

"On the 20th of May, the *Young Dick* being rounded-to in Sinerago Bay, on the east coast of Malayta, sixteen miles west of Io, Captain Rogers left the vessel with two boats, three European sailors, and the black crew, to recruit. The boats had gone down the coast out of sight, when a canoe, with six Kanakas, came off from shore, which was a hundred and fifty yards off, and, going alongside the schooner, invited the hands ashore to recruit a boy who wanted to go to Queensland. This was, as subsequently shown, a ruse to decoy the crew ashore and make easy the capture of the vessel. Mr. Popham, Government Agent, who was too ill that day to go in the boat, told the occupants of the canoe to fetch the boy and he would recruit him on board. They left for shore, and half an hour later the canoe returned with five Kanakas, including the king, who was to receive the

trade, and the boy who played the part of the 'recruit.' While the king was examining the trade in the deck-house, and the pseudo-recruit was dallying with Mr. Popham in the adjoining cabin respecting the agreement, the natives came off to the ship in dozens by canoes, catamarans, and swimming; and clambering up the sides of the vessel, crowded her deck. The rule against the admission of native arms on board was neatly evaded, unperceived by the ship's people. Short-handled tomahawks were smuggled aboard in small dilly-bags, or embedded in yams, or artfully concealed in a wrapper of green leaves.

"There were on board at this moment the following: Mr. Popham, Government Agent, in his cabin; Charles Marr, the mate; Harry Merlin, the cook; Beirr, the carpenter, in the deck-house, guarding the trade which lay spread out on the dinner-table; Lagerblom, the sailmaker, on the forward deck; and Thomas Crittenden, able seaman, who was sleeping out his watch below in the forecastle.

"The deck-house is divided into three compartments, running across the after-deck, with a narrow gangway on each side. The forward portion comprises the separate cabins of the captain and Government Agent; the centre section is the dining-room open at the two sides; the third is the mate's cabin and trade-room, both opening into the dining-room. As the mate stood at the open door of the trade-room, the king demanded more trade, and as Mr. Marr gently refused more and closed the trade-room door, the king gave the signal for attack.

"A loud and piercing yell was instantly replied to by a hellish shriek from the crowd of dusky naked savages, who thronged the deck space aft, and instantly violent hands were laid on the Europeans. Tomahawks appeared as if produced by magic. Marr was seized by the king and two others, one of whom took the intended victim's thumb in his teeth and nearly bit it off. Marr, who was fortunately standing in the recess of the doorway, with his attackers in front of him, fortunately freed his right hand, and giving

the king a British blow with clenched fist, sent him reeling. In an instant he eluded the savage clutches, snatched his loaded revolver from his bed, and from the half-closed door opened fire. His first bullet sent one of his attackers, who was aiming a tomahawk at him, to the deck a bleeding corpse, the next served another, and the revolver was then brought to bear on the crowds who, on the port side of the deck-house, were relentlessly tomahawking the carpenter and cook, who, taken quite unawares by the attack, were unable to reach their weapons and offer defence. Meantime blows in the forward cabin told how Mr. Popham was being hacked to death in the same cruel fashion. Expending the resources of his revolver, Marr snatched up a Snider rifle, jumped across to the trade-room for cartridges, and continued the deadly fight with the bloodthirsty demons, who, shrieking and yelling, brandishing their tomahawks, kept pouring into the vessel from canoes alongside. From his vantage ground Marr kept up a steady fire, and more than one savage, as he made his appearance on the taffrail, got his bullet, and fell back into the sea to drown. Unable to face Marr's rifle, the savages, of whom there were now fully fifty on board, sought to attack him in the rear, and endeavoured, by reaching through the cabin-window astern, to tomahawk him. This manœuvre was responded to by Marr, who, seeing that the carpenter and cook were brutally slain within a few feet of him, retired into his cabin and closing the door, directed his bullets to the enemy at the window.

"How the Government Agent and Lagerblom met their horrible death can never be accurately known. It is certain that they were attacked at the same moment as the others and chopped to death. Cries of 'Murder!' from Mr. Popham were heard, but his agony was short-lived.

"Crittenden, who was awakened from sleep by the savage yelling, ran, clothed only in a light singlet, on deck. The first spectacle which he witnessed was Lagerblom, the sail-maker, struggling violently with half a dozen naked savages on the starboard side of the main hatch. Crittenden im-

mediately returned to the forecastle for his revolver, jumped on deck again, ran aft and found himself also the object of a general attack. He fired several shots with telling effect, the recipients of the bullets leaping overboard as soon as they were struck. A couple of natives clutched his singlet, but that gave way, and his naked body affording no grip, Crittenden freed himself and making a leap into the forecastle, put on his trousers, filled his pockets with cartridges, took a Snider rifle, and returned pluckily to the combat. Reaching the deck, he conceived the idea of conducting operations from the superior vantage afforded by the topsail-yard, and hastily making his way up thither, he coolly sat down and opened fire on the seething, screeching mob of brutal devils who were rushing hither and thither on the deck below; here chopping the prostrate Lagerblom out of all recognition; there doing the same to a courageous recruit, who, having learnt something better than native treachery during the long sojourn at Fiji, was gallantly struggling to defend the ship and his shipmates, and laying down his life therefor; and farther aft, rushing hither and thither looking for white men to slay, or valuables to annex. Shot after shot came from the foretopsail-yard with unerring aim, now directed at some especially prominent slayer on deck, now piercing a canoe alongside and carrying dismay into the savage ranks. Fifteen bullets from the intrepid Crittenden's rifle found their billets, and the savage enemy came to the conclusion that Jack aloft was too much for them, so with yells of disappointment and fear, they went helter-skelter over the sides, and, with their numberless wounded, hastened ashore. With only two cartridges left, Crittenden descended, and warily proceeded along the top of the deck-house aft to see if any of the enemy were in ambush in its recesses. For a moment Crittenden experienced the strange sensation which a man must feel when he finds himself alone in the face of death. Below him and around him lay the bleeding corpses of his shipmates and no living creature with a white skin visible. But a voice from the

mate's cabin reassured him, and Crittenden hailing it with the remark that the deck was clear, Marr, whose rifle, by the way, had some minutes before this become injured and useless, emerged from his retreat. By way of precaution the two men looked into the other cabins for skulkers. In the Government Agent's cabin was the dead and mutilated body of Mr. Popham, but some sign of life was visible in that gentleman's great-coat which was hanging on a rail in the corner. From thence sprang a naked savage armed with a tomahawk, but before he could strike his intended blow, Crittenden's rifle was in position and a Snider bullet pierced his eye, passed through his head, and embedded itself in the timber wall, where it still remains, visible testimony to the deed.

"No more skulkers were found, but down in the main hatch were the thirteen recruits who had been previously obtained and were unwilling witnesses of the terrible scene. The fourteenth, already referred to, joined in the fight against the invaders and was slain. Those remaining were at once brought on deck, and expressed their willingness to defend the ship—a willingness illustrated by an immediate attack on the dying bodies of the black ruffians which lay about the blood-smeared deck—were supplied with tomahawks and were arrayed to resist a second attack which appeared to be impending. The retreating enemy, however, though making a show on reaching the beach of renewing the attack and carrying out their original design on the *Young Dick*, hesitated until the ship's boats hove in sight, and then it was too late.

"As soon as the ensign at the fore, the signal for the recruiting boats to return, was hoisted, the two remaining white men, Marr and Crittenden, had leisure to survey the ghastly scene around them, and to search the ship for their comrades. The sailmaker, Lagerblom, was found lying just inside the captain's cabin in a semi-unconscious state. His wounds were terrible, bearing evidence of repeated blows with tomahawks. One of his arms was cut clean off, and

his skull was fairly cleft in twain. He was borne to a hatch, and lingered for an hour, feebly expressing some wish that his watch should be given to his mother. He has his effects among friends in Brisbane. Mr. Popham was found dead in his cabin, the body reclining against the bunk, with a pen in one hand and the official agreement paper in the other. His face was so hacked as to be unrecognisable. From his appearance it is judged that he was held back by powerful hands while others inflicted the blows which gashed his mouth and the side of his face open, leaving not a tooth in his head. Blows from many tomahawks must have rained on him, and it is satisfactory to know that the serviceable Crittenden on the topsail-yard put a bullet into the last man to come out direct from the murderous assault in that cabin, though leaving another to share his fate shortly after. In the open space called the dining-room, and on the port side, lay two more hacked figures. These were the bodies of Merlin and Beirr, stone dead, with their heads chopped to shreds and their brains spattered over the adjacent timber. Further forward, on the port side, was the dead body of the friendly Kanaka who had fought and died in the same way as his white-faced shipmates; and here and there were the bodies of five naked savages, who had died from bullet wounds ere they could clamber, as is the wont of their race in such occasions, back to their canoes. In the meantime the unsuspecting Captain Rogers and his boat's crew returned, having received the most cordial treatment from the natives, all of whom must have been aware of the diabolical work going on, all evidence pointed to its being a preconcerted plan. His horror on stepping on to the deck, left so clean and ship-shape in the morning, can better be imagined than described. The scuppers were literally running with blood, and when the work of washing down the ship began, the teeth of the unfortunate late tenant were found scattered about the Government Agent's cabin. Above the captain's cabin door are the deep marks of tomahawks. On his bed, the mate, Marr, found stains of blood which had come from

the tomahawk slashed at him through his port-hole, and which had just come fresh from butchering the cook and carpenter. In different parts of the ship are the tracks of bullets; holes in canvas, rigging, snapped ropes, and splintered wood bear witness to Crittenden's bombardment.

"Though the object of the outrage was booty, it is some slight satisfaction to know that all the savages carried off was the captain's Winchester rifle, the six-shooter of the Government Agent, and a few trifles.

"The bodies of the ship's people were sewn in canvas and buried at sea that night, and the other corpses also put overboard.

"This fearful tragedy brought the cruise to an end, and the vessel made for Queensland as soon as the land breeze that night allowed of a departure. The *Young Dick* arrived off Woody Island on Tuesday, the 1st of June, having been fifty-six days out, and came up to Maryborough yesterday."

And in such manner did my dear friend and comrade meet his death.

After the Inspector and the Health Officer had examined and passed our recruits, Mr. Marr, the mate of the *Young Dick*, paid us a visit; and while in conversation on the deck, he suddenly recognised and with a loud exclamation pointed to one of our recruits, who as suddenly disappeared below. He said he identified him as one of the savages who took a leading part in the massacre of the *Young Dick's* people at Sinerago; but search the ship as he might Marr could not find his man. He was all the time in hiding in an empty beef-cask, and there he remained for the best part of the time that the *Young Dick* remained at Dungeness.

We had to keep our recruits on board until the *Young Dick* received her returns, as they would be allotted the quarters on the plantation vacated by the returning islanders. But the delay was only the matter of a day, as the Inspector returned the following day with about one hundred and fifty islanders homeward bound for New

Ireland. And a noisy, happy crowd they seemed. The most of the day was taken up in searching their boxes and other gear for contraband, such as fire-arms and ammunition. And a few old rifles were found and confiscated.

Within a day or two the *Young Dick* started on her last trip, from which she never returned. I accompanied the Government Agent, who took charge of her, on board. He was the first Queenslander who had ever held the position of Government Agent in the Island Labour Trade; and to get the appointment he gave up an important position in the post and telegraph department. As a man, James Fowles was as handsome and fine-looking a young fellow as any one could wish to see, and his character was of the very highest order. Undoubtedly he was one of the most popular officers in the whole Service. Not only respected, but highly esteemed and loved by all who knew him; and his circle of friends was wide and extensive. When the *Young Dick* left the weather looked dull and threatening, and squalls began to come up from the south-east. I went out as far as the Fairway Buoy, and returned with the pilot when he had seen them clear of the land. From the appearance of the weather the pilot advised Captain Rogers to anchor under the Palm Islands for the night, and not attempt the reef until he had clear weather the next day. Whether the pilot's advice was followed or not no one knows, as the *Young Dick* was never seen again. Her after-fate can be but mere conjecture. Coasting steamers afterwards passed a quantity of wreckage, principally consisting of the portions of red-deal boxes, usually made for return islanders going back to their islands from Queensland. And one vessel passed the corpse of a red-haired man floating in the water. It answered the description of Captain Rogers. Many days afterwards a raft drifted ashore on Hinchinbrook Island, and was secured by a tribe of aboriginals there. They at once reported the matter to the sub-collector of customs at Dungeness, and stated that there were two black men on the raft when it was stranded, but one of them died almost

immediately after landing, whilst the other made for the bush. They tracked him up, but only to find his dead body, as in his hunger he had eaten portions of a poisonous root.

The customs officer to whom the aboriginals reported the matter returned with them to Hinchinbrook Island, where he identified the bodies of the two dead men as Pacific Islanders. There was a mast on the raft, to which was attached bunting which, on reference to the signal-book, read, "In distress, want assistance." The flags plainly showed that some white man acquainted with the code had survived the wreck, but what became of him no man can tell. Some years afterwards I left Dungeness in the schooner *Foam* bound for the Solomon Islands with one hundred and thirty return islanders, and late the same night we struck on a submerged reef, named the Myrmidon, about a hundred and fourteen miles off the coast. We just had time to make a raft by lowering the top-masts and spars over the side and cutting away all the bulwarks and deck-houses, when the vessel became a total wreck and went down, taking most of our belongings with her. The raft proved so clumsy and unmanageable that we could do nothing with it. So we moored it over the reef; and leaving the captain and one boat to look after the raft with its occupants, the mate and I took all the women and children in the other boat, and in twenty-four hours we reached Townsville, where we chartered a steamer and rescued all the others. We attributed the wreck to the strong current running southward, which took us upwards of eight miles out of our course.

I have often since thought that the *Young Dick* may have been wrecked on the same reef. But there is no one left to tell the tale. The fate of the *Young Dick* is added to the many mysteries of the deep. The memory of poor "Jim" Fowles will long be held sacred by his many old comrades in the Service. A sadness seems to come over me when I think that I am the last living being who felt the warm, strong hand-clasp of "Jim" Fowles before he went

to his doom. As we sheered off from the ship's side in the pilot boat the *Young Dick* dipped her ensign three times. We waved adieu. The return islanders and all the ship's company gave three rousing cheers, and they sailed away never to be seen in this world again.

The *Flora* had orders to remain at Dungeness for a full load of return New Hebrides Islanders, and then proceed down the coast with them to Brisbane. The time in waiting for these returns was practically my own, and I spent it in enjoying the sporting and shooting on the Herbert River and also in the Hinchinbrook Channel. We had several wallaby and kangaroo hunts, as well as alligator-hunting expeditions. While in the Hinchinbrook Channel we got some pigeon-shooting and excellent fishing. The weather continued dull and cloudy for several days, with frequent rain-squalls. And when the welcome change came again, with brilliant sunshine and clear, unclouded skies, we got ready for our run down the coast to Brisbane. It was a long beat down the coast, and took us three weeks. But old Captain McDougall seemed to know every bay and cove on the coast, as well as the innumerable little islands which dotted the sea in our course. He was also familiar with the tides and currents. Frequently he would run in and drop his anchor in some snug little bight, and wait for the turn of the tide or a favourable current. These stoppages broke the monotony of the trip, and at the same time enabled us to do some shooting, fishing, and oyster-getting.

In due course we arrived in Brisbane. The old *Flora* was overhauled and condemned. All her return islanders, as well as myself, were transferred to the *Ariel;* and the poor old *Flora*, once the smartest vessel in the Labour Trade, was moored as a derelict close to the bank of the river. She sank at her moorings in a big flood which swept the Brisbane River, and her remains rest there now in the mud close to the Victoria Bridge.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WRECK OF THE *MADELEINE*

Appointed to the *Madeleine*—A Fatal Dispute—Native Converts—Intelligent Kanakas—Kanaka Mission—Island of Aneitium—Tanna—A Wonderful Change—Bows and Arrows—Generous Hospitality—Repaying Kindness—Sandwich Island—French Hospitality—Islands of Makura and Mai—A Hurricane—A Narrow Escape—Taking the Life-line Ashore—A Dangerous Undertaking—An Awful Struggle—A Total Wreck.

IN February, 1888, I was ordered to take charge of the *Madeleine* schooner, then in Maryborough awaiting a shipment of return islanders bound for their homes in the New Hebrides.

I went by steamer from Brisbane to Maryborough, accompanied by Government Agent T. S. Armstrong, who was appointed to take charge of the schooner *Helena*, of Bundaberg. We were duly met by the respective Agents for the two vessels, and escorted by them to the Grand Hotel, where we put up for the ensuing week.

Captain William Connell sailed as master and Edward Heath was mate. Both of them are now numbered with the dead. Poor Heath was killed after he and I parted, shot by the natives of Ambrym. After his return from the wreck of the *Madeleine*, he joined the *Helena* as mate and Recruiting Agent. Mr. F. C. Hornbrook was then Government Agent. The ship was off the south end of Ambrym at the time, endeavouring to recruit labour for Queensland. While the boats were ashore some dispute arose between Heath and the natives, and in consequence the boats put back to the ship. Mr. Hornbrook advised going further up the coast, but Heath, always headstrong, said he was not afraid of the niggers, and would like to give them another trial, as he believed there were some who were desirous of recruiting for Queensland.

He went inside the reef, and backed his boat on to the beach. No sooner had he done so than a volley came from the rifles of the natives ashore, and Heath and every man in his boat were struck down. Hornbrook and his men returned the fire, but were too few to follow the natives into the bush; so they made for Heath's boat and launched it into deeper water. Then, making the painter of Heath's boat fast to the stern-post of the Government Agent's, it was taken in tow, Mr. Hornbrook getting into Heath's boat to steer it out through the reef. They accomplished the rescue of the boat amidst the continual sniping of the natives ashore from the cover of the dense scrub. Meantime Heath and his four men were weltering in their blood at the bottom of the boat. Heath succumbed to his wounds. The white man who pulled stroke oar, although he had several shattered ribs removed, managed to survive to be a burden to himself. I just mention poor Heath's death here as his tragic end will not again be alluded to in the course of my South Sea narratives. Now to go back to the *Madeleine*.

From the time the tender let go our tow-line till we reached the islands we experienced lovely weather. Even had it been otherwise, I would have had no hesitation in facing in the *Madeleine* as stiff a gale as ever I encountered, as she was a staunch and tight little vessel. She had very comfortable quarters. The captain had a large roomy cabin amidships, while the mate and I had a cabin each, I on the starboard, and he on the port side of the wheel-house. The natives had the usual quarters down below. Most of the return islanders had seen service in Bundaberg, and all professed to be converts to the Christian faith. They had prayers every night and morning, and regular services on Sundays. The man who was recognised as leader in their devotions was a native of Ambrym, named George. He was, I believe, a very sincere Christian; an excellent stamp of the young converts to be found among the Kanakas at Bundaberg. The number of staunch Christians who have returned to the islands from Queensland speaks highly for

NATIVE CONVERTS LAUNCHING CANOE, ANEITIUM

(Rev. Dr. W. Gunn.)

the Christian work initiated in Bundaberg by Miss Young, of Fairymead, and her staff of workers, and the aid derived from those returned converts has gone a long way to assist the missionaries resident at the islands in their endeavours to civilise the savages, and further the spread of the Gospel among wild and cannibal islands.

Not only did the Queensland Kanaka Mission aim at giving the islanders a spiritual training, but much time and labour were devoted in the evenings by willing workers to give them a sound liberal secular education. The Kanakas proved willing and eager pupils. The rapidity with which these grown men progressed in acquiring a knowledge of reading and writing was wonderful. In later years, in my official capacity as an inspector, I received many communications from islanders, both in the State and from the islands, which would be a credit to many men who have had all the benefits of a regular education.

The Queensland Kanaka Mission is undenominational, and has a willing staff of Christian workers from all Churches, and is supported by the freewill offerings of all sympathisers, the Kanakas themselves giving liberally of their own hard-earned wages. The effects of the mission have been far-reaching; and at the present time, 1908, the mission has many stations all round the wild and savage island of Malayta, as well as on other islands. In Mackay the Anglican Church established a mission to the Kanakas, and they also got many converts, and the work spread to almost every other centre of the sugar industry. Such good work did the Anglican Mission do, that to-day the Bishop of New Guinea has a great many of the Queensland Kanaka converts working for him as teachers and evangelists among the heathen of New Guinea.

After a fine-weather voyage we reached the island of Aneitium, where, as usual, we had a hearty welcome from Messrs. Cronstadt and Freeman and their families. We enjoyed their hospitality for the next few days, passing the time in picnics, hill-climbing, and in visiting scenes of

beauty. We shipped Mr. Cronstadt's eldest son Fred as cabin-boy. He was a lad of great promise, but met with an untimely death, being killed by a charge of dynamite whilst fishing.

At Tanna we obtained twenty-six fine, strapping recruits. Much of our success was due to one of our native boatmen, who was a native of the island and a general favourite. He was a big, stout, powerful, and very jovial character, and rejoiced in the name of "Fat-headed Johnnie." For short he was generally "Fat-head." He was one of the merriest, devil-may-care Kanakas I ever met, and as he had a great regard for me I made him my factotum and he accompanied me on a number of consecutive trips. Poor Fat-head subsequently lost his life on his own island, through one of the boats capsizing and being dashed against the rocks, when all the crew were battered to death. I have still in my possession poor Fat-head's rifle, which I keep as a memento of one of the most faithful followers I ever had. Not only was he a means to our success, but the fact that we were recruiting for Bundaberg was the greatest inducement that could be offered, as vessels recruiting for that district could generally rely on obtaining any number of recruits in the New Hebrides without any difficulty. Bundaberg was esteemed by the islanders the best district in all Queensland for them.

From Tanna we crossed to Erromango, and anchored in Dillon's Bay; and there we were greeted with the ever-homely and cordial welcome every visitor received from the Rev. Dr. Robertson and his wife. After being refreshed indoors, we sat out on the spacious veranda interchanging news, and in the cool of the evening we enjoyed a walk along the banks of the Williams River.

What a change had come over Erromango, the scene of so many a martyr's sacrifice! Here by the waters of this very river the Reverends John Williams, Harris, the two Gordon brothers and Mrs. Gordon had fallen victims, beaten to death by the bloody clubs and tomahawks of the

treacherous savages. And only two months after the last of the Gordons was so cruelly murdered, Dr. Robertson and his brave young wife took the place of the murdered people and nobly and gallantly carried on their work. They have now their reward for all their hardships, trials, and labours in the satisfaction and knowledge that all they have endured was not in vain. The people among whom they settled were then steeped in ignorance, sin, and superstition; now they are a law-abiding, enlightened, and God-fearing community. People who were murderous savages, indulging in the vilest of heathen rites and customs, are leading upright Christian lives.

They are all engaged in making arrowroot, and by the money earned in this industry they have paid for the publication of the Scriptures translated by Dr. Robertson into their own language. If necessity arose they could take care of themselves. They have bows and arrows as well as clubs and tomahawks. Their bows are the smallest I have seen among the islands, but they are beautifully made of a very hard and heavy wood, which takes on a high polish. The arrows are of very small reeds, into which is let a point about a foot long of black hardwood, which is generally carved with serrated edges and a point like a needle. Those used for shooting birds have a blunt piece of hardwood, with an end about the circumference of a shilling. With these they knock many a pigeon off its perch.

Pigeons are very plentiful on the island, and I have had some good shooting among them. Some time ago Dr. Robertson let quite a number of pea-fowl loose in the bush with a view to their increasing in a wild state and providing a change of sport for some of his visitors, but I never came across any of them. The hospitality shown us by Dr. Robertson and his family was generously extended to our return islanders and recruits, all being invited ashore to partake of a great feast provided for them along with the natives of the mission. Many pigs were killed and cooked as well as fowls and fish, and these were accom-

panied by yams, taro, bread-fruit, and a plentiful supply of puddings, fruits, nuts, and other dishes that were strange to me.

Dr. Robertson mentioned that he was rather troubled about a heavy task before him. On the steamer's last call she had brought down from Sydney the material to build a church. This church was intended for erection in Cook's Bay, which is directly on the opposite side of the island to Dillon's Bay. But it was not in the steamer's contract to go to Cook's Bay, and consequently the whole of the building material was put ashore at Dillon's Bay at Dr. Robertson's residence. The doctor had either to carry the heavy timber and corrugated iron for the building of the church over a high mountain, or adopt the very tedious and dangerous course of conveying the material by boat round a rough and rocky coast, on which beat a heavy sea. When our skipper heard of the difficulty, he offered to convey the whole of the material round to Cook's Bay free of cost. The offer was gladly accepted. All hands soon turned to, and the next two days saw us taking on board our cargo of missionary church, composed of hardwood framework, dressed planks, window-sashes, doors, corrugated iron, etc., and when all was safely embarked we started for Cook's Bay. We were only a few hours out from Dillon's Bay when such a gale of wind sprang up, and the storm came down upon us with such violence, that one would almost fancy that all the devils and evil spirits from the dark caverns on that rock-bound coast had conspired to thwart us in our mission to safely land the church and drive us to our destruction.

For four days we thrashed against the storm, but were reluctantly compelled to give up the struggle, and run back for shelter to Dillon's Bay. The doctor was crestfallen at our return. We assured him that we had no intention of abandoning the enterprise, and would safely land that church where it was intended to be erected if it were possible. So,

after the weather had moderated and we had repaired our own damages, we set sail again and reached our destination without further mishap.

When our work was completed we sailed for Sandwich (or Efaté). The weather was now everything that could be wished for, and we soon reached Undine Bay and came to anchor abreast of the Mission Station on Moona. We had two islanders to land in the boat passage which runs between Deception Island and Sandwich. So we did not delay in getting them into the boats, and starting for their village immediately after the anchor was down. When we got to their village we found the Rev. Dr. McDonald busy putting up a mission hall, and we told him our last few days had been occupied in somewhat similar work. He could hardly credit the news at first, but afterwards expressed his pleasure in the knowledge that Queensland Labour vessels were entering on a new sphere of work, in aiding in the promotion of missionary work among the islands.

Having landed our returns we went on to Havana Harbour, and there posted our usual budget of letters, and got the latest papers from Queensland. We found the French troops whom I saw here on my former visit had taken their departure ; and they were uncommonly glad to get away, as sickness and fever had been prevalent among them, and too many of their number had found their last resting-place there.

Their embarkation was a source of mutual satisfaction, not only to themselves, but to the natives, traders, and missionaries as well. All that was left to remind one of their temporary occupation were the officers' quarters, the dining kiosk, and an improved natural bath in the stream of fresh water, the bed of the creek having been widened, deepened, and generally improved. The old quarters of the French military officers were now occupied by the officers of the New Caledonia–New Hebrides Company. They were now preparing the land for the planting of tobacco and coffee.

We remained their guests till the evening. When the sun had gone down, and the cool night breeze was gently blowing, rippling the dark blue waters of the harbour, we hoisted our lug-sails and glided away with no other lights but the glorious stars above us, and the glow from the excellent cigars between our lips provided by our genial French hosts.

The boats tried recruiting all round Moona and Undine Bay, but without any success. The natives in these parts "were not on the move," as the recruiter reported; so accordingly we got under way and proceeded further north, calling at Makura and Mai. We did not spend much time at either of those islands, merely going ashore with the boats to ascertain the views of the natives on emigration to Queensland and purchase native food while the ship was hove-to.

These islands, Makura and Mai, together with Mataso, Ahwoisy, Ouflair, Tongariki, and Tongoa, form a small group within the New Hebrides, known as the Shepherds' group, of which Tongoa is the principal and largest. All of these islands are inhabited; but Tongoa supports the biggest population, which numbers about a thousand. On the evening of the 16th of April we came to anchor, and made all snug for the night. As usual, we scanned the sky for any sign of a change in the weather, but could see nothing out of the common.

I was in a very sound sleep when just about midnight the skipper hurriedly entered my cabin and shouted, "Come on deck, we are in the midst of a hurricane; the port chain has carried away and the starboard anchor has fouled in the bobstay; we can't put any sail on, and we are driving God knows where." Needless to say, I was very quickly out of my bunk and on deck, and not a minute too soon, for just then the vessel struck stern first. The terrific crash wrenched the wheel and the steering-gear from the rudder-post, and sent them smashing through the wall of my cabin right into my bunk which I had vacated only a few moments before.

The Wrecked Madeleine

The scene on deck was appalling. Great seas tumbled over our starboard bulwarks, and soon shattered them to matchwood. The whale-boat on the starboard davits shared a similar fate. Our native passengers, waist-deep in water, were clinging to anything they could lay their hands on. All the time the rain was teeming down so thickly that we could hardly see more than a yard or two ahead of us, during the almost blinding flashes of lightning, while the thunder kept up a constant deafening roar, as if we were under the discharge of batteries of artillery. In a lull of the rain the lightning enabled us to see the land looming about a hundred yards away; but between us and the land was a roaring, seething mass of water.

The skipper called for volunteers to try to take a life-line ashore. Only one responded, a young fellow named James McKenzie. The signal halyards were made fast to a stouter line, and they were about to make them fast round McKenzie's waist, but I objected, pointing out that the thin line would almost cut his body in two in such an awful sea. So eventually, taking a coil in his hand, while we prepared to pay out the remainder, he took a leap overboard and disappeared in the hissing foam. We kept paying out the line slowly for a time; but we could not feel much strain upon it, so started to pull it in again, and it all came back to us. We gave up all hopes of poor McKenzie. Mr. Heath, the mate, who was a splendid swimmer, then volunteered to take the life-line; but the skipper said he wanted him to stand by him and the wreck. So I offered my services next, and they were gladly accepted.

Then Fat-headed Johnnie came forward and said he would go wherever I did. Another native boatman followed Fat-head's example. Then the skipper said to me, "If any one can get ashore you will. Will you take my gold watch and chain and ring with you, and if I should never see the land again, give them to my wife?" This I promised to do. Mr. Heath heard me, and asked if I would do the same for him, "as," he added, "the ship may break up at

any moment, and then anything may happen." Both watches entrusted to my care were handsome presentations made to the two men by the other shareholders in the *Madeleine*.

I clothed myself in bathing pants, while the skipper and mate put their valuables in several rolls of oilskin, putting my own along with theirs. Then they placed all in a belt of turkey-red twill, and with that round my waist and the life-line made fast to half a broom-handle the two islanders and I plunged over into the boiling sea. I do not like to think now of the awful struggle we had with the fury of the breakers. When we got just behind the last line of huge breakers, whose surf thundered on the beach, I could retain my hold no longer, and signed to my two companions to get ashore if possible. My senses began to leave me. I recollect being dashed more than once on a steep sandy beach, and vainly endeavouring to dig my fingers and toes into the sand in the attempt to scramble up out of the water; but the backwash seized me each time and swept me out choking and almost insensible again and again among the breakers.

How long this fight went on I do not know. Just when I was lapsing into insensibility, strong hands grasped me and I was dragged up clear of the sea. I opened my eyes and could just discern two dark figures bending over me. Then I heard the voice of Fat-head say, "You no dead yet, Government," and he broke out into a hearty laugh. I asked them what they had done with the life-line. They told me they had made it fast to the roots of a tree they found cast on the beach, and had then come in search of me in the darkness. I soon got on my feet and we started pulling on the life-line. When we got it well under way, as we hauled it ashore hand over hand, we could just hear above the din of the storm the cheers of those on board. It did not take long to get the life-line proper ashore, where we ran it up the beach and made it fast to a tree, and then some of the native boatmen came down the rope

to lend us a hand. The white crew did not behave so well as they ought. They refused to obey orders, saying that as the ship was now lost their wages ceased.

The tide was very low when the ship struck, but it began to rise rapidly. Before we got half the native passengers ashore, a great wave lifted the vessel from where she lay and bodily carried her on its crest over a long stretch of outer reef, dashing her down close up to the sandy beach. This, although it rendered all chance of refloating the hull hopeless, enabled all lives on board to be saved, and gave us a chance of getting the ship's stores ashore before she broke up.

The storm began to abate just as the first streaks of daylight shot across the sky, and went rambling away in the distance. We soon recognised our position; we had been cast ashore on Tongoa, on the sandy beach below the Mission Station. Yet we knew that the presence of a missionary was no protection for us against an attack from the natives, who still were cannibals and savages. So we worked with might and main to get everything available ashore from the wreck to put up as a barricade to protect us from any sudden rush of the natives. We soon had a sufficient barrier in the shape of returned islanders' boxes, odd cases, casks, and ship's sails. After the passing of the storm the violence of the sea subsided sufficiently to allow us, with the assistance of many and willing hands, to rescue the greater part of the vessel's stores, which we carried ashore and deposited in a safe place. Fires were set going, and before we had been long ashore the cook was serving hot coffee all round. Tents were made from sails and canvas, and we began to settle down as best we could. The day was well advanced before the natives came on the scene.

CHAPTER XIX

Wreck of the *Chance*—Enforcing Temperance—Planning the Future—Effects of the Storm—Retribution—A Lovely Scene—"Sail Ho!"—Making Terms—An Unfortunate Man—Wreck of the *Stanley*—Captain of the *Dauphin*—A Fight—A Bad Record—Settling a Dispute.

THE hurricane had wrought a lot of damage up in the native village, which was situated eighteen hundred feet above the sea, and the road down the cliff-side was blocked with trees, which the natives had to cut away and throw over the sides of the cliffs before they could descend to the beach. At the approach of the natives our people all got behind the barricade with guns and other weapons ready for defence. I went to meet the natives, and they met me with every demonstration of friendliness. They had not forgotten the occasion upon which I had recovered for some of them the wages of which an unscrupulous shipowner had tried to defraud them. They condoled with me upon the loss of the vessel, and promised us every help and assistance in their power in the endeavour to save anything from the wreck.

The missionary, the Rev. Mr. Michelsen, followed quickly after the arrival on the scene of the natives, and he was well pleased to see the amicable feelings existing between the natives and the shipwrecked people. He told me we had a much different reception from that experienced by the crew of the Queensland schooner *Chance*, wrecked some time previously. He said he was just in time to hurry to the scene of the wreck of the *Chance* with a following of friendly natives, and save the crew from being butchered

ROAS BAY, MALAYTA

Boy practising with bow and arrow. His dilly-bag suspended from his shoulder contains his betel-nut requisites, pipe and tobacco, etc. (J. W. Beattie Hobart.)

GUADALCANAR

Children on surf rafts. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

and eaten by conveying them to his own house and lodging them there, as they were just on the point of being massacred when he and the friendly natives arrived. We had no such experience, as the natives treated us most hospitably. They nobly and honestly fulfilled their promise in assisting us to save everything available on board the wreck.

I noticed that while all hands were busy getting stuff ashore, some of the white crew had got at the grog, and were fast becoming affected by it. Realising what might transpire if it once got into the hands of the natives, I ordered all the liquor and grog of every kind on board to be brought to me on the beach by reliable men under charge of the mate. When all was collected I offered Mr. Michelsen any of the stuff he might require as a free gift for medicinal purposes, but he courteously declined it. I then sent the mate to lock up in a box some wine and brandy which we might require. Then I emptied all the rum jars into the sand, and the remaining cases of spirits I had opened up and I smashed every bottle in them with an axe. Mr. Michelsen said he was highly pleased that the natives should have such an object lesson.

Two days were spent in stripping the wreck, erecting tents and shelters for the shipwrecked party, and repairing and adding to an old hut on the beach, which we proposed to occupy. That night we held a council of three to decide on what we should next do. It was arranged that the skipper should start off next day with our last remaining boat, well stocked with provisions, and take all the white crew with him, leaving behind with me the mate, Mr. Heath, the cook, and the cabin-boy, as well as the native boats' crews, return islanders, and recruits. The skipper was to make for Port Sandwich, Malikolo, where, at the head station of the New Caledonia–New Hebrides Company, he was most likely to obtain assistance. In the meantime we were to await his return with patience.

Accordingly we were all up next morning betimes, and

went about making preparations for the departure of the skipper and the white crew. They seemed pleased at the prospect of getting away, and readily worked to load up the boat and take their departure, which desirable end was not long in accomplishing. We bade them all *bon voyage*, and wishing the skipper a speedy return with assistance to get us also safely away, we watched their lug-sail fade away in the distance.

Having seen to the comfort of all under my care, I started off with a few retainers to explore some of the island. We took the path leading up to the village and the mission house, and as we made our way we had ample evidence of the devastating effect of the hurricane. Here and there great trees all tangled with vines lay stretched across the pathway, like the masts and tangled rigging of some old wreck. Over and through many similar objects we forced our way up the steep mountain track, until we reached the plateau on which the Mission Station and village were situated. The limb of a large tree had fallen upon and crushed through the roof of the missionary's kitchen, while his pretty garden was littered with fallen branches and general debris.

The native village being more sheltered had not suffered so much from the force of the wind. But the huts had been deluged by rain. The yam vines had been levelled to the ground, and many cocoa-nut trees had been uprooted. We made our way across the island and visited the village on the far side. In the evening we had tea with the Rev. Mr. Michelsen and his wife, and Mr. Michelsen entertained us with many thrilling experiences of his life. He told us how by Divine interposition his life had been saved from violent and sudden death and the ambushes lying in wait to murder him had been frustrated; and how six of the head-men had banded themselves together and had taken a solemn oath to compass his death, but had all but one met with violent and tragic deaths.

The chief of them, and the first to die, was shot dead

by Captain McQuaker on the deck of the schooner *Helena*, in an attempt made by the natives to capture the vessel. The last of the six is now vying with others to assist the missionary in every way. Only two years previous to our visit, and when the missionary was away for a holiday, the natives came to his house, took out the native teacher who had been left behind, killed him, and cooked and ate him in the mission garden. They are still cannibals, and Mr. Michelsen told me that during his stay among them he had known many to have been killed and eaten.

The scene from the mission hill is extremely lovely, and before starting for our downward journey to the seashore, we stood almost spell-bound and entranced as we viewed the beauty and magnificence that stretched from beneath us away into the far distance. Eighteen hundred feet below us lay the wreck of our poor little craft, while the white canvas tents of our shipwrecked party shone out conspicuously from amidst the green bushes which fringed the seashore.

Between the base of the mountain on which we stood and the sea stretched a beautiful plain, dotted here and there with graceful cocoa-nut and ivory-nut palms, banyan, and other spreading trees of shade. The sea, like burnished gold in the setting sun, was studded here and there with little gems of islets in emerald green, while far beyond the blue mountains of Api and Ambrym melted away in the shadowy distance. A glimpse of this small group of islands in a brilliant sunset is one of the most lovely sights in the New Hebrides, which should never fade from one's memory.

After our long walks all day and steep descent at night, we found an appetising supper awaiting us in our rough grass-and-palm-thatched hut, and did justice to the good things provided for us. Having seen to the setting of the watches we stretched ourselves at ease on improvised stretchers, freed from all dreams or fears connected with

savages or cannibals. Daylight saw us up again and with many others disporting in the surf which a few nights before had so nearly cost me my life ; but the sea was not so high, and the morning swim was very enjoyable. The next few days were passed in athletic games and sports of all sorts. I frequently endeavoured to compete with the champion bowmen and spear-throwers in archery and also in hitting the mark with the spear. We had many rambles through the scrub and walks along the coast and scrambles over the rocks. Numbers of natives visited us every day and brought us always a plentiful supply of vegetables and fruits. All the time a sharp look-out was kept by more than one pair of eyes for the ship that was to come to our relief.

Shortly after sunrise one morning, a week after our shipwreck, we were all brought to the beach by the "look-out" shouting "Sail ho! Sail ho!" The stranger showed up larger and larger as she came booming along on the wind. In a few hours she was riding snugly at anchor. But before she had her sails clewed up there was another cry of "Sail ho!" and coming along under a greater spread of canvas we made out a bigger vessel. Meanwhile a boat came ashore from the cutter lying at anchor, which proved to be the *Constantine*, Captain Martin, afterwards known as "Pirate" Martin, in charge. Martin was an old acquaintance. The work had once devolved on me of dressing a rifle-shot wound which he received in the chest when gambling in a store in Port Sandwich. He had won a large pile of money, which was lying on the table beside him, when a shot came from the darkness of the store beyond, and a bullet ploughed right across his chest, leaving a deep furrow from which the blood flowed copiously. Martin was on his feet in a second, and dived, revolver in hand, into the darkened store, but his assailant decamped before another shot could be fired. After getting his wound dressed, Martin insisted on pursuing his would-be assassin, but

he got away in the bush for the time being. From that time forth Martin was my sworn friend.

Captain Connell, he now said, had arrived safely with his crew at Port Sandwich, where he was trying to negotiate with the manager of the French Company for the charter of a vessel to come to our relief, and complete the landing of our return islanders. He (Martin) had come on ahead to see if he could render any assistance. The other vessel we sighted was not long in reaching our island, and she came to anchor shortly before nightfall. She turned out to be the French Company's schooner *Dauphin*, Captain Demoselle in charge. Captain Connell came ashore that night, and told me that he had made satisfactory arrangements with the manager of the French Company, and now all that was required was my approval, and my signature to the copies of agreement. The terms were that the French Company undertook to convey the boats' crews, and any member of the *Madeleine's* company left at Tongoa, from that island to Port Sandwich, in Malikolo, and thereafter convey to their own passages on their own islands all the return islanders from the wreck of the *Madeleine*, and land them at the passages and islands agreed on, in the presence of, and to the satisfaction of, myself as Queensland Government Agent; for which service the French Company would receive the sum of three hundred pounds, on showing a certificate signed by myself that the contract had been carried out to my satisfaction.

Next day was made busy selling surplus stores and ship's gear to the Rev. Mr. Michelsen, Captains Martin and Demoselle, and Mr. Labelle, of Ambrym, a general trader.

Captain Connell was the principal sufferer by the shipwreck. He held most of the shares in the vessel, and these shares represented the savings of years. The insurance premiums were so high that on this unfortunate trip he risked the chance and had not reinsured. Such, he declared,

was just his luck. Shipwreck seemed to be his fate. Even when he sailed as a passenger from England, bringing his wife and children with him, together with their household furniture, the sailing ship in which they embarked became a total wreck on the coast of New South Wales.

He had been wrecked several times since, one occasion being the wreck of the *Stanley* on Indispensable Reef, which is quoted in Clark Russell's book, *In the Middle Watch*. Connell was mate of the *Stanley*, and not the cook, as Clark Russell has it; that author has transposed the names. They should appear: Connell, mate, and Moosoo, cook. Moosoo was a French ex-convict. I make the correction here, because Connell used to feel very sore on the point when people quoted Clark Russell to him. It will be remembered that when the *Stanley* became a total wreck on Indispensable Reef, she had besides the crew over a hundred recruits on board. The reef was almost awash with water. When the captain and the white crew went off to look for assistance he left behind on the reef, Connell, Moosoo, the cook, and William McMurdo, Government Agent in charge of all the recruits. For their own safety and comfort they gathered together all the coral they found and built themselves out of the water. And there they subsisted for two months on one cup of water a day, and a small dole of biscuit, or damper. Sometimes they used to burn crust of damper and biscuit to improvise a make-believe coffee. But a fairly good account of that episode can be read in Clark Russell's book.

Daylight saw us again busily engaged embarking our islanders and their belongings, all of the islanders being in great good-humour and high glee at the prospect of again being homeward bound. The natives were down in large numbers to bid us farewell, and they expressed surprise and appreciation at the liberal presents they received for their kindness and hospitality to us while enduring our misfortune.

When all were safely on board the *Dauphin* the sails were trimmed and we shaped our course for Port Sandwich. The *Dauphin's* ship's company was composed of Captain Demoselle (Frenchman), Dick Henderson (Scotsman), mate, and a crew of from fifteen to twenty South Sea Islanders, principally French subjects engaged at the Loyalty Islands. They were all fine, big, strapping fellows, and much of the same stamp as the Tanna men.

There was a Chinese cook, and he proved the cause of some friction between Captain Demoselle and myself. About half an hour after my arrival on board the *Dauphin* I was startled by hearing a commotion on deck, accompanied by half-stifled screams. Running up the companion I found the Chinaman on tiptoe spinning round on the deck, with his wrists made fast behind his back and the signal halyards tight round his neck, while the little French skipper seemed to be attempting to strangle him, by bearing all his weight on the other end of the halyards in the attempt to hoist the Chinaman off his feet. Ignoring the French skipper, I drew the sheath knife from the belt of one of our islanders, and with one slash I severed the signal halyards above the Chinaman's neck. Willing hands soon freed his neck from the uncomfortable noose which was strangling the life out of him.

My sudden interruption of what appeared to be Captain Demoselle's pastime seemed at first to almost paralyse the little Frenchman with astonishment at my audacity in daring to interfere with him upon his own deck. The next minute I received the full torrent of his rage in expletives more forcible than polite, both in broken English and in French. I and my followers were stigmatised as pirates and buccaneers. As his rage increased his courage rose, and making a rush for the cabin door, he screamed, "I will shoot you, you buccaneer!" But before he could enter I made a sign to my man Fat-head, who immediately blocked the way, and as the wrathful little Frenchman tried to force an entrance Fat-head said, "Where you

go, Mr. Man-a-wi-wi?" And tapping the revolver in his belt, he said, "Six balls stop along this fellow, and before you can pass me you catch them, Mr. Man-a-wi-wi."

The discomfited little Frenchman turned, then, to his mate, and gave the order to put on all sail and make for Port Sandwich. Then shaking his fist at me, he said, "You pirate, you robber of the sea, you will be hanged ven we get to Port Sandwich, or by de first man-o'-war we meet." But we only laughed at him, and our conduct seemed to nettle him more and more. That evening Skipper Connell, Heath, and I made an excellent meal in the Frenchman's cabin, and later on betook ourselves to our bunks and slept peacefully and well. I think the little Frenchman walked the deck all night, as he seemed far from being refreshed in the morning. He refused to partake of any breakfast, although his mate, Dick Henderson, joined us, and did ample justice to the toothsome dishes served up by the native cooks.

Later in the day we reached the entrance to Port Sandwich. But before the ship got to the anchorage, Captain Demoselle had his boat lowered to the water, called a crew, and without a word to us made for the shore and the French Settlement. Shortly after we were anchored we received a visit from the manager of the French Company, accompanied by Demoselle. I there and then informed him that I objected to ratify the agreement drawn up between his company and Captain Connell, as I did not consider Captain Demoselle to be a fit and proper person to be in charge of a vessel carrying Pacific Islanders, and as the agreement was not binding until it received my approval, we were now at liberty to make fresh arrangements. The manager then advised me that he had fully explained to Captain Demoselle the position I held on board a vessel licensed to carry Pacific Islanders, and that as Government Agent my orders must be strictly carried out. Captain Demoselle was most profuse in his apologies for his previous conduct, and expressed much contrition for his

AMBRYM IDOLS

In the centre of a village notorious for its cannibal feasts. Bread-fruit trees are above the idols. (Rev. Dr. W. Gunn.)

past actions, and promised faithfully to be on his best behaviour if I would overlook the past and agree to go on with the voyage. So as I was not compelled to incur any liabilities by signing any document of approval until the end of the trip, and the return of the vessel to Port Sandwich, I signified my willingness to continue the trip under the altered and better conditions.

That night I dined with the officers of the French Company ashore. After dinner Mr. Heath and I went down to where the men were quartered, and found them in anything but a contented frame of mind. There was constant friction between our white crew and the employés of the French Company, and it culminated in a fight between the two parties, in which the French came off second best. The immediate cause of the row arose through our finding a number of the Frenchmen amusing themselves by cruelly ill-treating the Chinese cook, who had been sent ashore from the *Dauphin*. They had secured the Chinaman to the same chain as a large monkey, which was chained to a post in the compound, and the jeering crowd of Frenchmen made sport of the indignities suffered by the Chinaman at the hands of the monkey.

When Mr. Heath expostulated with, and expressed his indignation to, a French officer who was standing close by, he was met with an insult from that official. But Heath was the wrong man to submit to insults on terra firma, and he promptly knocked the Frenchman down. This was the signal for a general mêlée, in which our men were joined by a few compatriots from among the island traders, who were visiting the French Settlement. The Frenchmen were soon driven to their huts, when they resorted to firearms. But with the assistance of the more responsible French officers we managed to restore law and order before much damage was done.

Early next morning I said good-bye to my shipmates of the late unfortunate *Madeleine*, and sailed away in the *Dauphin* to land my return islanders. The first island we

made for was Ambrym, and we hove-to off the south end. The natives at this part had rather a bad record, and the villagers ashore were not disposed to be too friendly towards one another. Those on board whom I had to land here advised me accordingly.

As I had no white men with me I had to depend entirely on the natives, so I picked a crew of the best men from among my returns, and went ashore with two boats loaded up with islanders returning to this locality with their boxes of treasures earned in their three years' labour in Queensland. Willing and excited natives soon had the passengers with their goods and chattels ashore. Then two or three war-whoops were given, and in a twinkling most of them were down behind rocks and were busy cocking their rifles. I picked up my Winchester repeater; but one of the men from behind a rock jumped up and called to me to pull out, as no harm was intended me, the fight was their concern only. But instead of pulling out I placed my rifle in the boat and went ashore unarmed, and called upon them all to come round me and settle the dispute amicably and without bloodshed. Gradually they came round me. I pointed out how they had been saved from drowning in the wreck of the *Madeleine*, as well as the kindly manner in which they had been treated by the wild people of Tongoa, and now had been brought safely home; and after all we had gone through together I persuaded them that it would be a great pity to start a scene of bloodshed now. They quite agreed with me, and expressed their deep regret that their passions should so nearly have overcome their better reason. So they patched up their little differences and became the best of friends again. I could see very plainly that their repentance was quite sincere, because when I shook hands with them before leaving, and they expressed their regret over the little episode, some of them had their eyes almost brimming over with tears.

At Ranan anchorage, Ambrym, we landed George, the

man who was chief teacher and leader of the Divine services on board ship. There was no European missionary on Ambrym at the time. I am sure if there had been he would have found in George a valuable helper and efficient assistant. As it was, I have no doubt that George and his fellow-countrymen who landed along with him would have formed the nucleus of a church which would prove a good foundation for any missionary to build on in the future.

CHAPTER XX

An Insult and its Consequence—A Spiteful Man—A Cruel Deed—Moosoo—Drifting—Port Aubry—Good Sport—Flying-foxes—Fever—"Pirate" Martin's kindness—H.M.S. *Diamond.*

NEAR Ranan we met the *Constantine*, with "Pirate" Martin in charge. Martin ran up the French flag in token of salute; but our little French skipper had no intention of saluting his country's flag. He was more bent on insulting Martin. So calling the mate, Dick Henderson, he ordered him to have the ship's pig brought along. When the pig was produced he said, "Now, Deek, bring un bottel. Make de bottel fast to de pig's face. Den make fast de leg of de pig to de signal halyards, and pull him oop to de top ob de mast." As the pig was going aloft I said, "Hullo, Captain, what signal is that?" He replied, "I tell de Buccaneer Martin he all de same de drunken pig."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than a shot came from Martin's rifle, and a bullet went humming past, close to Demoselle's head. Demoselle did not stand upon the order of his going, but disappeared down the companion-way in double quick time. Presently we heard him screaming from the cabin, "More sail, Deek; put on all sail." A second shot rang out from Martin's rifle, and down came a rain of blood upon our heads; for Martin had shot the pig. A third bullet smashed the bottle. Then with a loud laugh he hailed us, crying, "Bring up your little Frenchman"; and again he called, "Won't you invite a fellow on board to help you eat your sucking pig?" But the little Frenchman would not venture on deck till we were well out of rifle-shot of the *Constantine*. Martin was credited

with being the finest shot in the New Hebrides. When Demoselle at last came on deck he shook his fist at the *Constantine* and hissed through his teeth, "*Sacré, cochon!*"

He was a very spiteful, wicked-tempered little man, and seemed to delight at all times in inflicting pain on any one. He did not dare to interfere with any of my islanders, but took every opportunity of punishing his own men, and that with anything that came to hand, such as a rope, a marline-spike, or belaying pin. There was a number of small three-legged stools, similar to milking stools, about the deck, and I have seen him lift one of these and crack a man over the head with it. On one occasion I saw him take one of these stools and with it strike the man at the wheel such a blow upon the head as to stretch him insensible upon the deck, exclaiming at the time, "*Sacré*, you robber of de wind!" The man had allowed the ship to run a point or so off her course. On another occasion he served a man in the same manner, at the same time saying, "*Sacré*, you robber of the paint," because he accidentally touched a newly painted water-tank.

The little French skipper and Dick Henderson, the mate, took turn about in keeping watch on deck. The skipper invariably went to sleep, and it was a surprise to me in the mornings to see him still on board. When we were nearing the island of Aoba one of the crew was sent aloft to reeve new signal halyards through the sheave-hole at the mainmast-head.

The sheave-hole appeared to be tight, or the halyards rather thick, as they did not run freely; but the man got his end through and sent it down to the deck, where Demoselle got hold of it and started pulling first one end and then the other. The rope got jammed for an instant, and the man at the mast-head attempted to push it through with his finger, when Demoselle gave an extra pull on the rope and got the man's finger into the sheave-hole.

The man yelled out what had happened, but Demoselle

with demoniacal delight pulled all the harder on the rope, and before I could stop the little fiend, the man's finger was pulled off, and dropped at our feet on the deck. I called to some of those on deck to go up and assist the poor fellow down; but he managed to slide down the topmast, and then by the ratlines he reached the deck. The skipper took no further notice of him. Dick Henderson and I dressed the hand as well as we could, but the poor fellow took lock-jaw that night, and suffered terrible agony. It took several men to hold him down when the convulsions came on him, and he threw them off him like so many puppets. The only thing that relieved him when in these fits was my handkerchief soaked in chloroform, which I placed over his nose and mouth. Before daylight he passed away from all pain and suffering. About six in the morning the body was brought on deck by his shipmates, who were about to roll him in his blanket and drop him overboard without further ceremony. But on enquiry I could not find out whether the skipper was aware or not of the death, so I sent for him to view the body.

When he came on deck he walked along with quite an unconcerned look on his face, just glanced down at the poor corpse, then gave it a contemptuous kick, saying, "*Sacré!* what for you die? Best man on de ship, too." I was almost on the point of knocking him down, such was my rage, and I felt every nerve and drop of blood tingling in my body on witnessing such a dastardly insult to the unconscious dead. But something held my hand, and I realised that were I to strike the Frenchman one blow, it would be followed by the long, keen knives of a dozen of my islanders being plunged in his body. He got my opinion of himself in no measured terms. We reverently lifted the remains of the islander, placed the body on a hatch, and with a weight at his feet, we solemnly and in silence let him glide into the deep.

We then made sail for Lougana, in Aoba, and there came to anchor. We postponed the landing of our return islanders

until next morning, as those whom we had to land said they would like to see some of their own friends before venturing ashore.

The copra station situated at Lougana was first started by a man named Chaffinch, who was murdered later by the natives. After the murder of Chaffinch the station was taken up by Peter Coyle, mention of whom I have already made. He also was murdered by the natives. And on my visit in the *Dauphin* I found that the place had been taken by a Frenchman, named Moosoo, who was *cook* on board the Queensland schooner *Stanley* when she was wrecked on the Indispensable Reef. Moosoo was a good baker and pastry-cook, so he got a large order from our little Frenchman to bake us a lot of bread, as we had been using biscuit, and something like damper made by our native cooks on board, ever since leaving Tongoa.

On the evening of our arrival at Lougana we went ashore to partake of Moosoo's hospitality. I would not have gone as Demoselle's fellow-guest, but I had made Moosoo's acquaintance before, and had experienced his hospitality on more than one occasion; and when I accepted Moosoo's invitation to dine with him that night, I explained to him the exact feelings I had for, and the contempt I felt for, his compatriot Demoselle. Moosoo shrugged his shoulders, *sacréd*, and dubbed his compatriot as "un —— pig." Moosoo treated us with generous hospitality, and served up a dinner which he helped to cook himself, a dinner such as few connoisseurs would think of cavilling at. Demoselle supplied Moosoo with the flour, and late that night he prepared to bake our bread, and I left the two Frenchmen together ashore, and the boat's crew returned with me to the ship.

Next day the friends of our returns were out in canoes and on board the ship, and later in the day I landed with those whose destination was Lougana. Some of those who belonged to the adjacent village told me that Moosoo was most cruel to his native employés, who all came from

other islands. In fact, at that very time he had a poor unfortunate who had incurred his displeasure tied up in a thicket behind his house. I immediately went straight to the spot, and there I found matters even worse than the natives had led me to imagine. The sight was almost unbearable; there was a poor wretch lying against a tree trunk with his hands over his head made fast with wire round the wrists; the lids of his eyes were being eaten by flies, while ants attacked ulcerating sores upon his body. But there! the sight was too shocking to describe.

I hurried to Moosoo's kitchen, followed by a crowd of the natives, and instantly demanded the release of the wretched boy. Moosoo started at first to bluster and then to threaten. But he soon changed his tune. I was wearing in my belt the heavy long-barrelled Colt's revolver supplied by the Government and Moosoo knew I had the reputation of being almost as quick and sure with either rifle or revolver as even "Pirate" Martin, and that I had carried off the stakes at many of the impromptu shooting matches among the islands. So when I grabbed the butt of my revolver and said, "You or I, Moosoo, will release that boy within a minute's time," he started to whine and cry, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" "Quick, then," I said, and with that he started with feverish haste to undo the wires and cords with which he had the poor boy bound.

I then warned Moosoo that I would be back again before long, and that if I did not find the boy alive and well, and get a good account from him as to treatment received, I would denounce him to the French authorities. Moosoo then promised to do all in his power to succour the boy and restore him again to good health. If Moosoo meets the fate of a great many other Frenchmen among the South Seas, I shall not be a bit surprised. Nor would his death cause me a scrap of regret.

Having shipped all the bread baked by Moosoo (which I could not bring myself to taste after my encounter with him) we hauled up the boat, but made up our minds to

wait at anchor till daylight. I was satisfied with the yams, taro, and bread-fruit, both hot and cold, and did not trouble myself about Moosoo's bread or the ship's biscuits. Just about midnight I came on deck and wondered where we were, as Aoba seemed so far off and I could discover no other land. I rousted up the French skipper and told him we were adrift and going further out to sea, but the little Frenchman just rolled over on his other side, and saying, "*Sacré!* tell Deek," went off to sleep again. I called Dick Henderson, and he, calling the crew on deck, hove up the anchor, which had dragged from the moorings, and setting sail we stood over to the north coast of Santo. In Hogg Harbour, Santo, we landed some of our islanders, members of the tribe of stalwart fellows who live a few miles inland from the coast. After getting rid of them we set sail for the island of Bouka-Bouka, in the Torres group, where we landed the last of the *Madeleine's* returns. The return journey to Port Sandwich was diversified by calling at various copra stations for the purpose of buying and shipping copra.

After calling at Lacona, in the Banks group, we went across to Port Aubry, a beautiful harbour on the north coast of Santo. At Port Aubry the Jesuit priests had a Mission Station, and here their followers were engaged in copra-getting. In the centre of the harbour there is a long, low island, which, strange to relate, has a fresh-water lake extending nearly the whole length of the island. The lake is the resort of thousands of wild duck. The existence of the lake was quite unknown to Captain Demoselle; but when he saw me preparing to go ashore with my shot-gun, he decided to land also.

I was sure of ducks at the near end of the lake, but could not say anything about the far end. As I did not want Demoselle's company, I told him that one gun was quite sufficient at each end of the lake, and advised him to proceed along the shore, and then come upon the lake from the far end. I was soon among the ducks at my end; and

as fast as I could fire and reload I kept banging away till I had the surface of the water well covered with dead ducks. Then the boy who accompanied me went out with a small canoe and collected them, while I sat on the root of a tree and enjoyed my pipe. Presently I heard the little Frenchman's gun banging away at a great rate, and thought he was getting many of the ducks I had made rise.

After my smoke I had a delightful swim in the cold fresh water under the shade of great green, leafy trees. I then leisurely returned to the beach. On arrival I espied two strange-looking figures, and as they got nearer I took them to be the little Frenchman and his attendant loaded up with ducks. The skipper and his boy sure enough they were, but not loaded up with ducks. They were covered from head to foot with flying-foxes. When I asked Demoselle what he was going to do with them, he replied, in amazement, "Eat dem, dey all de same de rabbit." I kept as far from him and his flying foxes as I could. He seemed to have a lively time, as if suffering from prickly heat, and I told him of the lovely swim he could have by going up to the lake. He went, and I told his boy that the dead flying-foxes would be all the better for a good soaking in the salt water. He accordingly sluiced the strings of flying-foxes backwards and forwards in the sea.

When the skipper returned on board he was very proud of his afternoon's sport. He told us he had come upon a colony of flying-foxes hanging from a large tree, and as thick as black currants on a bush; and he fired away until he had shot more than he and his boy could carry. Now he was looking forward to such a feast as he had not enjoyed for many a long day. He despised my wild ducks. Wild duck was a mere circumstance when flying-fox was on the board. So the services of several of the crew were called, and they started to skin and prepare the vermin. Dick Henderson and I had roast duck prepared for ourselves in a separate dish. Demoselle had flying-fox roasted, broiled,

and stewed, and served up in every way his fertile brain could devise. But he found fault with the cooking of every dish. He had two cooks. The first he called up, and in the midst of a volley of abuse he sprang up with all the appearance and agility of an ape, and cracked the cook on the head with the three-legged stool he had been sitting on, with the exclamation, hissed through his teeth, "*Sacré!* you robber of de ki-ki." Then, calling the second cook, he tried to serve him in a like manner, but he eluded the stool and turned to run, but was too late, as the little Frenchman with his left hand drove the carving-fork into the afterpart of his body. That part being covered only by a single roll of calico, the fork stuck there like an electro-plated tail, while the poor cook ran screaming along the deck, Demoselle shrieking after him, "*Sacré!* you robber of de flyin-fock-kis." Demoselle was very sick all next day, and continued to be ill for some time.

At Malo fever overtook me, and I had to be taken aboard. I had felt it coming on ever since the night of the wreck of the *Madeleine*, and all the time I was trying hard to shake it off. But that day at Malo I had to give in. I must give Captain Demoselle the credit of doing what he could for me, and Dick Henderson was kindness personified. They had quinine and fever mixtures on board. One morning I woke cold and shivering and very weak, and Dick came to me and said, "Try and sleep again; you are much cooler and are getting better now, and to-morrow you will be in Port Sandwich." I asked how the skipper was, and was told he was well enough to go on deck.

I was awake very early the following morning, and, although the fever had left me, I was too weak to stand. I heard the anchor go, followed by the rattle of the chain. Almost immediately afterwards eight bells were struck. Dick Henderson came down to the cabin, and said he was going ashore, and wished to know if he could bring anything off for me. He also told me that the little French

skipper had left for the shore in his dinghy before the vessel reached the anchorage. I had no desire for anything from shore, and thanked Dick for his kindly offer. Dick hinted that the reason for the haste of the skipper ashore, might be guessed from the fact that the *Constantine* was also lying at the anchorage.

Shortly after Dick left the ship's side I heard a cheery voice on deck shouting, "Who's left aboard here?" and with that "Pirate" Martin came down into the cabin. He was quite touched at my ghastly appearance, and said, "What have they been doing to you, old man? I see you have a rough attack of fever. How have they been treating you? There is no doubt you are very weak. We must have you up out of this, and that quickly too. I wonder what's on board?" And then he began to overhaul lockers and everything. All the time he was talking to himself, and I could hear him say, "No decent tucker! Nothing for a sick man. Mauritius rum and Vin Ordinaire! Oh, the rubbish! No whisky! and him a Scotchman too!" Then coming over to me, he said, "I am going over to my craft, and will be back in a few minutes, and I think we will soon get you as sound as a bell again, old man." Martin was not long away, and when he returned he had a bottle of whisky, one of port wine, and a pot of meat extract. I would not let him open the whisky; the smell alone would have made me sick. But when he called down the cook with a kettle of boiling water, he soon made me a basin of beef tea, to which he added a liberal supply of port wine; and when seasoned with pepper and salt I enjoyed it amazingly, and felt greatly invigorated with it.

While I was propped up in my bunk sipping beef tea, Martin was going round the cabins appropriating such things as he took a fancy to, and placing them in a large canvas clothes-bag, the property of Captain Demoselle, out of which he tumbled a miscellaneous collection of articles, from which he also made a selection. Every now

THE AUTHOR, RECRUITER, CAPTAIN, AND BOAT'S CREW OF NATIVES

and then he would look at me and say, as he dropped some article into the bag, "Yes, this will be of use to me; may come in handy some day. Tuck into the soup, old man, it will do you a world of good; and you will be on your feet again to-morrow." I saw nothing all that day of Demoselle, but I had frequent visits from Martin, and one from the French manager of the French Company, who had been newly appointed in room of the late manager, who was an Englishman. He informed me that all arrangements had been made to receive me ashore, and I would have much better and more comfortable quarters on land, and when I was able to move I would receive a cordial welcome to become his guest.

The dwelling-houses at the Settlement in Port Sandwich were principally what had been the officers' quarters when the French troops were stationed here; and when I managed to get ashore next day, very much recovered in health and strength, I was allotted a comfortable bedroom, which stood by itself, but next to the manager's, where I could enjoy the delightful and cool sea breeze. All our meals were taken on the high kiosk which was erected in the middle of the Settlement. The high, sloping roof was thickly thatched with palm leaves, thus affording a cool retreat and place of rest during the hottest hours of the day.

"Pirate" Martin was unremitting in his devoted attention to me, and to his care and kindness I owe my speedy return to health. Demoselle apologised to Martin for the insult he offered him when he ran the pig up by the signal halyards to the mast-head, but not before Martin put a bullet through Demoselle's pith helmet from a distance of twenty-five or thirty yards, while he was talking to the French manager. This feat Martin performed during the afternoon of the first day of my coming ashore. The shot was taken, I must acknowledge, very coolly by Demoselle, who walked straight up to Martin, and said, in French, "That was a very close shave." Martin re-

plied, "Oh, that is nothing; I only fired to show you how near I could go to your head without hurting you." The two then laughed, Demoselle apologised for his rudeness, and they adjourned to drown all animosity in an absinth or vermouth.

Shortly after that Martin left, and I did not meet him again until the following year. He did not actually hoist the "Jolly Roger," but he unlawfully took possession of the *Constantine*, and sold her with all her cargo, and with the proceeds he went to Sydney; and there for a few months he luxuriated in the gayest time he could with his ill-gotten money. A fast life and a merry one does not last long. When he saw his funds drawing towards a finish he took passage back to the Islands by the steamer calling in at Noumea.

On arrival at Noumea the French authorities got word that Martin was on board, and the police went off with the intention of arresting him. But free-handed, generous, and devil-may-care fellows of Martin's kind seem to make friends everywhere, and he was warned of the intentions of the police, and went ashore before they boarded the ship. When the police were searching for him Martin was sailing away for the New Hebrides in a whale-boat well stocked with provisions and water. He reached the New Hebrides all right, and the following year I met him there in charge of a schooner named the *Paul Jones*, doing his best to keep out of sight of the French men-of-war. Martin was a man of striking personality, and I kept in touch with him till his death.

I gave Captain Demoselle, of the *Dauphin*, a certificate to the effect that he had landed my returns to my satisfaction, and the *Dauphin* sailed down south through the group on her way to Noumea, the richer by three hundred pounds. I did not know what my next move would be. I might be picked up by a Queensland vessel, or I might catch a steamer bound for Fiji or for Sydney. I was quite happy and contented to wait for any eventuality, and

my French hosts were very kind and did all in their power to make my stay with them comfortable and pleasant.

One fine morning I was just preparing to go for my morning swim when I saw H.M.S. *Diamond* come steaming into port, and a boat from her was rapidly pulled ashore. The officer in charge of the boat said they had been hunting for me all through the group.

The *Diamond* was an old full-rigged cruiser with auxiliary power, and although of an obsolete style to-day, she was a stately and imposing old craft. On leaving the New Hebrides she made for Noumea, and on arrival at Noumea I found the crew of the *Madeleine*, together with our recruits, who had been waiting for weeks to get a passage back to Australia. And to Australia we in due course came.

CHAPTER XXI

Noumea—A Convict Band—Sandy the Cat—The *Para* Brig—The Captain—The Stores—The Chief Mate—A Fine-weather Passage—New Guinea—An Ideal Bungalow—Australian Aboriginals—Cairns.

I HAD a very interesting stay in Noumea, and was conducted all over the convict works by the officers of the French garrison. Any one desirous of a real enjoyable holiday would do well to pay Noumea a visit. The hotels are good, and the tariff uncommonly moderate. I had a bedroom and sitting-room to myself, and an excellent table, for the moderate sum of ten francs per day in a first-class hotel.

The town is beautifully laid out, and fine shade trees are planted along the streets. Most enjoyable drives can be had in all directions, as the roads are kept to perfection.

A band composed of convicts, and said to be the finest band in the Southern Hemisphere, plays every fine afternoon in the promenade square in the centre of the town. The only drawback to one's pleasure is the knowledge that you are living in the midst of a penal settlement. Many of the *libres*, or ex-convicts, are occupied in industrial pursuits in and around the town, and as there are many escapes at large in the bush and in the mountains, one requires to be careful in going about after dark. Our second mate had his trouser pocket cut out, and lost all his money, while standing in a crowd in the street, and he could detect no one touching him when the theft was committed. Some of the most expert thieves and worst criminals in the world have been sent to Noumea, New Caledonia.

After a stay of a week in Noumea I managed, with the assistance of Mr. Layard, the British Consul, to arrange passages for the whole of the crew, boats' crews, and recruits from the wreck of the *Madeleine*, with the agents for the Messageries Maritime Company, from Noumea to Sydney. We concluded our stay at Noumea with a dinner to the officers of H.M.S. *Diamond*. The usual toasts were honoured, and our next merry meeting toasted, with the hope that we might meet in the near future in the Old Country, as the *Diamond* had made her last cruise and was going home to be taken out of commission.

At midnight a steam-launch from the *Diamond* brought us alongside the s.s. *Salazie*, and I resumed charge of my native boats' crews and recruits ; the whistle blew, and we steamed out of Noumea Harbour on our way to Sydney, with the remainder of the human freight salved from the wreck of the *Madeleine*. Not a life was lost, not even that of the old ship's cat, who was the especial pet of the boats' crews. He was a very large and fine specimen of cat, and many attempts had been made in Noumea to steal him from his guardians, but all in vain. There were some Frenchmen left behind in Noumea who will never forget as long as they live the handling they received when they tried to abduct old Sandy the cat. Johnnie Fat-head was leader of the boats' crews, and the Frenchman who interfered with the cat had a rough customer to deal with when he met Fat-head.

We had an uneventful passage across from New Caledonia to Sydney until we entered Sydney Harbour. And then a hullabaloo got up among our boat's crew and recruits. Sandy the cat had disappeared. Fat-head was certain some one had stolen Sandy, so the captain of the steamer gave him permission to look for it ; and as it was not found, and the engineer refused them admittance to the engine-room or stokehole, the islanders concluded it was down there for certain, and became so exasperated and furious that the captain began to fear for the conse-

quences, and gave such orders as to cause the immediate appearance from the stokehole of Sandy. Fat-head received the cat back with delight; his wrath was soon changed to a contented grin, and all was again tranquillity. We left Sydney by the first coastal steamer, and in due course reached Brisbane, where I handed over my charges to the authorities. They went on with Captain Connell and Mr. Heath. I parted with Heath then never to see him again, as he was killed shortly afterwards by the natives of Ambrym. Connell I saw a few days afterwards, also for the last time, as he met with a sudden death in Townsville.

My medical adviser said my system at the time was run down in consequence of malarial fever contracted on the Johnstone River, as well as the enervating island fevers, besides wounds and broken bones, and he advised a complete change to a colder climate. So with the necessary permission and a light heart I, early in July, took passage by the Orient Company, and sailed for London and Bonnie Scotland.

As my last three cruises have each treated of the New Hebrides, and have, in a way, described the islands and peoples of that group, I propose passing over a trip I made to that part in the *Ariel*, after the last cruise of the *Flora;* also a trip I made immediately following that of the *Ariel* in the s.s. *Corea.* So I will give an account of the cruise we made in the old *Para* brig. I call her the "old" *Para,* and am not incorrect in doing so, although she was sound and staunch enough for the purposes of the Queensland Labour Traffic, and was likely to be so for years to come. Yet she was old in years, and not fitted too well for the carrying of cargo, especially if it was of a perishable character. She had last been employed carrying stone from Marble Island, and such rough work had been rather hard for the old brig's constitution.

I was the Government Agent appointed to take charge of her on her maiden voyage among the South Sea Islands. The captain who had the navigation of the old brig was a grand old man, well known to a great many families in Queensland. He had been for many years in command of the good old sailing ships frequently spoken of as "lime-juicers," or "wind-jammers." In the early 'fifties and 'sixties he brought out the parents and grandparents of a goodly number of the present generation. Captain James Cooper was well up in years when he joined the *Para*. He generally spoke of himself in the third person singular, as James Cooper, or "The Old Man." He had his peculiarities or eccentricities, but withal he was much liked, highly respected, and every one on board was devoted to him. I invariably addressed him as "Old Man," and he in return would address me as "Young Man," when not on matters official. He had a habit of soliloquising quite audibly.

His soliloquies would embrace almost anything under the sun. Even the private affairs of himself and his friends he would comment upon, and venture his opinions about, often to the intense amusement of those who could not help overhearing him.

The sailing of the brig was delayed for some days. I required that certain stores should be put on board, as I knew that we were going to take a large number of return islanders back to their homes. As I was responsible for the quantity of stores put on board, I was determined that there should be no shortage. Other vessels had put back with their crews and living freights in a starving condition, and such cases made me all the more imperative in demanding that every additional supply which I had ordered should be put on board before I accepted charge and went on board with the ship's licences. My action was thoroughly endorsed by the Government. Although making enormous profits out of the trade, there were owners or shipping agents who would stoop to all sorts of underhand practices, in order to squeeze any profit out of what they were not entitled to.

In some instances stores were received on board and signed for on one side of the ship, to be almost immediately passed out of her on the other side. From causes such as these the ships I have referred to had to put back in a starving condition before the voyage was nearly completed. The troubles and vexations and malpractices which the Government Agents had to contend with are too numerous to mention. And although one of them myself, I honestly believe that there was not an officer in the public service who had more onerous, difficult, and dangerous duties to perform than the Government Agents at the time of which I write; and it took years of strenuous and conscientious work to weld the Queensland Labour Traffic into the standard it had reached when it ended in 1904.

I had a good chief mate on board the *Para* in Mr. Forbes, a case-hardened and staunch old Scotsman, who could not be got round nor talked over by any one, be he Jew or Gentile. When anything was put on board in charge of Mr. Forbes, it went there to stay. There was no turning back, no taking back, nor passing over the other side. It went straight away under lock and key and seal, to remain there until "wanted on the voyage."

Thus when the mate told me that everything was on board and in order, I received the licences "to carry Pacific Island labourers" from the Chief of my Department, went on board and took charge of the *Para* brig, and sailed from Brisbane in the middle of March, 1887. Our final port of departure was to be Cairns, but in the meantime we were to call at Flat Top and take a contingent of returns from Mackay, at that island. The weather being all that could be desired, we made a fair and fine-weather passage of it, charmed with the scenery afforded by the islands we passed. The Mackay contingent was taken on board, and we continued our course, passing through the ever-changing scenes of beauty and grandeur in the Whitsunday Pass.

Calling in at Townsville, we received the Ayr contingent of returns from the plantations on the Burdekin River. From

Townsville we set sail for Cairns. Arriving at Cairns we were boarded by the pilot, who took us up the inlet as far as the Hambledon Plantation wharf. The plantation was the property of Messrs. Swallow and Derham.

It had been arranged that Mr. John Swallow, youngest son of the founder of the firm of Swallow and Ariel, was to accompany us as a passenger for the round trip. I was agreeably surprised and much pleased when I learned we were to have his company. He proved himself a good comrade, and an excellent companion during the long months of the trip. We lay at Cairns for upwards of two weeks, getting different things ready for the cruise. It seemed that we had more returns waiting for us than our certified accommodation allowed us to carry. The islanders who were ready to go home numbered exactly fifty more than the *Para* was measured for. She had accommodation, according to measurement, for two hundred. The contingent here objected to being divided, as they were all from the islands adjacent to New Ireland, or New Britain. They demanded to be all taken together by the *Para*, or kept for the next vessel.

The local Inspector, who was also Police Magistrate, was the same H. M. Chester who, some few years previously, acting under orders from Sir Thomas McIlwraith, had annexed the whole of New Guinea outside the jurisdiction of the Dutch, and in the name of Her Britannic Majesty Queen Victoria unfurled the British flag and proclaimed New Guinea a British Possession.

He had been misinformed as to the actual number of islanders ready to go home; so I left him to make what arrangements he chose, to get over the difficulty with the authorities in Brisbane. At the same time, I showed how more space could be obtained by alterations in the store-rooms and bulkheads. The ship's agent arrived from Brisbane and eventually arrangements were made to embark all the return islanders offering, so we shipped a complement of two hundred and fifty. In the meantime we took up our

residence in " Bachelors' Quarters " at Hambledon Plantation.

Situated on a gentle rise about a mile from the mill was the residence of Mr. Swallow, senior. It was an ideal tropical bungalow. Built on piles and surrounded by fine broad verandas, one could always enjoy some nice cool and shady place. If the breeze were from the land, as it generally was at night, one had the benefit of the delicious cool, balmy air laden with the sweet perfume of some flowering shrub, or the fragrance from the blossom of the many citrus trees. The heat from the midday sun was usually tempered by the fresh sea breeze which swept up the valley from the ocean. The bungalow was surrounded by an extensive and beautiful fruit and flower garden, in which grew in endless variety trees and shrubs and flowers and plants, gathered and brought here from every part of the world. Mr. Swallow, who spent each winter season in his beautiful northern home, spared no expense to make that home one of the most pleasant and charming in all Australia.

Our stay at Hambledon was made most enjoyable by parties of all sorts, excursions, picnics, rides and drives. We met several mobs of aboriginals during our excursions. At that time they had not degenerated to the level of the poor wretched objects of humanity one so frequently sees about the centres of civilisation further south. They were mostly a fine-made, well-set-up race of people, who should have had a better and nobler future before them than has been the lot and end of so many thousands of their people in other parts of Australia

They are capable of being trained for higher purposes, and can attain to positions of usefulness and trust so long as they are not induced by low-class whites to indulge in the vices of opium and drink. The greatest curse and cause of degradation to the aboriginal race at the present day is their intercourse with undesirable Asiatics. Laws cannot be made too stringent in regulating and supervising

the employment of our aboriginals in the *bêche-de-mer* and pearl fisheries in particular, or any other industry in which their services may be required.

However, to return to my theme. Time flew all too quickly, and our pleasant visit came to an end. All the alterations had been made on board the *Para*. She took on board a complement of two hundred and fifty return islanders, and dropped down the inlet to anchor abreast of the town of Cairns.

I will not here attempt to describe the Cairns Harbour, but will simply mention the fact that it is the finest harbour in Queensland. The town itself has a magnificent future. It is the commercial centre of the northern sugar industry, and the port for the Mulgrave, Russell, Herberton, Hodgkinson, Etheridge, Irvinebank, and Chilagoe mineral fields, as well as of the rich agricultural lands of Atherton district.

CHAPTER XXII

THE CRUISE OF THE *PARA* BRIG

"Independent Gentlemen"—An Indignant Captain—Benjamin—King Ghorai—Disappointed Returns—Buka Islands—Clay Pipes—A Photographic Camera.

WITH a fair wind we cleared the harbour, and shaped a course for the Solomon Islands. Old Captain Cooper had never been used to such a cargo and crew as he now had on board. It seemed to him "that each of the white crew was an independent gentleman, each of them having one or two menservants to wait on him." If anything required doing aloft the crew simply told one of the boatmen to go up and do it. Every man had one of the return islanders, whom he termed his mate, to wait on him at table, look after his plates, knives, forks, and cups, wash his clothes, cut up his tobacco, and act as general factotum. In return, these boys would always get what was left after each meal. There was always plenty. Besides, they were kept in tobacco, and received any old clothes the sailors discarded, and invariably a present before they went ashore. As the islanders like to take such service, and I never heard of any abuses, in fact, I have always noticed that the sailors treated their "mates" most kindly, I never had any occasion to object.

But Captain Cooper did not like to see his men so well off. "They might be," he said, "for all the world, gentlemen yachtsmen." And the next thing he reckoned would be that they would be requiring him to address them as "Mr. So-and-so," instead of "Jack," "Tom," or "Bill." One morning, coming on deck, he saw the second mate using a toothbrush, and I heard him exclaim, "May all the saints in the Calendar look down upon us now! What are sailors

coming to ? Look here, you long-backed soldier, when I went to sea sailors didn't carry these gimcrack things with them. When they wanted to take the tobacco off their teeth they'd use an honest piece of oakum, with a dip of sand from the sand-cask. But perhaps you served your time in a ladies' seminary ! "

But when the second mate looked over his shoulder, and closing one eye, sarcastically replied, " Bully for you, old man," I thought the old skipper would have collapsed with horror, surprise, and indignation, all of which commingled were expressed in his face. Turning to me, he asked, " Who or what is that being ? Is he the second mate of a ' blackbird-catcher,' or is he the Lord High Admiral and Panjandrum of the Western Pacific ? He addressed James Cooper on his own ship as Old Man. That thing had actually the audacity to say, ' Bully for you, old man.' Ah, how has the mighty fallen ! James Cooper, you are a man of little account now."

With that the old skipper hobbled off to his cabin, followed by the ironical laughter of the mate and second mate. Although kindly to a fault, and exceedingly good-natured, the poor old man was out of his element on a Labour vessel, especially where the men were so well paid and so independent. He had been accustomed to command large vessels with a number of officers under him to see that his orders were carried out. But here he came in direct contact with his crew, and often had personally to issue his orders, besides having to confer with the Government Agent on everything pertaining to the welfare of the ship, which seemed in his opinion to place him in a subordinate position. We frequently heard him soliloquising in this manner, " James Cooper is not now master of his own ship ; James Cooper is only navigating officer, or sailing master, now of this blooming old craft. The Young Man is the boss." Neither could he understand nor tolerate the native crew or return islanders for a long time. He termed them all " buccaneers and piratical villains."

One fine day, shortly after sailing, the crew were engaged in various duties about the decks, and the boat's crew men were scraping paintwork with old sheath-knives, when one of them came aft to speak to the mate, having in his hand the sheath-knife he had been using. He no sooner emerged from the alley-way than he was confronted by the old skipper with his revolver pointed straight in his face, and the exclamation, "You piratical villain, you sanguinary buccaneer, you dare to come aft with a naked knife in your hand, I will shoot you, you bare-backed savage." The knife fell with a clatter to the deck, and the boatman opened his mouth so wide with astonishment that if he had kept it permanently like that he would have had little of his face to wash. I had to interpose and ask the Old Man not to be so demonstrative. I was surprised to find that he had been carrying a loaded revolver in his pocket ever since we left Brisbane. It took some time before I could convince him that such steps were not at all necessary unless we were actually among the islands, and in communication with islanders visiting from the shore, when danger might be apprehended from a sudden attack.

But before very long the Old Man took a fancy to the same islander whom he bailed up with his revolver on that occasion, and ever afterwards Ben Tanna, or "Benjamin," as he was always addressed by the Old Man, was his one authority on everything Polynesian or Melanesian. Benjamin looked a very simple and soft individual, but he was just as cunning and deep and full of devilment as he was innocent-looking. Many an evening I have strolled past the two worthies in deep confab together; the Old Man generally deeply interested as Benjamin confided to him some wonderful information about the islands, or some wild experience in recruiting. On my near approach I would invariably notice a twitching of the sides of the mouth and a flicking of the eyelids, as Ben tried to suppress a broad grin which was on the point of breaking out all over his face.

They were an oddly assorted pair. Captain Cooper

was as broad as he was long, with a full, round face, bright red, and usually beaming with a good-humoured smile; head shining like a billiard-ball, and bald except for a narrow fringe of snow-white hair running round from his temples, and just surmounting his ears, reminding one of some jolly "old friar" who is well content with the good things of this world, and who will be well content if he fares as well in the next. He would never tell us his age, but we reckoned he was well over seventy and could not be far off his eightieth year. He was an excellent specimen of the well-preserved old British shell-back.

His companion, Ben Tanna, was a fine specimen of a Tanna man, aged about twenty-eight; he stood about six feet high on his bare feet, and was built proportionately. Broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with every muscle in limbs and body fully developed, he was kept in splendid condition by good living and constant exercise and training. He was just as full of humour as Captain James Cooper, and he could see and appreciate and laugh as heartily at a joke as any one.

On the fifth day out we sighted the island of Simbu afar off. But when we got within about twenty miles of the land the Old Man backed the yards, with the intention of sending the boats ashore to land one return islander. I, of course, told him that I would not think of starting away with the boats until he sailed about twenty miles nearer the island. He foolishly took umbrage at what I said, and altered the course of the vessel, saying he was not going to waste any time over one boy. I remarked that if he did not land the boy then by running closer to the land, he would lose much more time in the future. But James Cooper could get very "dour" at times, and as he was bound to land the boy some time or other I let him have his way. So we made for the Shortland group, and anchored at King Ghorai's Island. I could not persuade Cooper to land with us, but Swallow and I paid the old king a visit.

He was much troubled over the annexation of his islands by the Germans. He pointed to an elaborate declaration in German painted on tin, and erected in front of his palace, supported by two tricoloured posts, and surmounted by the Imperial crown of Germany. Pointing to that particular work of art, which Ghorai referred to as, "Blanky picture belong blanky man. Yah! Yah!" he asked me if he should not knock it down. I advised him to the contrary. He had all the appearance of a very disappointed old savage, upon whom evil days had settled in the eventide of his life. His pomp and power had all departed, and but few people surrounded him or attended to his wants. He was broken both in health and spirit, and his energies were so frail that I did not think he had long to live. He was too feeble to accompany us when we took a walk about his grounds. He had still his daughter with him and a few of his wives, and he made them bring us cocoa-nut milk and fruit.

I took Swallow to show him the pyramid of skulls piled up near the palace as a trophy of war, but they had all disappeared. When I asked Ghorai what had become of them he merely shook his head, and declined to say anything about them.

We went on, and when we were abreast of Empress Augusta Bay, on the large island of Bougainville, between twenty and thirty of our natives recognised the bay as their destination, and the place from whence they had been recruited, and accordingly got up all their goods and chattels on deck with the intention of being put ashore. But through some clerical error, which may have arisen in an inspector's office in Queensland, the islanders from this part had been entered on the return passenger list as hailing from Buka, the island at the extreme north end of Bougainville. The islanders protested that they did not come from Buka, but from the place they recognised and claimed as their home, Empress Augusta Bay. James Cooper would not listen to them, saying it was impossible for them

to distinguish one locality from another by sight, adding, "How can poor ignorant and unsophisticated savages know anything about the topography of their own or any other island?" I told him that I was quite sure the islanders knew their own homes, and that entry on the passenger list stating that they came from Buka was an error.

But James Cooper would have it that the islanders were in error and that the passenger list must be correct, and that he intended taking them to Buka. I told him that he could take them to Buka if he liked, but he would not put them ashore there, and that he would regret his action, as he would find to his cost that he would have a hard beat back against head winds. Certainly I could have ordered the boats down and landed the islanders, but I considered it more expedient to let the Old Man have his way, and prove to him by experience that his judgment was not infallible. We therefore held on our course, and two days afterwards came to anchor in Queen Carola Harbour, Buka Island.

When all sails had been clewed up and made fast, old James Cooper went to the main-hatch and shouted, "Now all you piratical villains for Buka, roll up here and get ready to go ashore."

But the second mate, who was also the Recruiting Agent, interposed and said very politely, "There are only two boys for Buka, sir."

"What the devil do you know about it, you long-backed soldier?" exclaimed the Old Man.

As I happened to be close by, I said, "Mr. Risbrook is quite right, Captain Cooper; there are only two return islanders for the whole of Buka, and they go ashore here."

"Where, then," he asked, "are all those Buka boys who had their boxes on deck two days ago?"

"Those boys," I replied, "numbering about thirty, who had their boxes on deck two days ago, do not belong

to Buka Island, but to Empress Augusta Bay, on the island of Bougainville, where I will require you to land them."

However, he called all the Bougainville boys together and asked them if they did not belong to Queen Carola Harbour, Buka Island. Each of them emphatically said he did not come from Buka. When I assured them that they would be landed at their own island by and by, they were all fully satisfied. Not so the Old Man, who growled and anathematised all clerks in Government offices away in Queensland. Very large canoes holding big crews of men began to swarm round us. When the Old Man saw the bows and great bundles of arrows he began to get rather alarmed.

I insisted on all canoes coming alongside on one side of the vessel only, and I had reserve spaces roped off on the deck, where no natives at all were allowed. A sentry was placed on the roof of the deck-house, which served as an upper deck. A very brisk market was soon in full swing with the natives from the shore and our two hundred and forty-nine returns. Betel-nuts and cocoa-nuts were the principal commodities in demand by our people. We secured, besides, bows and arrows and other weapons, many pretty ornaments made from clam-shell, pearl-shell, and turtle-shell. We also got large numbers of red clay tobacco pipes, made exactly after the shape of the old-fashioned "Cork cutty-pipe." The clay stems were from an inch to two inches long, and to these were added another inch or two of reed stems.

Although they are all of uniform shape they are not uniform in size; they vary in size from very small to huge affairs, some as large as a teacup. The smell of the native tobacco is rank and abominable. Before going ashore to land our two returns I fully explained to them, as I thought, the working of a photographic camera. On arrival ashore I set up the camera on the beach and told our two returns that I wanted to take some pictures of their countrymen,

and asked them to explain the matter to their friends. This I understood them to do. We got a fine group of savage warriors lined up in front of the camera, all fully armed with long bows and spears, clubs and tomahawks. But when I got underneath the dark cloth to focus the group, I saw nothing but their heels in the air, and the afterparts of a mob of naked savages in full flight for the bush.

I was so surprised and absorbed in the strangely ludicrous scene on the plate of the camera, that it was some time before I could recover myself to pay attention to the shouts of my men to look after my own safety and seek the shelter of the boats. Instead of doing that I came from under the camera covering and held up my hands to the natives as a sign I meant them no harm. When the savages took fright and made for the bush, the two returns rushed down to the boats, afraid of the next move of their countrymen. After a while they came back to me, and very reluctantly their savage countrymen ventured cautiously down from the scrub. But no persuasion of any sort could again induce them to line up in front of the camera, which they thought was a gun of some sort, or else an infernal machine. So I was disappointed of getting a photograph of some of the wildest and most picturesque-looking savages I have come in contact with.

CHAPTER XXIII

An Obstinate Old Man—New Ireland—An Unfortunate Expedition—Hospitable Natives—A Plentiful Supply of Fruit—Bushmen—Barter of Native Products—A Charming Scene—An Anxious Moment—Weapons of New Ireland—Costumes—A Fashionable Design—The Hairdresser—The Dentist—Women's Costumes—Marriage—Rahaloo—Determined Women—Betel-nut Chewing—Canoe-building—Coal.

AFTER Buka we went to the islands named Sir Charles Hardy's and Green Island. A day or so after leaving Buka, we sighted them. We had fifteen islanders to land here; and soon after sighting the islands the returns were all up on deck with their belongings, all ready for the shore. But the Old Man took another silly notion in his head and would not believe that the two islands we saw were the islands we were bound for.

He insisted that we were bearing down on the Carterets. Nothing would convince him to the contrary, although I had visited these islands twice, and had been anchored there for days. I even told him that the Carterets were only small sand atolls, whereas these were islands hundreds of feet above sea level. His only reply was, "The sun and the moon may go wrong, but James Cooper and his sextant never go wrong." I told him that the length of the trip was a matter of indifference to me, as long as ship's stores lasted out and all the islanders were eventually landed safely.

The mate was highly tickled by the attitude of the Old Man, and we could all hear him say with a chuckle to the

second mate, "Don't fret, Harry; the more days the more dollars."

So Sir Charles Hardy's and Green Islands were passed to the chagrin of the boys, and we kept on our course in a north-westerly direction. The skipper was just as pleasant and good-humoured as ever, and there was no ill-feeling nor friction between us, although he would not take my advice. I rested contented because I knew that a few more days would show him how absolutely in the wrong he was. So later in the day, while enjoying a cigar in a camp chair close to him, I said, "Well, Old Man, what land do you expect to pick up next?"

"Oh!" he replied, "Sir Charles Hardy's and Green Islands, to be sure."

"No, no, Old Man," I said, "the next land you will see will be St. John's, and none after that until you see Cape St. George on the coast of New Ireland." Of course, he would not believe me; but it all turned out just as I predicted, and the Old Man's faith in himself was somewhat shaken when he sighted the island of St. John's standing two thousand feet above the level of the sea, when he expected to see a small island some six hundred feet high at most. When we next sighted the highlands of New Ireland he "threw up the sponge." He frankly acknowledged his errors and deplored his obstinacy.

We made for the southernmost end of New Ireland, where Cape St. George rises to an altitude of about five thousand feet. From here the bold mountainous coast-line runs due north to Cape Santa Maria, and then takes a north-westerly direction to North Point, in latitude 2° 46′ south and longitude 150° 33′ east. Between Cape St. George and Cape Santa Maria is a place named Leeke Leek, where the unfortunate expedition under the Marquis de Ray landed and tried to found a colony, but so miserably failed. It is one of the most unattractive spots I have seen among the islands. There is a sandy beach where boats may land,

and only a few level acres of ground beyond the beach. Precipitous mountains rise from close to the sea, and tower almost perpendicularly to thousands of feet in height. The fate of the unfortunate expedition is now a matter of history; and all that remains on the site of the ill-fated colony are the ruins which suggest a bygone civilisation and the mounds which mark the resting-place of the remains of some of the unfortunates, and they are not a few.

We started landing returns on the coast of New Ireland on the 15th of May, 1887; and leaving Leeke Leek behind us we cruised along this bold coast, whose mountains, starting almost from the water's edge, are clothed to their very summits with the most luxuriant vegetation, which appeared to be of the nature of a thick scrub, but here and there above the ordinary bush could be seen the spreading branches and foliage of some gigantic forest tree. Along this part of the coast, and close to the water's edge, at intervals of a few miles, we found native villages looking very pretty, as each hut was surrounded with flowering plants and shrubs adorned with many variegated leaves, while over all waved the graceful groves of cocoa-nut trees. Each village would have a population of from three hundred to six hundred souls, and at these villages we kept landing our return islanders in twos and threes. The natives were all very friendly with us, freely coming down to the boats, men, women, and children. They at all times cordially invited us ashore, and when we did accept their invitations they offered us every hospitality and showed us everything they thought would interest us.

They were always open to do business and brought a great variety of things for barter. They had a very plentiful supply of fruits and vegetables; but they were not so well off in live stock as their neighbours on the small adjacent islands. Their supply of the fruits of the soil seemed boundless, as was evidenced by the variety and large quantities

they disposed of to us, including yams, taro, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, water-melons, cucumbers, pineapples, bananas, plantains, two different sorts of mangoes, three very pleasant indigenous fruits quite new to me, besides cocoa-nuts, chestnuts, almond-shaped nuts, called by the natives of the New Hebrides the nangi, and a very rich-flavoured ground nut.

They also brought pigs and fowls for barter, but not in such numbers as we afterwards got on the smaller islands. Evidently pigs and poultry are harder to rear on the mainland, as they are apt to stray away, whereas on the adjacent islands straying stock could be recaptured with less trouble. Although the natives proved friendly to us all along the coast, they are not to be implicitly trusted, as they are known to be treacherous, and require continual watching. Their honesty is far from being above reproach, and they are ever ready to steal anything they can lay their hands upon.

Between the villages extending along the coast from Cape St. George to Cape Santa Maria, where the mountain range extends from cape to cape, attaining an altitude at Cape Santa Maria of eight thousand feet, there are passages here and there claimed by the different tribes or villages of bushmen who are located away high up in the mountains. The bushmen, who are numerous and warlike, are much feared by the "salt-water men," as the dwellers on the coast style themselves. Not unfrequently they make raids on the salt-water men, and massacre them, carrying off their women and children. Sometimes the salt-water men combine and retaliate by attacking and exterminating some mountain village; but on the whole they seem to agree, and carry on a system of barter under a sort of armed neutrality.

The coastal tribes visit the various bushmen's passages in their canoes, and there they interchange the articles they bring for sale. The coastal tribes trade in fish, both fresh and dried, and strings of shell money, which holds good as

currency all through the Western Pacific Islands, while the bushmen bring down carved wooden combs and ornaments, woven mats, and belts and dilly-bags, as well as game in the shape of flying-foxes, opossums, pigeons, parrots, and cockatoos. Recruiting vessels, when recruiting for Queensland was carried on in these parts, used to be on the look-out for these markets, as they were generally successful in getting a good many recruits from among the bushmen. But on the whole comparatively few Queensland vessels visited these localities, consequently there were not many natives from New Ireland in Queensland altogether. All recruiting was stopped immediately after Germany annexed the islands, and the islanders we were landing from the *Para* were the last from these parts t leave Queensland.

Close to Cape Santa Maria we had two bushmen to land. We arrived with our boats at their passage, a narrow inlet at the head of which was a white, sandy beach, through which flowed a beautiful clear stream of fresh water, which came dashing down through a rugged gorge in the mountains. We pulled inside the stream, and enjoyed the shade of the trees and the limpid waters as we awaited the coming of the bushmen, the friends of our returns. We could see no one there, and we all sat in the boats enraptured by the beautiful scene around us. The mountains towered above us clothed in all their tropical grandeur; palm trees and graceful bamboos waved here and there; the little stream came dashing down rocks, and rippling over stones, to glide over the coral sand and join for ever the waters of the sea; the air was dense with the perfume from the blossoms of many a flowering tree; no sound was heard save the quiet wash of the waves on the beach, the ripple of the stream, and occasionally the startled cry of a passing parrot, as it fled to hide its brilliant plumage in the equally brilliant foliage of the trees.

Suddenly a native walked out with spear and club, and looking at us for a second or two was about to spring back

ISLAND OF SAVO

The two men with clothes have just returned from Queensland, and must undergo a peculiar ceremony before rejoining their tribe. One is wearing a native-made wig, while the other wears a native sunshade of plaited palm leaves. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

in the scrub whence he had emerged. But our two returns in the boats recognised him and called him by name. He stealthily approached a little nearer and had a better view of us. Then he shouted some words in his own dialect, which started such a demoniac yelling all around as to lead one to think that all the fiends from the infernal regions had been let loose upon us. We instinctively seized our rifles and prepared for the worst, as we were immediately surrounded by a horde of naked, yelling, shrieking, and gesticulating savages all clashing their clubs and spears.

But we had nothing to fear, for these wild bushmen were only shouting for joy and to welcome back their more adventurous comrades, whom they had long given up hopes of seeing again, thinking probably that they had long since fallen a prey to the ravenous white man. They crowded round the boats eager and anxious to see the wealth of goods brought back by their countrymen from the wonderful far-away white-man's land. When they beheld the accumulation of tomahawks, knives, axes, beads, mirrors, mouth-organs, jews' harps, fish-hooks, and fancy prints, many and hearty were their exclamations of delight, astonishment, and surprise. With every exclamation brought forth they would give a resounding smack to their naked thighs. Many desired there and then to engage themselves for Queensland, but as they were now German subjects we had to refuse them, greatly to their disappointment. We distributed a few presents among them, and left with kindly feelings on both sides. But what would have been our fate had we not had those two natives in the boat ? I believe we would have fallen to a man, speared by an invisible foe.

The weapons commonly used in New Ireland and the adjacent islands are the spear, club, tomahawk, and sling. I have never seen the bow and arrow used as weapons of offence in these parts. With the sling the natives are wonderfully accurate in hitting a mark a long distance

off. Naturally the sling cannot be used in thickly wooded parts, and it is then the spear comes into use. The clubs vary much in design; some are heavy and blunt like an elongated baton, others are broad and flat with sharp edges made to cut like a sword, while some have heavy balls at the head from which protrude sharp spikes two inches long, which would penetrate the brain if a blow from one of them were received on the skull.

But the favourite weapon of this nature is the steel-headed tomahawk. The head is of European manufacture, into which is securely and beautifully dovetailed a long handle, or shaft, of hardwood, highly polished, and measuring from three and a half to four feet long. This weapon is common now all through the islands, from New Britain and New Ireland away down east through the Solomons to the most southerly of the New Hebrides.

The costume of the New Irishman is nothing more than that bestowed by Nature, unless a slight coating of paint or lime can be termed a costume. The patterns on his skin vary according to fashion. On one occasion I came upon a mob who looked like so many animated skeletons, as every bone and rib was traced on their skins with lime, giving them a most grotesque appearance. They treated us to a volley of stones from their slings when we endeavoured to approach them.

The most fashionable style in vogue among them on the present occasion seemed to be a sort of five-fingered design all over the body. An artist among them would wet his hand, and after dipping it in lime would slap the party to be decorated all over the body with the palm of his hand, leaving the imprint of the hand and five fingers. The local swell would be turned out quite a fascinating and handsome character. But previous to this he had to go through the hands of the hairdresser. Each lock or ringlet of hair or wool is carefully straightened out, then a mixture of cocoa-nut oil, with red clay or betel-nut spittings, is rubbed

into the hair, which gives it a fine brick-red colour, and is trained in thin corkscrew-like curls to fall over the forehead and down their cheeks and necks.

They must also pass through the hands of the dentist if they are to be in the fashion, and they get their teeth stained jet black by a preparation of burnt iron pyrites. Picture to yourself a figure thus made up, and you will have a fair representation of the dandy of New Ireland. And instead of the tender little sprig of blackthorn which the "Ould" Irishman carries to emphasise the point of his argument, the New Irishman prefers a longer one with an axe blade at the end of it; if it does not carry more conviction with it, it is certainly more decisive.

The women have more pretence to decency than the men, but yet their wardrobe is very scant. No doubt they have an unlimited supply, but they do not care about putting on too much at a time. The forest and the bush are their robe-room, and their garments hang from every tree. Fathers and husbands here are not cajoled by daughters and wives to buy them new dresses and head-gear, for they can supply themselves every morning with new costumes, and decorate their hair at the nearest flowering tree.

Some of the young women are very good-looking, and some are quite pretty; but, like all these races, they soon mature, and as they grow old they become very ugly. I am told by the natives themselves that there is no marriage, nor binding form of union, between man and woman on New Ireland. The woman just follows her own sweet will, and lives with one man after another. But while she does live with one man she is that man's slave in every way as long as she continues to live with him. She cooks his food and looks after his yam patch, weeding it daily. He looks after the piccaninnies, if there are any, at home. But then, when she so chooses she can walk away and leave him and claim another lord and master elsewhere.

In New Britain the case is quite different. There a man may have one or more wives. Their marriage laws are very stringent, and immediate death would be the result of any infringement. But in New Ireland the women have pretty much their own way, and on the whole they are treated kindly by the men.

A few miles further north from Cape Santa Maria we had occasion to land some returns at a place named Rahaloo. A very large crowd of natives were down, and assembled on the beach to meet their long-looked-for countrymen and women, and, as was to be expected, their treasures from the white-man's country filled their minds with wonder and astonishment and their hearts with envy. Many among them longed for the time when they should return laden with like wealth from lands beyond the sea.

We were detained for some time purchasing a large supply of fruits and vegetables the natives had brought down to barter, and when we started to get away with the boats two women plunged into the water and tried to get into the second mate's boat, thinking that they would be taken to the ship. The second mate waved them away, but they persisted in swimming after the boat, till a number of men jumped into the water and hauled them back. They were no sooner landed than what had been a scene of peace and industry was changed to one of wrangling and fighting. Some of the men wished to kill the women there and then, but one party of men stood up for the women. A fight ensued. Tomahawks and spears were brought into play, and the utmost excitement prevailed for some time. Every moment I expected to see both women killed by the tomahawks of their intending murderers, and I had considerable difficulty in keeping in check my Tanna boats' crews, as they kept handling their rifles with every nerve strained to the utmost, eager to leap ashore and take part in the fight on behalf of the two unfortunate women.

SAA, MALAYTA

Areca-nut Palm Grove. This is their source of supply of betel-nut. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart)

But a third party soon intervened and acted as peace-makers, and as they were the most numerous they managed to separate the two contending factions and save the women from death; but both women were badly injured, and had to be assisted away by sympathising friends.

Instances of this description, I believe, are the exception and not the rule in New Ireland, but in other parts of the Pacific the most barbarous customs prevail among the natives with regard to the women. All over New Ireland men, women, and children are inveterate betel-nut chewers, and the children begin the habit at a very early age. With the betel-nut they chew the seed, or leaf, of a pepper vine, at the same time consuming a large quantity of lime.

I have not noticed the practice of betel-nut chewing to have any particular effect upon those who have, and are constantly indulging in, the habit. But I have seen a very marked effect upon those who have been deprived of the custom during their stay in Queensland, and have returned to the habit on their return home. After starting afresh they get very dull, stupid, and sleepy, but this effect wears off in a few days, and they return again to their normal condition.

The practice of betel-nut chewing prevails all through the East Indies, and travelling eastward you find all the natives of these islands indulging in the habit, across New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland, down through the Solomon Islands, and so on to the Santa Cruz group, where it appears to have a sudden check. In the Torres, Banks, and New Hebrides groups the practice is entirely unknown. Those groups lie a little to the south of Santa Cruz, and to the south-east of the Solomons. But then, the natives of the south-easterly groups make up for their ignorance of betel-nut chewing by indulging in a vice quite as strange to the natives of the westward as the betel-nut is to them,

that is, the well-known intoxicating liquor of the South Seas, called "Khava," which, although it does not affect the brain, renders the limbs of the body quite powerless.

The dwelling-houses in New Ireland are similar to the usual native hut, and are built of cane and thatched with palm leaves. Great care is observed in the building of their canoes. Most of them are built with planks, over which they have spent much time and patience in seasoning and dressing. Comparatively few of their canoes are dug-outs, and these are only small affairs capable of accommodating one, two, or three men. They necessarily have outriggers, which are merely used for fishing about the reefs, or in the creeks, or any ordinary rough work.

In building the ordinary canoes, the planks, after being properly seasoned and kept straight with a heavy weight of stones, are dressed with adzes made from shell or stone, after which they are smoothed with sandstone and fine sand on cocoa-nut husk. After being trimmed to proper length and size, holes are drilled and the planks are lashed together with strong sinnet saturated in resin. When the canoe planks are all in place the seams are caulked and covered up with a preparation of pitch, which soon becomes hard and firm as the strongest cement. When the canoe is finished it is a really beautiful and graceful model. These canoes are made to hold generally from ten to thirty, and sometimes fifty men, and they are decorated with shell and mother-of-pearl. A peculiar fact, indeed a very remarkable one, is that on nearly all the New Ireland canoes there is a piece of carved work which closely resembles the emblematical harp of Ireland.

Close to Rahaloo, where we had landed some of our returns, the natives brought us several baskets full of coal, mostly weather-worn and moss-grown, showing that they must have got it from some surface outcrop. Those who brought me the coal were people whom I had landed from the s.s.

Corea in the early part of the year, and they had seen the coal used on board the steamer while on their way home. They wished me to accompany them to the place from which they had brought the coal, but as time was pressing I was unable to go any distance inland with them.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Gerrit Denny Group—An Atrocious Act—A Difficult Point—A Desperate Mother—Fisher and Gardiner Islands—Elaborate Carving—"Devil-devils"—Flower Gardens—Annual Battles—Staffen Straits—Christian Influence—Stone Images—Cannibalistic Practices—Hunted by Boar—Becalmed—Jubilee Day.

WE left Rahaloo and ran over to the adjacent small islands named the Gerrit Denny group. The largest island of the group is named by the natives Nolam, and is abundantly supplied with fresh water. Beautiful clear streams and springs of fresh water flow down to the sea all round. This island is so picturesque that the scenery is far beyond my power of description. There is no particularly good anchorage in the group; but we took soundings all round Nolam, and came to anchor in a bay on the south-west side, in twenty-three fathoms of water, at about a hundred yards from the shore.

In the north-west corner of this bay a fine stream of fresh water runs into the sea, and ships desiring to water here can send their boats right into the fresh water and bale it over the side into the boat. Large shoals of mullet can always be caught about the mouth of this stream. The sea beach here is composed of large, smooth round stones of blue metal. On the whole we found the natives well-behaved and peacefully inclined, and while the ship was taking in a supply of fresh water we went on shooting-expeditions through the bush, and were always well received by the natives whenever we chanced to meet any, and quite a number accompanied us all the time.

But only a few days after we left a trader on New Ireland

told us that he went there with the intention of opening up a trading station, only two months previous to our visit. He had four New Ireland natives with him. The first night they camped at the mouth of the stream where we had taken our supply of water, and in the morning one man was missing. A search was made for him, and they came upon his remains, parts of him having been cooked and eaten. They then started in pursuit of the cannibals, with the intention of punishing them for their atrocity; but the brother of the murdered man, eager for revenge, got a long way ahead of his friends, and before long they also came upon his remains served up in the same manner as the first victim. So the trader returned to New Ireland with his two remaining men and gave up the idea of starting a station at the Gerrit Denny group for the time being.

We landed several return islanders at Nolam amid the usual rejoicings. One of the men landed had been married to a woman who was a native of Noosa, a village in the Staffen Straits, which separate New Ireland from New Hanover. The marriage took place at Cairns, Queensland, and they had one child, a little boy. This child was between two and three years of age when we arrived at Nolam, and a fine, bright, and healthy little specimen he was. Now the difficulty arose who was to retain the custody of the child. The husband and wife had to separate at once and for ever. The woman dared not go ashore at her husband's place, as she would be certain to be killed and eaten there. For the same reason the husband could not accompany his wife to her native place, so I was placed in the unenviable position of having to adjudicate between them. I naturally decided that the mother should retain the possession of her child. The husband was very indignant and sore on the point, and vowed he would some time regain possession of his son.

The day we were leaving many canoes came alongside the vessel, and their occupants came on board. One of these canoes contained the unhappy father and about ten of his comrades. They were got up in all the bravery

of young warriors of New Ireland, and were shining with cocoa-nut oil. They soon mingled with the visitors on board. As the ship's company were busy getting the vessel under way, very little notice was taken of the movements of the visitors, till my attention was called to a commotion on the port side of the ship. Then I saw the father of the child in dispute making for the rail with the boy in his arms, while his retreat was covered by his friends; but the frantic mother soon made her way through those opposing her, and before her husband could mount the rail, he fell back to the deck with the woman's sheath-knife buried to the hilt between his ribs. Recovering her child she took shelter in the cabin, while the comrades of the man made all haste ashore with what was left of him.

Those who remained on board made very little of the incident, although some of them expressed a wish that the woman and child should be landed. Had their desires been complied with the poor woman's shrift would have been a short one.

We next made for Fisher and Gardiner Islands, situated close together and about thirty miles north-west of the Gerrit Denny group. We had a few people to land at both islands, and we had a very different reception from the first I had, when on my first trip to the islands in the *Heron*, three years previously. On the present occasion we were welcomed with demonstrations of delight. One of the men whom we had to land was a man of some distinction amongst them. Those ashore paid him every deference, and he ordered them about in the most autocratic manner. He made them load my boat with fruit and vegetables of many kinds, for which he allowed no pay to be taken. He also presented me with a large pig and two fowls; but he was not above taking a present himself in the shape of tobacco and a few clay pipes, after which he allowed the others to go in for general trading, and consequently we soon had a large stock of native food besides a number of pigs and fowls.

We accompanied our returns ashore at Fisher Island, and they and their friends evinced much pleasure and delight in conducting us around the village and pointing out everything which they thought might interest us. They showed much superior taste, both in craftsmanship and design in their buildings and dwellings, to their neighbours, both in the Gerrit Denny group as well as on the mainland. The buildings are large and spacious. The woodwork about the dwellings is elaborately carved. The pillars of their taboo houses have wonderful designs carved upon them closely resembling the work done by the Maoris. Many of their carvings stand out in relief, especially on their masks, used in dancing. Human beings, animals, fishes, and birds are represented, and are painted in several colours. The eyes in these effigies are generally the beautiful operculum let in with cement. Some of their carvings are made to represent the spirits they call "devil-devils," whom they fear and appease with gifts, but whom they never worship with any feelings of veneration or love. I managed to obtain with some little difficulty two of their demon-gods. One represents the spirit which presides over their agricultural affairs, which they, in their imperfect English, explained was the "devil-devil belong yam and taro."

The other was the evil spirit who haunts the sea; his influence extends over the wind, waves, and fishes. They termed him the "devil-devil belong salt water." He is rather a gross and, if I may use the term, outlandish, representation of our ancient and respected old Neptune.

Great attention is paid to the cultivation of the flower gardens around their dwellings, and it is quite a treat to walk through the village surrounded on all sides with tastefully laid-out garden plots, with every variety of hue and shade, and flowers and shrubs and plants exhaling strange and sweet perfumes. We found the same condition of affairs on Gardiner Island.

Both islands are densely wooded, except for the patches that are annually cleared to grow yams and taro. The

hills attain an altitude of between one thousand and fifteen hundred feet.

We returned to the mainland of New Ireland, where the land gradually slopes from the mountain range eight thousand feet above Cape Santa Maria to a long stretch of low-lying land not more than three hundred or four hundred feet high, running a distance of between forty and fifty miles from a place named Coblaman to Noosa, in the Staffen Straits.

This flat stretch of country is composed, for the most part, of fine black soil. The whole coast-line here is lined with cocoa-nut groves, which extend through the Staffen Straits and down the other side of the island. There are several white men and Malays stationed along the coast engaged in the copra trade. The country is well adapted for tropical agriculture, and offers splendid inducements for European settlement. It is the most likely district I have seen in New Ireland for settlement, and had the Marquis de Ray chosen this part on which to found his colony, instead of Leeke-Leek, the unfortunate expedition would not have come to a sad end.

The natives here have killed several Europeans, but the present settlers say the fault was with the white men themselves.

One of the principal traders at Noosa told me that once a year the natives assemble from many parts of the country at this place in thousands, and there they have a battle, or several battles, which last over several days. Some are killed, but not many. The vanquished return home to be upbraided by those who were left at home, while the victors remain to eat the bodies of the few who have been killed, and to relate the deeds of valour they have individually performed.

Two large trading stations had just been founded at Noosa shortly before our arrival. The one was a branch of the German New Guinea Company, while the other was a private concern. Both have every prospect of developing

a large and lucrative trade. Staffen Straits are studded with a large number of small islands, but the passage through is quite clear, and no danger need be anticipated by any vessel wishing to use it. Having cleared the Straits we sailed down the west coast of New Ireland towards St. George's Channel. We had a few men to land on this side, but found their friends very shy and unwilling to come near the boats. In spite of their seemingly wild state we succeeded in safely landing our returns.

As we proceeded further along the coast the natives began to show more signs of civilisation. Still further along they came off to the ship in canoes, showing still more progress towards respectability, as most of the men wore a narrow strip of calico, or print, about them. I attributed this approach to decency, and also the absence of offensive weapons, to the influence of native Fiji missionary teachers, who have been placed at different spots along the coast. The advent of these Fiji Christian teachers has been followed by a great amount of good.

I managed to make quite a collection of stone images of various sizes of human forms, ranging from the size of a small doll to one about four and a half feet high. They represented both sexes, and were carved out of a white sandstone. The style was similar to the figures seen in early Egyptian sculpture at Ismailia, Cairo, and Alexandria, as well as specimens in the British Museum. If one were blessed with the means and leisure it would be a profoundly interesting study to trace the connection between these figures and early Egyptian art. The natives could not, or would not, tell me the actual use of them. They all said they were made by the bushmen. Some added that they were playthings for children, others that they were "devil-devils," and some that they were figures made for dancing round at feasts and other ceremonials.

Although these natives had made a start to embrace the Christian faith, they had not yet given up their cannibalistic practices. They made no secret of their relish

for human flesh. At one place of call where we were landing some of our returns, the savages brought down quite a quantity of the flesh of a young woman whom they had just cooked. In offering parts for sale, they said that if we white men did not like to eat it possibly some of our native boatmen would enjoy it.

We landed the last but one of all our New Ireland men among the Fiji missionary scholars, leaving the last one to be landed midway down the St. George's Channel. Before going back to the ship the " recruiter," or " landing agent," bought a large boar pig, which was lashed to a young sapling by its fore and hind trotters. On arrival on board ship Mr. Swallow and I made our way aft, forgetting all about the captive pig. Suddenly we heard a commotion on deck, and, looking round, we saw the natives scattering and making for places of security. Mr. Swallow and I simultaneously climbed on the rail, but not so our poor Old Man. James Cooper was caught from behind in the alley-way, between the deck-house and the bulwarks. His legs went from under him, and he sat down on the pig's back, and was carried for some distance along the alley-way. The pig then paid attention to the man at the wheel, who, promptly leaving the ship to steer her own course, made a bound for the top of the deck-house. Our Old Man made tracks for the general cabin, but the pig catching sight of him continued the chase. When we went to the rescue, revolver in hand, we found the pig with his fore-feet on the table snorting applause to James Cooper as he danced about the liveliest sailor's hornpipe of his life, and all the time shouting for some one to come and relieve him by shooting the unclean beast. My presence quickly diverted his attention and he came at me, but I eluded his charge by jumping again on the rail, and the wild-boar hunt on the *Para's* deck came to an end, as he grunted his last with half a dozen bullets in his carcase from about as many revolvers, fired from the strategical points of the rail and the roof of the deck-house.

The Old Man had a nasty cut on his leg, but he was quite proud of his acrobatic feat in getting from the deck to the top of the cabin table in record time. The incident in itself, he said, was just another instance of the topsy-turvy state of affairs in these ungodly seas. In Christian seas, he averred, pigs, when brought on board ship, would have gone in a wise and respectable manner to the "forrard" end of the ship, but, forsooth, in these latitudes pigs and black fellows must of necessity make for the after end. The remainder of the evening old James Cooper sat on the coamings aft, and soliloquised aloud on the bright and glorious times in the far past when he was commander of some majestic full-rigged clipper.

The Old Man's communings were interrupted by the second mate saying, "We are getting a long way off the land, sir; shall we put the ship about?"

"No!" roared the Old Man. "Keep her going as she is, and let us get as far off the cursed land as we can."

By that order he made a fatal mistake, for we got beyond the land breeze, and when the first mate came on deck at midnight to change the watch we found ourselves in a dead calm.

When day broke we found ourselves about the north-west end of St. George's Channel. Away to the south-east the highlands of New Ireland towered up and disappeared in the midst of snowy clouds, while away to the south-west we could see the three active volcanoes on New Britain, named the Mother and Two Daughters, belching smoke high into the heavens. We were too far off either land to think of having any communication with the boats, and we did not know when a breeze might spring up. It was a deplorable experience. We just drifted about with tides and currents for the best part of a month. Nearly the whole of June we were in the doldrums. Fortunately we had plenty of reading matter on board, otherwise there was little else to kill the monotony of the time.

Occasionally a shark would come swimming around,

and we seldom allowed them to get away, for the shark-hook would be baited with a lump of salt meat and thrown over. It was seldom refused, and in this way we managed to capture and destroy many a tiger of the sea.

Our principal landmarks were the three volcanoes. They were to us actual pillars of cloud by day, and pillars of fire by night. The question which vexed James Cooper every morning was the salutation with which Mr. Swallow and I greeted him. We were all early risers for our tub, or dip over the side, and the invariable salutation to the skipper was, "Good morning, Old Man; how are the Mother and Two Daughters?" And they were as invariably consigned to the pit whence they seemed to draw their sustenance.

Jubilee Day we celebrated in great style. We had kept some young pigs and fowls alive for the occasion.

I shall never forget Jubilee Day and night. The sky was as clear as a tropical night can be, and the stars shone forth and glittered most gloriously. By this time the *Para* had drifted within easy distance of the Admiralty Islands. We all remarked that if the savages were not the wild, untutored barbarians they were, one would surely think they were celebrating Queen Victoria's Jubilee, for there before us the whole coast-line was lit up with innumerable twinkling lights and ruddy torches. But the actual reason for the display was the annual arrival of large shoals of fish which come at this season of the year, and men, women, and children line the beach with torches at night to gather in the harvest of the sea. It was a pretty sight, and we took it as a happy omen as we added our pyrotechnic display in flare-up blue lights and rockets.

CHAPTER XXV

Obstinacy of the "Old Man"—Stranded—Off Again—Blanche Bay—Hot Springs — Cattle-breeding — A Good Business Woman — Relics of the Marquis de Ray—The Fourth of July—A Samoan Feast—The Caan Group.

FROM Jubilee Day we began to drift in a southerly direction, and on the night of the 27th a fresh breeze sprang up to gladden all our hearts. Yards were braced up, and with all sails drawing we began to feel steerage way, and we were soon forging down the St. George's Channel. About midday on the 28th we were abreast of the passage where we had to land the last of our New Ireland returns. All was excitement to get close under the land again.

As we neared the shore the return islander got his box and other effects on deck ready for transhipment to the boats. When we got within easy distance of the beach I notified the Old Man that I thought it advisable to lower the boats and get away from the ship. The Old Man replied, "Look here, young man, you have often said that 'James Cooper is afraid of the land,' and that 'James Cooper is scared to go too close to the land,' but James Cooper will show you that he is not afraid of the land, and James Cooper is not too scared to go close to the land." And with that the Old Man held on his way.

Thinking he was risking too much, and was getting nearer the shore than was advisable, I called to him from amidships, and said, "I am going ashore now; you had better get the boats lowered." With that he ordered the sails to be backed merely with the ship's head on to the land, instead of bringing the vessel up in the wind. Then,

when we were just landing on the beach, a little to windward of the ship, the Old Man filled on her with the intention of putting her about and standing out from the land; but she missed stays, and in trying to fill on her again she went right up on the beach and fell over on her starboard side. We had by this time our returned islander landed, so we pulled for the ship as fast as we could. As we rounded her stern under her lee, James Cooper was leaning on the rail with a benign smile on his rubicund old face. My greeting to him was, "Well, Old Man, what have you done now?"

"Well, Young Man," he replied, "I guess we have piled up the blooming old box of navigation at last."

"And what are you going to do now?" I asked.

"Well!" he replied. "I guess we'll let her rip."

Mr. Forbes, the mate, on hearing the Old Man's reply, yelled, "Ye'll no dae that, ma mon, be gob, no! Come on, ma lads, tae work a' ye ken, for if we dinna tak this auld hooker back tae Brisbane it's a case o' nae ship nae dollars wi' the lot o' us."

And to work they did go with a will. First they took out kedges with stout cables attached, and tried to kedge the ship off, but the sharp reefs cut the rope cables and we lost the kedges. Hundreds of natives came down from villages on the hill-sides, and were very friendly and did all in their power to assist us. Many canoes came from various parts of the coast and endeavoured to tow us off with ropes.

The natives from the shore brought long bamboos and poles, and tried all they could to push us off, but we could see that nothing further could be done without lightening the ship. So the returns' boxes were all first taken ashore, and a strong and well-armed guard placed over them to protect them from would-be plunderers. Next the flooring was taken out, and as much ballast thrown over as we considered safe, and then we pumped out all the drinking water we could spare. The Old Man considered it was a

hopeless task from the first, and took no hand in getting the ship off, although he watched the proceedings in a half-indifferent manner. When ten o'clock at night struck he bade us all good night and went to bed. As a final word to the mate, he said, "Mr. Forbes, when you get her off you may call me."

When we thought we had got sufficient gear and ballast out we lashed the two whale-boats together with a stout scaffolding to form a sort of deck, and on this decking we lowered the starboard anchor, paying on to it as much chain as the two boats thus lashed together could carry. We then pulled out with the boats, and let the anchor go in deep water. When all was ready we made the last final and mighty effort. The anchor chain was attached to the winch and windlass, the boats took tow-lines away astern, and as many of our returns (we had still about a hundred and twenty) as we could send ashore shoved on the bows with poles and saplings. Then with a shout and all combined we gave way with a will. She started, and moved, and finally, with a grating, tearing noise, she floated once again into deep water.

We soon had the returns' boxes back on board, and shortly after midnight we were again setting sails. The mate asked me if he should call the Old Man, but I told him he need not mind doing so till morning. At the same time, I advised him to shape a course for Blanche Bay, New Britain, where we could take in fresh ballast and do any necessary repairing. As the crew were all much fatigued with their day's exertions I told them all to turn in, except the man at the wheel, and I and some of the return islanders who were not so tired would keep watch on deck and look after the ship. I did not call any from their watch below, but let them sleep on till they awoke of their own accord and came on deck next morning.

We had a fine, steady breeze all through the night and early morning hours. When the Old Man came on deck we were well across the St. George's Channel. He had a

good look aft, and saw New Ireland in the distance, while New Britain showed up clearly over our bows. Quietly stepping up to me, with a knowing wink he said, "Good morning, sir; look you here, young man, James Cooper knows how to put a ship ashore, and James Cooper knows jolly well how to take her off again." Then he went and had a conversation with Mr. Forbes, the mate, but he did not seem to appreciate Mr. Forbes's remarks, as that gentleman did not mince either his words or sentiments, but had a habit of speaking his mind, and straight to the point, in his good, broad Scotch.

Shortly afterwards the Old Man approached me and said, "I am very glad you ordered the ship to Blanche Bay, as it will enable us to buy some ship's gear we were much in need of, and would have felt the want of, before getting home; and such an opportunity of getting the stuff from a big store like Hernsheim and Co.'s might not have offered had it not been for that little mishap yesterday."

It was a very nice way of getting out of the "little mishap."

Early next morning we dropped anchor at Mamtupi, in Blanche Bay, New Britain. We were visited by the manager of Messrs. Hernsheim and Co.'s business, accompanied by some German officers, and they conducted us ashore, where they entertained us most hospitably. After luncheon they took us all round the bay, showing us everything of interest.

Among the sights we visited was a mud island which had been thrown up about two weeks previously. There were springs of hot water still bubbling up from several places round about it. The island stood about sixty feet high, and was about three-quarters of a mile in circumference. We were next taken to a part of the bay where the water seemed to be boiling, as air bubbles in millions kept ascending from a great depth, but the water was too hot to approach with any comfort. We afterwards visited numerous other springs on land, all of various tempera-

tures from cold to boiling hot. Some of these springs were strongly impregnated with sulphur.

The German Government had already commenced grazing cattle, and the breeding of cattle here on a large scale appeared likely to be a success. It struck me at the time that Germany had an ideal harbour to transform into a great naval base for future operations in this part of the world.

In the afternoon the steamer *Golden Gate* came and anchored close to us. She was owned by Messrs. Farrell and Co., of Raalune, New Britain, cotton-growers and general traders. The whole of their extensive business was managed by Mrs. Farrell in person, as far as the island part was concerned, while her husband looked after their interests in Sydney. Mrs. Farrell was on board the *Golden Gate* with a large pleasure party of both ladies and gentlemen. That evening I had the pleasure of meeting her for the first time at a dinner given by the Messrs. Hernsheim.

Mrs. Farrell, or the "Queen of the South Seas," as many called her, is well worthy of more than passing note. She was the daughter of Mr. Coe, American Consul in Samoa, and a Samoan princess, and was educated in ladies' seminaries in America. She was a handsome and very striking figure when I first met her. She was dressed in white satin, with a long train which was borne behind her by half a dozen little dusky maidens, natives of the Solomon Islands, all dressed in fantastic costumes.

Above her jet-black hair she wore a tiara of diamonds and her whole carriage was queenly. She was accompanied on this occasion by a number of female cousins and relations from Samoa, most of them half-caste, but all highly educated and beautiful women. Mr. Stuart, the American Consul to New Britain, was also in her train. After dinner her little maidens stood behind her chair. Some fanned her, while others rolled small cigarettes, which she smoked between her sips of coffee and cognac. It was

not the custom for ladies to leave the dinner-table to the gentlemen after dessert in New Britain. After coffee all the guests adjourned to a skittle-alley, and afterwards dancing was indulged in till the early hours of the morning. Mrs. Farrell's visit to Mamtupi was with the view of inviting guests to accompany her back to Raalune to take part in the Fourth of July celebrations. Accordingly she took Mr. Swallow and myself away with her. We found that more than a week would be required to repair and do all that was necessary to the *Para*, and so we gladly accepted the invitation.

A few hours' steam brought us to Raalune, beautifully situated in a picturesque and lovely bay. About twenty thousand acres belong to the firm at Raalune, and it is all being rapidly brought under cultivation. Well-kept paths lead up through extensive grounds to Mrs. Farrell's dwelling-house, which is a large and commodious bungalow. The grounds themselves are very tastefully arranged in terraces leading down to the sea-beach. In front of the house extends a fort, or battery, mounted with the cannon brought to New Ireland by the Marquis de Ray as ordnance for his unfortunate colony.

Hanging from a nail on the veranda of the bungalow was the flag, all fringed with gold, under which the poor colonists left their native land with proud hearts and high hopes of success and fortunes to be gained on a foreign shore; and last, but not the least, of the relics of that deplorable expedition, we saw in the dining-room of the bungalow the altar presented to the young colonists and consecrated by the Archbishop of Milan. It was a magnificent work of art, beautifully inlaid. But instead of the holy and pious end for which it was intended it was used for the purpose of a sideboard, and was stocked with wines and spirits, and we witnessed our hostess with her own hands concoct strange and cunning Yankee drinks upon that blessed altar.

The American Consul, Mr. Stuart, had a fine residence

built in the same grounds as the Farrell bungalow. It was partly as a house-warming for him that the Fourth of July functions were on such an elaborate scale. The Fourth began with much firing of guns, pistols, and cannons; and then came the feasting and dancing. Almost every notability the guests could think of was toasted with hearty goodwill. There was a wonderful gathering of many nationalities, English, Irish, Scotch, German, French, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish, as well as American and Samoan, and all tried to join in singing "Hail, Columbia," "The Star-spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle." The 5th was taken principally as a day of rest after all the exertions of the previous day, but on the 6th we were entertained to a Samoan feast.

Everything was got up in Samoan style. A large space of ground was staked off with saplings and covered over with green palm leaves, thus affording a pleasant shade. The cooking was all done in Samoan style, for the most part in ground ovens. No forks nor spoons were allowed, but a sheath-knife could be used. We had pork and fowls and pigeons and fish, as well as a variety of native vegetables and fruit puddings, all served upon green leaves. There were no other plates of any sort; water and cocoa-nut milk were drunk out of cocoa-nut cups. The awkwardness of some of the guests as they squatted on the ground afforded heaps of amusement and rounds of laughter. All the ladies and gentlemen of Samoan origin dressed in Samoan fashion. They looked light, airy, and comfortable. One could not trace the slightest semblance of dark blood in some of them.

At night the grounds were lit up with lanterns, and Samoan and other dances indulged in. The men showed us a Samoan war-dance, in which they performed with clubs, and they worked themselves up into such a state of excitement that we expected to see it end in bloodshed, but it wound up with only the shedding of most of their costume. There seemed to be no end to the hospitality

and generosity of Mrs. Farrell. She would not let us go until the *Para* came for us on the 12th. Even then she tried to coax our Old Man ashore. She said if she could only induce him to come up to the bungalow she would not let us go for another week or more. But the Old Man resisted all her blandishments, and we had perforce to thank Mrs. Farrell and her friends for the twelve jolliest days we ever spent.

Getting on board we beat down the St. George's Channel, rounded Cape St. George, and stood over to the Caan (or Kaan) group, where we still had a few returns to land. While in the Caan group we purchased a very large supply of native food, such as yams, etc. Besides vegetables and fruits we bought as many young pigs and fowls as we could conveniently carry, and then we started back for the Solomon Islands. We had to beat nearly all the way against a head wind, and a brig in ballast only is not the best vessel to get to windward with. Still, we were making progress, but slowly at that. In due time we reached Sir Charles Hardy's and Green Islands, and our Old Man acknowledged that when we passed them before he was wrong and I was in the right. We landed all our returns for those islands safely among their friends, and we found a white trader settled among the islanders ashore. He was trading for Farrell and Co., and spoke well of the manner in which he was treated by that firm. He appeared to be on very friendly terms with the natives, and said he got on very well with them, but honesty was a virtue not practised among them, and they had little or no respect for other people's property.

CHAPTER XXVI

Bougainville—Reefs—Beauties of the Coral World—A Collection of Curios —Empress Augusta Bay—A Massacre—A Forlorn Hope—A Hospitable Reception—Adverse Tides and Currents—A Boiling Sea—Bougainville Straits — Simbu — Natives of Simbu—"Paddy"—Mischief on Foot — A Badly Planned Ambush—Watering—Wild Birds.

LEAVING Sir Charles Hardy's and Green Islands we stood well out to the south-west for two days, and on the next tack we fetched in to the coast of Bougainville, between Buka and Empress Augusta Bay, and off the highlands of Bougainville we experienced light land breezes which enabled us, by keeping in close under the land, to make good headway.

We passed over much shoal water and reefs in our course. The reefs showed up very clearly underneath us, while the growing coral took all sorts of wonderful and beautiful shapes and forms. Brilliant-coloured coral fish of varied sizes, with all the hues of the rainbow, glided about in and out among the different formations in the transparent water. At one time you would almost believe you were sailing or floating over some vast, majestic forest, at another you could well imagine you were passing over some wondrous fairy kingdom, studded with enchanted caves and grottos, with gardens filled with choicest flowers, and groves of shade trees wanting only the ethereal forms and phantom shapes of lovely nymphs and mischievous fays to recall the dreams of early childhood.

Again, you could fancy you were gazing upon the ruins of some stately prehistoric city, or the remains of Lilliputian temples, towers, and minarets. So numerous and

fantastic are the shapes in the coral world, beneath the waters of the Western Pacific, that they recall many objects above the sea.

All along the coast of Bougainville we were accompanied by large canoes, containing sometimes ten, twenty, thirty, or fifty men. All were fully armed with bows and arrows, besides spears, clubs, and tomahawks; but as we still had a large number of South-East Solomon returns on board, and twenty-six men for Empress Augusta Bay, whom we had carried past their own place about the beginning of the trip, we had no reason to fear an attack.

I made a large and interesting collection of weapons, implements, and ornaments from these parts, part of which I gave to the municipality of Glasgow, where they are to be seen to-day in the magnificent museum of that city. The remainder I distributed among other collections.

The slow cruise along the coast of Bougainville was full of interest to us, as the scenes were ever changing. There was the wild grandeur of the scenery itself, and the crowds of wild and cannibal savages in their primitive state were a never-ending source of interest to us all.

In due course we arrived in Empress Augusta Bay; but when we saw the vast crowds of natives on the shore, and very numerous fleets of canoes full of men, we deemed it not quite prudent to anchor. The news had travelled far and near that we had twenty-six of their people to be landed, and to this fact was to be ascribed the vast gathering of people. As usual, in a case of such an assembly, and the presence of so many canoes, I allowed the canoes to come along one side of the ship only. Many of the returns placed their boxes, and other goods and chattels, in the canoes for transport to the shore, but preferred themselves to land in state in the ship's boats.

From previous experience I made use of three of the ship's boats to land the returns. Two boats embarked the twenty-six returns, while I kept the third boat, in which I placed a strong and well-armed party, for the protection

PAGO-PAGO, SAVO

A sacrificial altar. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

PAMUA BEACH, SAN CHRISTOVAL

Light cruising war-canoe. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

of the other two. At the same time, I told the returns that the boats would back stern first on to the beach, and that on the slightest sign of treachery we would open fire with our repeating rifles from the third boat. I was aware at the time when I gave them this warning, and told them to so advise their friends ashore, that some of these same returns of ours were implicated in the attack on the boats of the Queensland Labour vessel *Fredericka Wilhelmina*, in 1883, when several of the crew were killed, and Government Agent Rowe received a wound from which he never recovered.

The *Fredericka Wilhelmina's* boats happened to be recruiting in the usual way, when several of the islanders expressed their desire to engage for Queensland. They got into the recruiter's boat, and demanded the present of trade which it is the custom to give each recruit, who invariably distributes the articles among his friends. In this case the recruits handed over the trade to their friends, but surreptitiously retained an axe or a long knife. Some of the natives on the beach got outside the boats' crews' oars, and at a given signal the savages plied their tomahawks and knives, while the boats' crews lost control of their oars ; one boat managed to sweep out into deep water, and the savages in her were either killed or jumped overboard, while the other boat was dragged up on the beach after her crew had been despatched.

Mr. Rowe, the Government Agent, was in the water, waist-deep, fighting with several, and how he managed it he could never tell, but he swam out to the second boat with the top of his skull sliced off and hanging by the skin on the back of his neck, and his brain quite exposed. The boat then returned to the ship, where Mr. Rowe had all the attention Captain Roach, the master and owner of the *Fredericka Wilhelmina*, could render him.

Just then the barquentine *Lochiel*, of Bundaberg, hove in sight, homeward bound, with the shipwrecked crew and recruits and boats of the schooner *Alfred Vittery* on

board. A strong party was soon mustered from the men of the three vessels, and they went ashore with the forlorn hope of rescuing any unfortunate member of the captured boat if still alive. The party was under the charge of Mr. F. C Hornbrook, Government Agent of the late *Alfred Vittery*. They failed to recover the bodies of any of the lost men, but they recovered the boat, which had been carried a long way into the bush, and when they met with opposition from the natives they gave them a lesson which they long remembered. Poor Mr. Rowe never recovered from his wound, and was taken to Goodna Asylum after his arrival in Bundaberg.

So, bearing in mind the fate of the *Fredericka Wilhelmina's* boat, I deemed it advisable to take every precaution when landing a number of islanders among their friends, especially when I had good grounds for believing that amongst those we were landing were some who were implicated in the massacre. But everything went off without any signs of hostility, and after the two landing boats had pulled out into a safe position I backed in with the third boat and was welcomed by the head-men and was presented by the chief with a handsome grass-woven and pearl-inlaid spear. The returns expressed their joy at their return home and their kindly treatment on board the ship, and all agreed that if ever they went travelling to a far-off land again, they hoped it would be in such a ship as the *Para*. Time would not permit of our staying too long ashore, so we bade farewell to our Bougainville returns, and they sped our departure with a rousing cheer that was taken up by the thousands of those who thronged the beaches of Empress Augusta Bay. On our arrival alongside the boats were hoisted in, and we made preparations for a beat of about one hundred and fifty miles dead to windward.

Our object was now to get to Simbu, the first land we sighted when outward bound, and where we had only one islander to land. It took us just two weeks to cover the

hundred and fifty miles, contending all the time against light head winds, calms, and adverse tides and currents. One day, when off the south-west end of the Bougainville Straits —these straits now mark the demarcation line between the British Solomons and the German Solomons, and should not be confounded with the Bougainville Straits in the New Hebrides—we experienced a beautiful and remarkable phenomenon. While sailing slowly over a very calm sea, rippled only by a gentle breeze, we were suddenly surrounded by a seething, boiling sea that leaped in pyramid-shaped waves for hundreds of yards around us, or as far as the eye could see. For all the world the surface of the sea had the appearance of a huge boiling cauldron, and the noise made by the breaking sea bubbles was almost deafening. Some of us thought the phenomenon was caused by the meeting of opposing tides and currents, others that it arose from a submarine disturbance. I have twice witnessed similar effects, once between the north end of Malayta and the island of Ysabelle, and on another occasion off the south end of New Caledonia. The disturbance did not last in any of the instances for more than an hour, but while it did last the ship had no steerage way, but twisted and turned and behaved in a most erratic manner.

In reverting to the two straits named after Bougainville, I think the duplication of names should be strongly opposed, as it leads to much confusion and many mistakes when recording the history and advancement of the Western Pacific. It is all very well to perpetuate the names of the early navigators and explorers of sea and land, but the too constant repetition is foolish. One Bougainville Island and a Bougainville Strait would lead to no conflicting ideas, but two Bougainville Straits, separated by nearly a thousand miles of sea, have led to much controversy and grave error. The sooner the duplication of names is abolished and other names substituted, the better it will be for geographers and the public. Off the coast of New South Wales we have Lord Howe's Island, and, again,

thirteen hundred miles north of that one, we have another group of the same name. We again have Torres Islands in the Torres Straits, between Queensland and New Guinea, while eleven hundred miles to the eastward we have another group of islands named the Torres group, and so on in many other instances too numerous to mention.

We sighted Simbu two days before we managed to beat up to the island and come to anchor. Immediately the anchor was down we were surrounded with canoes, and men, women, and children came freely on board. One man, calling himself "Paddy," made himself chief spokesman. I had heard of "Paddy" before, and was told he required watching, and was not to be trusted. Even the islander whom we had to land cautioned me against him, and said, "Paddy no good, he flash fellow, he savey too much lie." Simbu was then the first island in the British Solomons we had so far arrived at this trip where we could recruit labour. So our Recruiting Agent, who acted as second mate, and, in fact, all on board, were anxious to try our luck. "Paddy" volunteered the information that we would get "plenty men" here. He himself undertook to fill the ship up with recruits, but he said we would not get any that day as the men would require to talk the matter over among themselves.

We went ashore with our one recruit and were soon surrounded by a large crowd of very merry and pleasant savages of both sexes and all ages. The men all wore strips of print made fast in front and back to their belts. They were all armed with spears and tomahawks, but I saw no bows or arrows among them. The women, who had in most cases attractive faces and well-developed limbs, had otherwise very extraordinary figures, due to the fashion of their costumes. Only in civilised society have I seen anything to approach them, certainly never amongst any other savage race. A narrow piece of print, or calico, was made fast to their belt in front, and then passed between their legs, but on the back part the cloth developed into

SAN CHRISTOVAL ISLANDS. FISHING SCAFFOLDS ON THE OUTER REEF

The man in the foreground is fishing with a four-pronged spear. In this way he catches mullet, bream, cod-fish, rays, and small sharks.
(J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

huge proportions, and resembled an inflated balloon, or an immensely stuffed pillow, and they strutted about for all the world like a mob of ostriches or emus. The rest of their bodies was profusely adorned with beads.

Next morning " Paddy " was off to the ship very early, and all by himself, in a small canoe. We remarked it as strange that there were no other canoes in sight, but we said nothing to " Paddy " about their absence. Before leaving the beach the previous evening our return islander again warned me against " Paddy," saying, " Look out along Paddy, no good you believe him." But " Paddy " this morning was very busy supervising the filling of the trade chests. He kept urging the Recruiting Agent to take plenty of everything as we were going to get a large number of recruits.

When the boats were ready " Paddy " started off ahead in his canoe, saying he was going to get the men all ready. When we arrived with the boats at the beach it was low water, and the boats grounded on the reef. At the very first glance we could see that mischief was on foot, as there was not a woman or child to be seen, while the day before there were hundreds round about us. However, we did not let it appear that we mistrusted them, but took matters very quietly. A crowd of men stood back in the scrub, while no one but " Paddy " came into the open on the beach. He called to us to get the boats in closer, and I asked him if he could not see for himself that the boats were aground. He then brought his light, shallow canoe out alongside my boat, and asked me to get into it and he would take me ashore dry, as the chief wished to talk to me. I said the canoe was very small and might capsize. Next he offered to carry me ashore on his back, but I said my weight might hurt him, and that if the chief was anxious to speak to me, and was afraid of wetting his bare legs, he might make use of the small canoe and come to my boat, where he could have a comfortable seat and talk as long as he liked.

" Paddy " temporised for a long time, trying to induce

me to go ashore and wait for the tide to rise and float the boats nearer shore. The men ashore began to get impatient, and one of them called to "Paddy" in rather an angry manner. I had been watching "Paddy" very intently all the time, and after the man in the scrub spoke to him in what appeared such an imperative tone I noticed "Paddy's" nerves begin to twitch, and he slowly turned to retrace his steps ashore. But I then called "Paddy," and when he faced me, my heavy Colt's revolver was point-blank in his face.

"No shoot, no shoot, no kill 'em me!" he said.

"I will, Paddy," I said, "shoot you as dead as a log if you don't at once call down some of your men and help to push the boats out."

"Paddy" very soon shouted for assistance, and some half-dozen fine, big, strapping fellows came down and pushed the boats off, and we made them follow the boats out until they were up to their necks in the water. When we were clear of all danger from spear-throwing or arrows, if they had them, we told them they could go ashore again, and we pulled for the ship. The whole affair was a badly planned ambush to kill us and capture the boats. "Paddy" was afterwards hanged by the commander of a man-of-war for the murder of a white trader.

All hopes of getting recruits at Simbu were now at an end, so we hove up the anchor and made sail for San Christoval. We stood well to the southward for two days, and when we put about we found that we could head well up for the coast of Guadalcanar. As we were getting anxious about our water supply we determined to make for Wanderer Bay, where we anchored. We found a few huts near the south-east end of Wanderer Bay, where some of the survivors of the village which had been raided and burned some time before had ventured back and settled on the opposite side to their ruined homes.

The boats were at once put to work getting fresh water, while another party started off to cut firewood. Mr. Swallow

and I took the third boat, and went off round the coast in search of game, and returned with a very fair bag of assorted birds. We had duck, pigeons, and snipe, besides a lot of parakeets, which are very good eating when stewed. I met a number of old acquaintances among the natives. They all had specimens of stone with iron pyrites and mundic showing freely in it. They were anxious to get me to go and view a creek some distance round the coast which I had not seen before, and where they had obtained their last supply of specimens.

So we made up an expedition and started off next day, and the natives took us to a creek where every stone seemed to abound in mundic. The glen up which we travelled seemed to be the haunt of cockatoos and many other birds, besides several varieties of brilliantly plumaged parrots. The cockatoos are small, about half the size of the Australian bird, and, unlike the Australian cockatoo, the Solomon bird has no yellow top-knot. When it is excited it puts up its white crest. They make very nice pets, getting very tame, and will readily learn to speak. I have often noticed that they resemble the human being in that, when picking up a new language, invariably the first words they learn are profane. The savages of the Pacific are very fond of making pets of birds, animals, and children. I got two young toucans, or hornbills, from the natives of Wanderer Bay, and they afterwards became great pets. They would always watch for my return with the boats by hopping on to the rail, and standing there with their huge beaks wide open in expectation of the bananas, or other fruit, with which I always rewarded them. They afterwards found a home in the Brisbane Botanical Gardens.

CHAPTER XXVII

A Wild Coast—A Rival—A Dead Return—The Stout Native—An Eagle's Shelter—"Uncle Sam"—Shy Natives—Natives of San Christoval—A Taboo House—Beautiful Canoes—The Chiefs and the Cannon—An Elevated Cemetery—Cape Zelée—Bushmen—The Scandalised Captain—Chief Powlanga—The Island of Savo—Sand Hens—A Novel Confection—Wigs—The Two Recruits—The End of the Voyage.

THE wind coming round and blowing from the north-west I advised the Old Man to lose no time, but get round to the south-east side of the island, which is seldom worked on account of the heavy seas which prevail for the greater part of the year during the usual south-east winds. We got under way, and made for the wild coast which stretches between Cape Hunter and Cape Henslow, and between Cape Henslow and Marou Sound. All along this coast the scenery is grand and majestic. Mountain-peak towers above mountain-peak, rising to heights of eight and nine thousand feet. Between these mountains dark valleys extend, whose sides are clothed with primeval forests and dense, impenetrable jungles, and down their rocky gorges dash roaring, turbulent torrents.

> "Here rivers in the sea are lost,
> There mountains to the skies are tost;
> Here tumbling billows mark the coast
> With surging foam."

All along this wild coast, and away up in the fastnesses of the mountains, the natives have their villages and small communities. Each small centre is ruled by its own chief. My present visit was the first to this part of the coast since I accompanied Mr. Edward Downs when we were gold-prospecting two years before. When we approached the

first lot of natives on the beach they at once recognised me, and hailed me with shouts of delight. The whole party were heavily armed with hardwood swords, spears, and shields. Remembering the kindly manner in which they treated us before, I had no fear of them, and prepared to jump ashore at the first opportunity. A very heavy surf was beating on the shingle beach, and it was only after every third wave that there was sufficient lull to enable one to jump and scramble ashore, and then you were waist-deep in water. No boat could touch the beach there without being swamped. A number of the natives came out in the water as far as they dared, and when I got the chance to jump they caught me, and soon had me up the beach clear of the backwash. They told me their village was a long way back, and high up on the mountain-side.

Mr. Swallow managed to struggle ashore, and we spent the day with the natives. Some of them were inclined to recruit, but said they would wait until the following day when their friends would be down from the village. Messengers were sent with instructions to bring down all the available yams and vegetables for barter. Before taking our departure in the evening a schooner rounded the nearest point, and, standing close in, came to an anchor. She proved to be the *Lavinia*, from Mackay. Of course, she was a rival, and we anticipated opposition recruiting. The natives before we left them promised that if any men recruited for Queensland they would ship in the *Para*. As it was getting late, and the *Lavinia* a long way off, we decided to postpone our visit to her until next day. Besides, Mr. Swallow and I were quite wet, as we had to swim out through the surf to regain the boat.

Next morning, to our disgust, we found that the ship had been allowed to drift a long way off the land, and it would take hours of hard pulling to reach the shore again with the boats. Through our binoculars we could see a very large crowd of natives on the beach astern of the *Lavinia's* boats. We very naturally thought that if the

natives were inclined to recruit for Queensland they would not be particular as to which vessel they recruited with, and that their promise of last evening would not be very binding. The old *Para* kept slowly nearing the land, and our patience was fast ebbing. So, after an early luncheon, we lowered the boats and made for the shore. We found the natives had been true to their promise, as we were no sooner alongside the *Lavinia's* boats than they came swimming through the surf in crowds, and in a few minutes we had some twenty-six recruits. We gave them all the trade we had in the two boats, and they said it was quite ample to give away in presents to their friends ashore. They stipulated that they should receive one pound each on arrival in Queensland. That was readily agreed to, and as they had sold all the produce they had brought down for barter to the *Lavinia's* boats, they made haste to make a start back to their mountain homes after saying farewell to the twenty-six recruits.

The *Lavinia's* people were thunderstruck and amazed at our success. I sent our own boats off to the *Para*, and, accompanied by Mr. Swallow, went in one of the *Lavinia's* boats to visit that vessel. The master and Recruiting Agent of the *Lavinia* were much chagrined at their want of luck, especially after having bought all the produce brought down by the natives, although they had an ample supply on board.

Their Government Agent, Mr. Battersby, and the mate gave the master and recruiter a warm time quizzing them over their want of success, when, after all their time and trouble, as well as trade expended, the *Para's* boats should come along, and in a few minutes scoop the pool. They were somewhat mollified, when I told them that the natives were old friends of mine, and that they had promised me the previous evening that they would only allow their countrymen to ship in the *Para*.

The *Lavinia* was the first vessel from home we had met since leaving Queensland over six months back She was

only about a month out, so we sat late into the night discussing the news, and returned to the *Para* in the wee small hours with a supply of newspaper reading. We took advantage of a fresh northerly wind to get along down to the south-east end of San Christoval, the furthest point to windward where we had returns to land. In three days we reached Star Harbour, where we came to anchor. The day before we arrived one of the San Christoval returns died, and was buried at sea in sight of his own island. He was ailing all through the trip. I believe the hope of once more seeing his native land was all that kept life in him. His mates told me that had he died away from his own land, his spirit would never arrive in the shadow-land of his forefathers, but would wander lost and alone away in unknown spheres, and drift through eternity amidst strange and alien ghosts and spooks. Before rolling him in his blanket they placed an old shot-gun by his side with a tomahawk and long knife, as well as his pipe and a supply of tobacco. Finally, to my surprise and horror, one of them suddenly plunged a sheath-knife up to the hilt through the heart of the corpse. They said it was to let his " devil-devil," or spirit, free. He was then wrapped in his blanket and in canvas, and dropped over the side.

In Star Harbour we landed some returns, and had the hopes of getting a few more recruits. But although we spent several days visiting the places all around we could not induce any to emigrate. We landed one man here who was not quite right in his head, but who seemed quite harmless. He was enormously fat. For a long time it was a mystery to every one on board, not only how he kept up his condition, but how he lived, as he was never seen to eat and refused all kinds of food. He drank very large quantities of tea. A watch was put on him, and it was found that every night after the others had taken all the tea they required from the large boiler in which it was prepared, our stout friend used to take all the tea-leaves and eat them. As the islanders always used a very large quantity

of sugar with their tea, the leaves would naturally be very sweet, and the sugar would tend to make adipose tissue.

While walking through one of the villages in Star Harbour our attention was called to a small hut built in one of the trees, and on enquiry we found it was a shelter made to protect a very large eagle. Presently one of the natives gave a few peculiar calls, and in answer to them the eagle came from somewhere on the outskirts of the village, and followed the man who called it till he gave it some food, which it at once carried up to its house in the tree to eat at leisure. He was a very handsome bird, and as large as the largest golden eagle I ever saw in the Highlands of Scotland. After some bargaining I managed to secure him for a liberal amount of trade, and his caretaker climbed the tree, and while fondling the bird he made his talons, wings, and beak fast, and then lowered him down with a rope. When taken on board a stout dog-chain was attached to his leg, and he took up his quarters on the top of the main-hatch. At first, when he was freed from his lashings, he was very indignant, and showed a lot of temper, but he soon got reconciled to his quarters, and became a great pet on board. We gave him the name of "Uncle Sam," which he was not long in recognising. He fraternised with my two toucans, and the three of them would often be seen perched together.

Uncle Sam had a strong sense of humour, which he frequently displayed by placing his great talons on some bare-backed savage who might happen to be passing, and when the surprised savage jumped with a yell, Uncle Sam would flap his great wings and dance all over the hatch screaming with delight. He was very easily kept, as he would eat any scraps from the table. I often gave him fish and any birds I happened to shoot, but he refused to touch a parrot or a cockatoo. When out at sea we would let him off his chain, and he would then exercise himself flying all around the ship, but he always returned to his perch on the main-hatch, and quietly allowed his chain to be put

WOMAN OF PORT ADAM, MALAYTA, RETURNING FROM MARKET

She is adorned with bracelets, armlets, necklets, ear-rings, and nose-skewer, but her toilet boasts of nothing more. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart.)

on again. On arrival at Cairns he was chained to a veranda post at Bachelors' Quarters on the plantation, but the first morning he broke his chain and followed his shipmates to the cane-field, remaining there with them all day, and sharing their dinner. In the evening he returned with them when they came home for supper and bed. Later on Uncle Sam was sent to Melbourne, and that was the last I heard of him.

We left Star Harbour, rounded Cape Surville, and worked all along the San Christoval coast, from Cape Surville past Cape Sydney, Cape Jackson, and Cape Philip, till we came to Makira Bay, where we anchored. We spent the best part of a month along this stretch of coast. The natives were very wild and shy. The men wore no clothing, and only the married women, as an apology for dress, wore an apron made of cords like fishing-lines.

Both men and women had their legs and arms profusely decorated with bracelets, armlets, and bangles, while round their waists and necks they had belts and necklets made of native money. Their hair, which is allowed to grow very long, is frizzed out all round the head till it resembles a large mop. In this mop of hair they stick fancy combs, and wooden skewers inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The men wear small white shells in a circlet round the forehead, while both men and women drill a hole through the tip of the nose, and in the hole they insert a long, sharp spike made from the large clam-shell, which projects from the nose about four inches, with a point like a needle.

As a race, the natives of San Christoval are entirely different from the people of Guadalcanar. They are small, light-complexioned, and resemble very closely the natives of Malayta. They are quite the Malay type. They have always been considered very treacherous, and have a mania for ambushes and for attacking people without the slightest warning. They were guilty of the murder of Mr. Bevan and his brother, both Fiji Government Agents.

The village in Makira Harbour is well worth a visit, and

we were much interested in all we saw there. The chief takes a delight in conducting visitors around and showing off his taboo house, where the state and war canoes are kept, and where all their mystic ceremonies are held. It is also the repository for the bones of the illustrious dead. The bones of chiefs and head-men are preserved, and placed inside the skin of some large fish, which has been prepared and dried for the purpose, generally a porpoise or a shark. After this it is nicely painted, and placed at rest on a shelf in the taboo house. The posts supporting the roof are elaborately carved, and the roof is thatched with the leaf of the ivory nut, or sago palm.

The state and war canoes are beautiful symmetrical models of what a fast-sailing craft should be, and are handsomely decorated with pretty designs in mother-of-pearl, and festooned with tassels of variously dyed flax and grasses. The paddles are made from a light, but very tough, wood, and as they are sharpened to a point at the blade, they can be used as weapons of offence. They have hideous-looking demons stained into them in red and black dyes.

By firing off the cannon and some dynamite, and sending up a rocket and burning blue lights at night, we brought two bush tribes down to the shores of the harbour, and our recruiter did his best to induce some of them to migrate. Some of them seemed inclined to go, but the chiefs wished to see the ship first to satisfy themselves that we did not belong to Samoa. We took a number of visitors on board with the boats, while others went along in canoes. They rambled all over the ship, expressing surprise and astonishment at everything they saw.

The chief from the village conducted the two old bush chiefs about the vessel, and very volubly explained everything to them. When they came to the cannon, the village chief was very anxious that his two old friends from the bush should see it discharged. So, to please them, we had it loaded, and just before discharging it some one suggested

that the two old bush chiefs should stand on the cannon during the firing. They willingly assented to this, and both mounted the cannon and held on to each other's shoulders. When the cannon was discharged there was an old bush chief lying on each side of it on his back with his feet in the air. They soon regained their feet, and with a yell and a bound they were over the side and swimming for the shore. When they reached it they did not stand upon the order of their going, but bolted along the beach, every now and then looking over their shoulder and giving forth a yell. I have no idea when they came to a stop, but I would back them to take the prizes in any "old-buffers'" race I ever saw. Their followers were soon ashore, and streaked along after the old fellows, and we said good-bye to our chance of obtaining any recruits in Makira Bay.

Next morning at daylight we got under way, and went as far as Yanuta, where we again dropped anchor. Messengers were sent up to the bush, and the usual shots were fired from the cannon, and dynamite exploded on a float on the surface of the water, to give notice to the bushmen of our arrival.

Mr. Swallow accompanied me to a beautiful green island, lying between the village of Yanuta and the mainland. The island had two peaks, one at each end, reaching a height of three or four hundred feet. I did not tell my companion what the island was used for, and we started to ascend one of the peaks. Soon Mr. Swallow began to sniff the air and remark, "There is something uncommonly high up here." When we arrived at the top a ghastly and gruesome sight was presented to us. The place was the necropolis, or bone-yard, of the non-illustrious dead. Here the corpses of deceased Yanutans had been cast for many generations past, and there their remains lay in one awful, putrid, and festering mass, from the crumbling bones of bygone centuries to the recently deceased savage. I had been there before, accompanied by Mr. E. Downs, and I knew what to expect, but Mr. Swallow was taken by surprise.

We were visited next day by a large contingent of bushmen, and out of the lot we managed to get five recruits for Queensland. As no more were offering we cruised further along the coast, calling in at Hada Bay, and, next, at Maru Bay, but the recruiter had no luck at these places, and so we cleared away from San Christoval, and crossed over to Malayta. We made Cape Zelée, the south-east end of Malayta, and from there we reached Supina, where we anchored and landed one islander. The natives we met here were very similar to those of San Christoval, but they were not so timid. They were rather the other way inclined, but while we were among them they were quite good-tempered, and even boisterous in their mirth. Here, also, although the boats worked late and early for several days, we had no luck. The natives ashore kept saying, "By and by, you wait a little bit. You catch plenty boy." But not a single man, boy, or girl made any sign of coming, so we shifted ground again, and rounding Cape Zelée we ran along the east coast and came to anchor in Port Adam, a very fine harbour protected by extensive reef islands.

At Port Adam we were visited by the chief, who is named Powlanga. He told us that we would get many recruits from the different bushmen's passages round about the harbour, and as he was on good terms with the natives of all the surrounding districts, he volunteered to accompany us in the boats and assist in the recruiting. The first morning we went ashore with him we visited a large gathering of bushmen with their women and children. The men were all armed with bows and barbed arrows. They were, as usual, painted with various pigments, and had their heads adorned with flowers and feathers, and wore the usual bangles and beads, but neither men nor women wore an article of clothing. We had a long parley with them, and as a result we obtained four men as recruits, and two of them were accompanied by their wives; thus we made a start with six recruits. I had the six at once

IN THE VILLAGE, PORT ADAM, MALAYTA

At the doorway of the nearest hut sits a woman just returned from Queensland relating her experiences to her friends, while some men still in European clothing are doing the same at the next hut. (J. W. Beattie, Hobart)

supplied with lengths of print to fasten around their waists.

As we saw there were no more from that party to be recruited we started off for the ship. It was about an hour after luncheon-time when we got alongside, and some one had aroused the Old Man out of his afternoon beauty-sleep to tell him there were recruits in the boats. He came to the companion-ladder to meet us. To the surprise of all of us the two women, who were by this time decently clothed in pieces of calico, picked up the lower ends of their calicoes, lifted them up, and deftly tied them around their breasts and under their arm-pits, so as to leave their lower limbs untrammelled, and then nimbly mounted the companion-ladder, and made their bow, all smiles, to the Old Man. To say that he was thunderstruck is not sufficiently expressive; he was fairly flabbergasted, if I may use the word. His first words were addressed to the two women, as he cried, "Get out of this ship, ye shameless hussies!" Then, turning all the vials of his wrath on the recruiter, he demanded, "What infernal joke is this, Mr. Risbrook?" Neither Mr. Swallow nor I could interfere for laughter, but the mate, Mr. Forbes, came to the assistance of the recruiter, and saved him from the Old Man's wrath. I could not hear half that Mr. Forbes was saying in his dry, humorous Scottish sarcasm, for every sally brought forth roars of laughter at the Old Man's expense. At one lull I heard him say he believed the Old Man must have been a wicked boy a great many years ago, otherwise, instead of spending his pennies on ginger-bread, toffee, and Plymouth rock, he would have put them in the missionary-box, and sewing-machines and fashion-plates and high-heeled boots would long ago have been in vogue among the South Sea Islanders, and Captain Cooper's refined and delicate feelings would not have been shocked in his old age. The Old Man could stand Mr. Forbes's chaff no longer, but fled to his cabin, muttering that he would be glad when he could get away from this God-forsaken part of the world.

When he heard that Mr. Swallow and I invited the chief Powlanga to sit down to lunch with us in the cabin, the cup of his sorrow and humiliation was full to overflowing. The idea that a naked savage and cannibal chief should sit at his table was too much for his feelings. Had I known as much about old Powlanga then as I have since learned I dare say I would not have treated him so well. I was told some time afterwards by a native that when he was a boy he remembered Powlanga and his men capturing a vessel off Port Adam, looting her, and then setting her on fire. The men who were not killed on board, but captured, were brought on shore bound hand and foot, and Powlanga with his own hands flayed them alive, and afterwards cooked and ate them. As he deserved, the old fellow came to a sudden and bad end. He stole some dynamite from a Labour vessel, and while trying to fish with it a plug exploded prematurely for him and killed him.

However, we had nothing to complain of in Powlanga, as he worked well for us. During our two weeks' stay at his place he got us, in all, seventeen recruits. We landed the last of our Malayta returns at the far end of Port Adam. We had now only one more remaining islander on board, and he belonged to the island of Savo. Our Old Man thought it was about time we were thinking of getting home, so we got under way and set sail for Savo, which we reached in thirty hours. We decided to give the island one day's trial in order to increase our number of recruits.

We went ashore with our last return, and accompanied by a crowd of youngsters had a walk round the island. We first visited the poultry patches, where the sand hens deposit their eggs in thousands. The sand was very fine and loose, and the young boys burrowed down three feet and more into it and brought up large numbers of eggs. Each egg is about the size of a turkey's, and is a brownish colour. They are very palatable, although somewhat stronger than a hen's egg in flavour. As usual, the

natives brought large numbers down to the boats to barter for tobacco. We filled casks and every available box with eggs.

We visited the hot springs, where we found the women cooking the eggs in a peculiar way. They doubled and sewed together some large banana, or plantain, leaves, and into them broke the eggs, and mixed with them grated cocoa-nut and a proportion of salt water. This mixture they beat up with a stick until the ingredients were well mixed together. They then placed the lot in a boiling spring until it became as firm as cheese. I have frequently eaten it, and relished it well. This delicacy is generally made from twelve to eighteen inches in circumference, and from two to three feet long.

At intervals in our walk we met with poles stuck in the ground, with a human head, or skull, on the top of each. Savo has always been the chief centre in those parts of the head-hunters. Every man we met was armed with the long-handled tomahawk, and had a basket-work shield on his left arm. They are of the same breed as the Guadalcanar men, mostly tall and very dark. Their heads are shaved, and they wear wigs. Many of the wigs are made from their own hair, and bleached white with lime. Those who do not wear their own hair have wigs made from a fine white flax. The men wear a loin-cloth, and the women short grass skirts, similar to those worn by the Ambrym women in the New Hebrides group.

Leaving Savo we crossed over to Guadalcanar, and came to anchor in Yarrow Bay, and that night an amusing incident occurred which decided our old skipper to return to Queensland and abandon for ever the Queensland Labour Traffic. It was nearing midnight when one of the men on watch reported to me that two young natives had come alongside in their canoe, and had climbed on deck after casting it adrift, and had gone down below among the recruits. I replied, "That is all right, I will see them in the morning." I was not long asleep before I was

awakened by a great noise made by the Old Man, who, standing by the main-hatch, was shouting, "Come up here, you buccaneers, pull the piratical villains out of that, you bloodthirsty cannibals. You will sneak aboard a Christian ship, will you? Come, get over, and swim after your canoe."

This was too much for our Scotch mate, who broke out on the Old Man with, "Ye haverin' auld wife, whit are ye doon here for if it's no tae get recruits? Yet ye'll drive them ower the side when they come their ain gait. Am thinkin' ye're clean daft, or aff yer bloomin' nut." The Old Man replied, "And this is the way you recruit for Queensland, is it? allowing these bloody piratical villains and cannibals to come as they like. Some fine morning you will be waking up to find your blooming throats cut. When the next watch comes on deck loose sails and get the anchor up, and we'll start for Queensland, and if ever you catch me in these seas again, James Cooper will indeed consider he is off his blooming nut." And with that thrown off his chest the Old Man went back to bed. True to his word, daylight saw all hands again on deck. Sails were loosed and sheeted home, the anchor weighed, and we took our departure for Queensland.

Besides visiting the British Solomons, we had seen the greater part of the German possessions in the Solomon group and the Bismarck Archipelago.

A fine run across to Cairns brought to an end my cruise in the *Para* brig, which extended over nine months, the longest trip I had made, and yet one of the most pleasant and enjoyable.

MAP OF OCEANIA FOR "MY ADVENTURES AMONG SOUTH SEA CANNIBALS"

PACIFIC OCEAN
CORAL SEA
ARAFURA SEA
TORRES STRAIT
GULF OF CARPENTARIA
GREAT BARRIER REEF
NEW GUINEA
PAPUA
NEU POMMERN (German)
NEU MECKLENBURG (German)
Bougainville
Choiseul
Isabel
Guadalcanar
Malaita or Mari I.
Santa Cruz Is (British)
Louisiade Archipelago
San Cristobal
Santa Cruz or Nitendi
Tinakoro or La Perouse
Banks Is
Espiritu Santo
Malicollo
NEW HEBRIDES
Vanua Levu
Viti Levu
VITI OR FIJI ISLANDS (British)
Eastern Group
Vati or Sandwich I.
Erromango
Tanna
Aneityum
Futuna
Alfred Reef
NEW CALEDONIA (Baladea) (French)
Nouméa
Isle of Pines or Kounié I.
Loyalty Is
Tropic of Capricorn
AUSTRALIA
QUEENSLAND
NEW SOUTH WALES
VICTORIA
SOUTH AUSTRALIA
NORTHERN TERRITORY
Port Macquarie
Port Jackson
Port Phillip
Adelaide
Melbourne
Sydney
Newcastle
Wollongong
Twofold Bay
C. Howe
Wilson Pr.
BASS STRAIT
Admiralty Is
Bismarck Archipelago
Lord Howe I.
Ball's Pyramid
Middleton Reef
Elizabeth Reef
Norfolk I.
Philip I.
Kermadec Is (Br.)
NEW ZEALAND
NORTH ISLAND
Auckland
Mangonui
North Cape
Three Kings Pt.
C. Maria Van Diemen
Muri-wenua Peninsula
Bay of Islands
Bay of Plenty
Poverty Bay
Hawke Bay
C. Kidnappers
New Plymouth
C. Egmont
Waikato R.
Mokau R.
Kaipara H.
Manukau H.
Whangaroa H.
Kawhia H.
Mt. Taranaki
Mt. Ruapehu
Mt. Tauhara
Mt. Egmont
Mt. Hikurangi
Gisborne
Napier
Wanganui
Wellington
Nelson
Lyttelton
Dunedin
Invercargill
Foveaux Strait
Stewart I. (Br.)
Solomon Is
Ysabel Passage
Indispensable Str.
Indispensable Reef
Pandora Reef
Bellona (Br.)
Rennell or Mongava
Rennell I. (Br.)
Gower (Br.)
Rendova
Russell Is
Woodlark I.
Laughlan Is
Rossel I.
Sudest I.
Louisiade Archipelago
Pocklington Rf.
Aignan I.
Tagula or Sudest
Tufopua
Anuda or Cherry I.
Charlotte Bk.
Fenfen or Mitre I.
Tucopia
Vatu Kiandi
Vanua Lava or Mota
Gaua or Sta. Maria
Aurora
Whitsun or Pentecost I.
Ambrym
Api
Mallicollo
Hammond Rf.
Carter Rf.
Vanua Levu
Rowold I.
Sandwich I.
Exploring I.
Yasawa Group
Mbau
Rewa R.
Suva
Viti Levu Bay
Lakemba Passage
Aithumba
Lakemba
Tonga Group
Vatu Lele
Moala
Kandavu
Mamaku
Yatea or Turtle I.
Tofua
Haano
Lotuka
Nomuka
Namuka
Hunter Is or TONGA Is (British)
Tongatabu (Br.)
Eua
Pylstaart
Pelorus Rf.
Minerva Reef
Tullance Bk.
Raoul or Sunday I.
Macauley
Curtis
Havre
Espérance
Kermadec Is (Br.)
Sophia I.
Gente Hermosa or Swain I.
Bayonnaise Bank
Eagleston Reef
Rotumah
Isabella Shoal
SAMOA OR NAVIGATOR Is
Upolu
Savaii
Manua
Tutuila
Niu-afu or Hope
Boscawen (Tafahi)
Keppel (Tafahi)
Futuna or Hoorn Is
Alofi
Horne Is
Wallis I.
Uea or Wallis I.
Tokelau Union Gr.
ELLICE ISLANDS (British)
Nanumea or St. Augustine I.
Speiden Lynx or Niutao
Gran Cocal I.
Hudson I.
Nui, Egg or Netherland I.
Paitupu or Tracy I.
Nukufetau or De Peyster I.
Funafuti or Ellice I.
Nukulailai or Mitchell I.
Atafu or D. of York I.
Hull I.
Kemins or Gardner I.
Phœnix (Canton or Mary) (British)
Mc Kean or Wilkes I.
Birnie
Winslow Reef
Arurai or Hurd I.
Peru
Byron I. (Tukuaiaw)
Onoatoa or Clerk I.
Tamana or Botcher I.
Taputeuea or Drummond I.
Nonouti or Sydenham
Peyster Reef
Lagoon I.
Lord Howe's Group
Bradley Reef
Simbo or Eddystone
Rendova
Woodlark I.
Laughlan Is
Rossel I.
Sudest I.
Tagula or Sudest
Pocklington Rf.
Aignan I.

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